April 4, 1977

THE NEW YORKER

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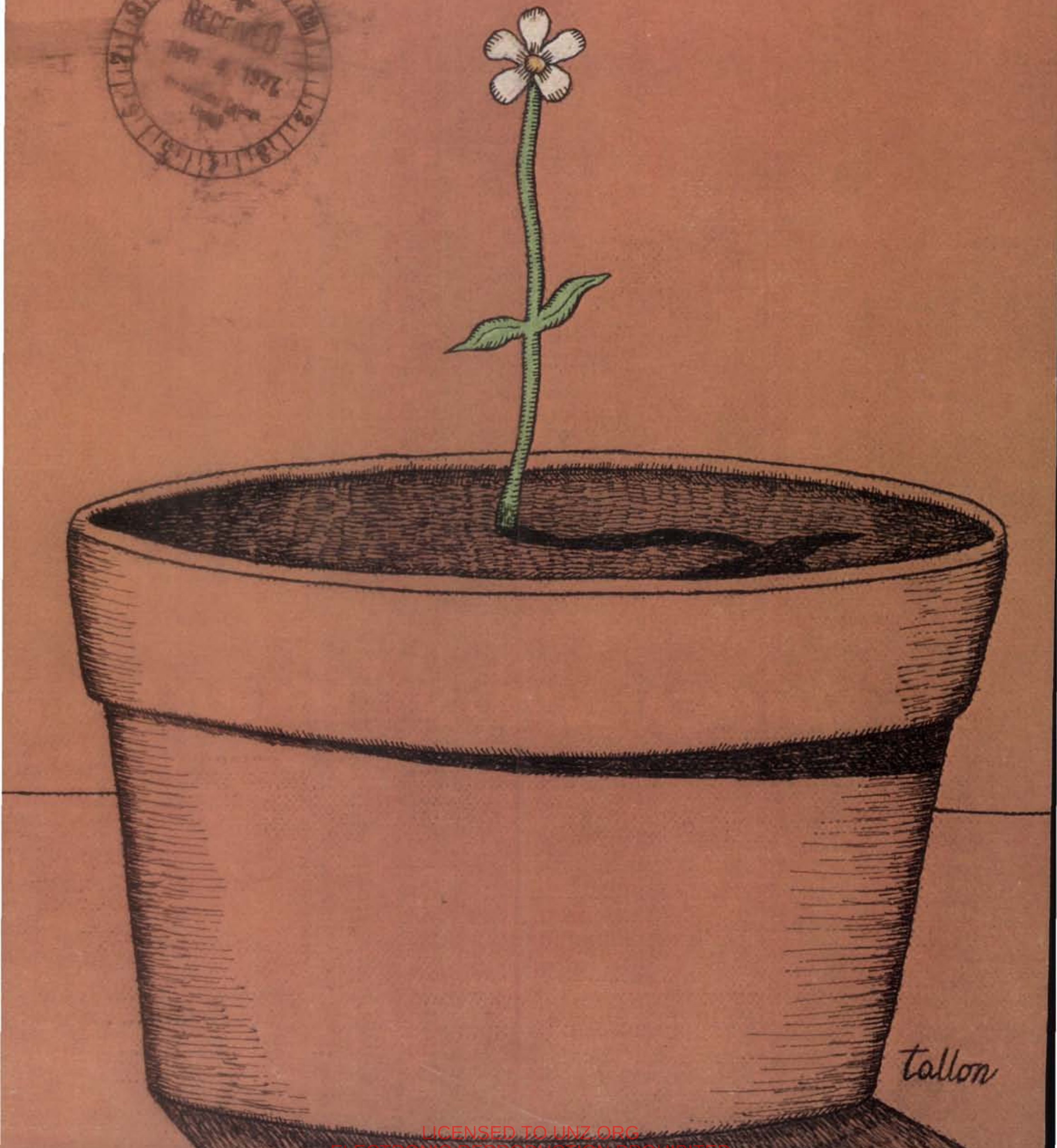

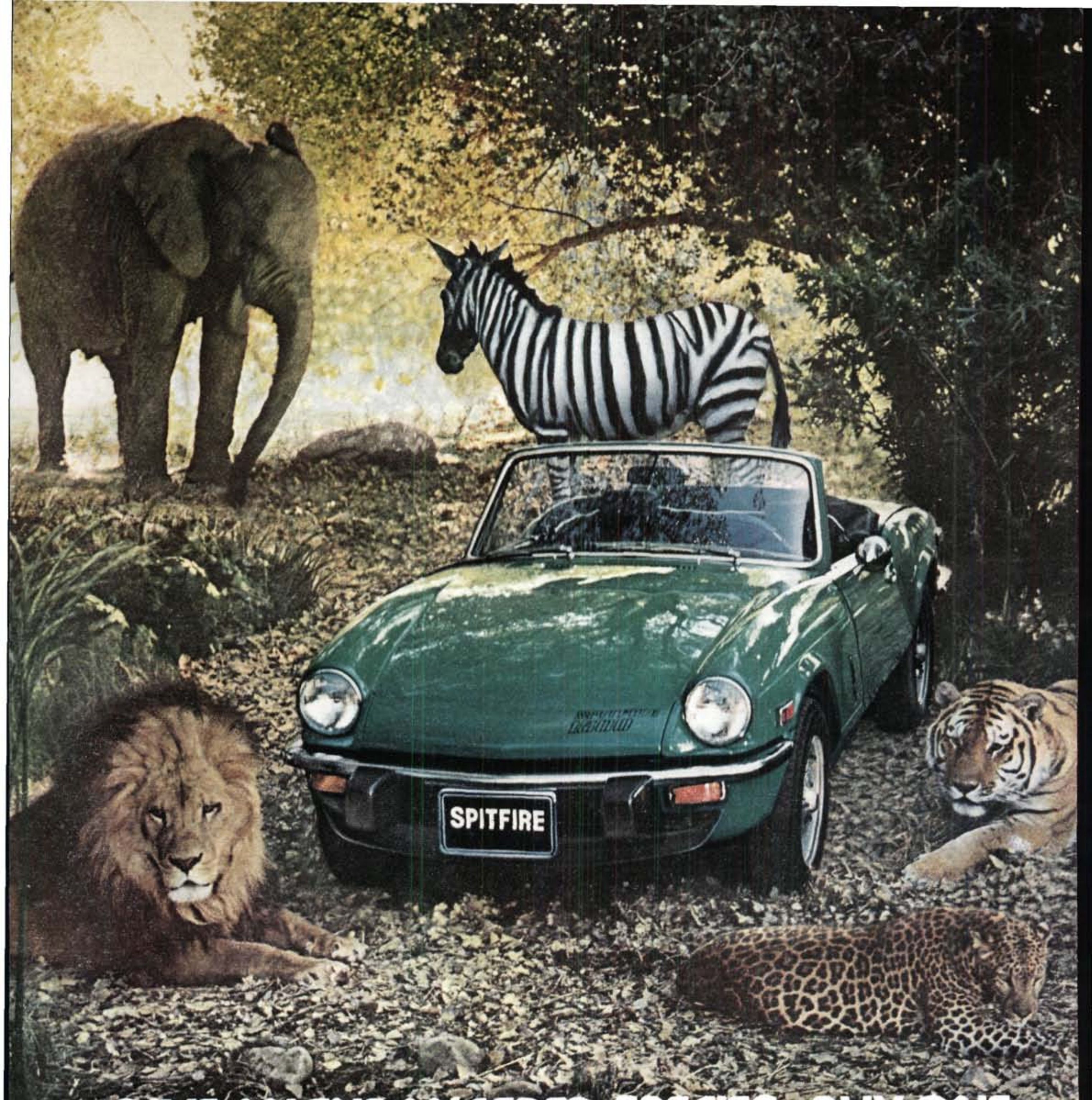

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

American Buffalo—Three Neanderthal creeps in Chicago fail to pull off a heist. David Mamet's synthetic rough language is ably spoken by Robert Duvall, Kenneth McMillan, and John Savage. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Ashes—This British import by David Rudkin tells of the unsuccessful efforts of a most engaging young couple first to conceive a child and later to adopt one—a sad situation, indeed, but an exhilarating play, for Mr. Rudkin is a true dramatist, who writes with feeling, wit, and style. The performances of Brian Murray and Roberta Maxwell as the husband and wife, and of John Tillinger and Penelope Allen as an assortment of other characters, are as close to perfection as makes no matter. Lynne Meadow is the excellent director. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Cherry Orchard—Andrei Serban cannot resist directing Chekhov in such a way as to turn him into a posthumous disciple of Serban. Nevertheless, the cast is wonderful, and so are Santo Loquasto's sets and costumes, so one mustn't fail to see it. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 787-8080. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, April 10.)

The Club—Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the performance—the singing, and especially the dancing—under Tommy Tune's direction is proficient and pleasing. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cold Storage—Martin Balsam heads the cast of a play by Ronald Ribman. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8; on Wednesday, April 6, at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 24.)

Comedians—Milo O'Shea and the rest of a fine cast directed by Mike Nichols act out the philosophical (and political) implications of comedy, as seen by the playwright, Trevor Griffiths. A serious and funny play. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 3.)

Dirty Linen—A sometimes comic but never witty finger exercise by Tom Stoppard. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Fiddler on the Roof—Zero Mostel again playing Tevye, a part he originated shortly after the Civil War. An excellent production of a syrupy musical. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Gemini—In Albert Innaurato's very funny comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social, but is actually sexual. With Danny Aiello as the father and Anne DeSalvo, Jonathan Hadary, and Robert Picardo, among other good actors. Peter Mark Schifter directed. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hagar's Children—This play by Ernest Joselovitz about the effects of kindness and affection on five "unmanageable" adolescents at a correctional farm is sentimental and riddled with hokum, but it makes an acceptable evening, all the same, mostly because of the sincere and credible performances by the young cast, under Robert Graham Small's direction. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Jules Feiffer's Hold Me!—A revue—entertaining more often than not—adapted from comic strips that Mr. Feiffer has drawn and written over the past twenty years. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Ladies at the Alamo—Estelle Parsons, Eileen Heckart, and Rosemary Murphy in a new play by Paul Zindel. Directed by Frank Perry. Previews Tuesday and Wednesday, April 5-6. Opens officially on Thursday, April 7. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Lily Tomlin in "Appearing Nitely"—Worth a king's ransom ($453,271,645). (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 17.)

Monsters—Two one-acters. William Dews' "Side Show" is a harsh Grand Guignol comedy about a pair of Siamese twins, cleverly played by Robert Drivas and Richard De Fabees. Albert Innaurato's "The Transfiguration of Benno Blimpie" is about a hugely fat boy and, later, man who is "eating himself to death" to the bafflement and disgust of his unloving family. James Coco gives the performance of his career in the title role, and Rosemary De Angelis is wonderful, too, as Benno's sharp-tongued, embittered mother. The play, while not for the squeamish, is both funny and tragic. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sun-

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, (212) 695-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, (212) 695-1414

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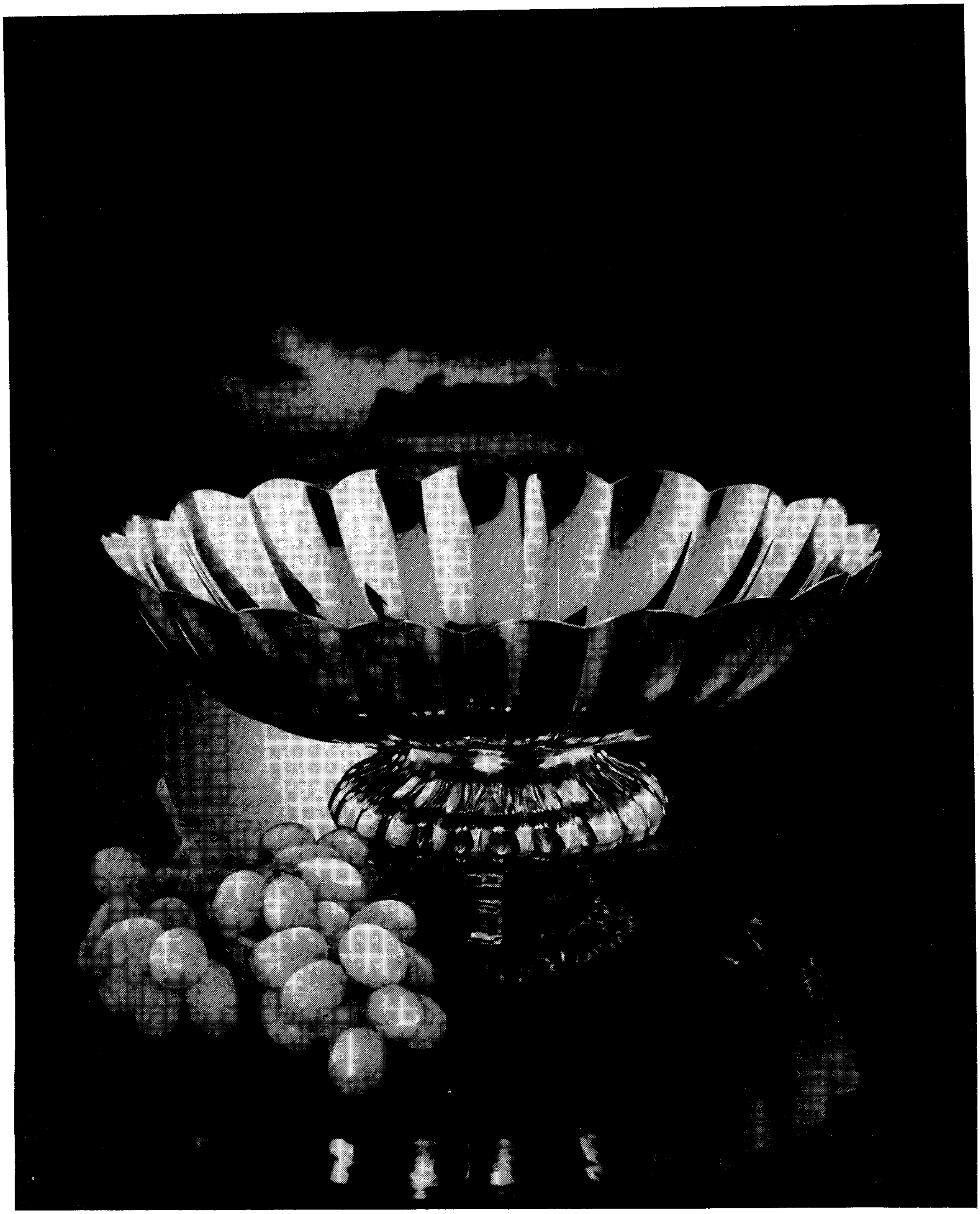
THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; George J. Green, president; William P. Buxton, Milton Greenstein, and Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Elaine M. Matteo, secretary. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90010; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, WIX OED. Vol. LIII, No. 7, April 4, 1977. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1977 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $20.00; two years, $35.00. In Canada and Mexico, one year, $22.00. Other foreign, $26.00.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Mummenschanz—A Swiss mime-and-mask troupe of three. Opens Wednesday, March 30, and will run through Saturday, April 23. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 869-1537. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Thursday, March 31, at 2.)

The New York Idea—A sparkling revival of the sparkling comedy that Langdon Mitchell wrote for Mrs. Fiske in 1906, as presented by the newly formed BAM Theatre Company, with Blythe Danner, Rosemary Harris, René Auberjonois, and Denholm Elliott, among others. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 10.)

Nightclub Cantata—The remarkable young composer Elizabeth Swados has set poems and passages of prose by a number of writers, among them herself, to her own arresting, dramatic music. Her selections are, for the most part, strong and theatrical; and they are variously sung, spoken, and enacted by a good company of four men and four women, among them herself. Miss Swados also directed. The accompaniment—Judith Fleisher (piano), William Milhizer (percussion), and Miss S. (guitar)—is first-rate. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Oh! Calcutta!—A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Otherwise Engaged—Simon Gray's harsh but extremely funny account of a London publisher who seeks to keep life at arm's length. Life, as usual, has different ideas. Tom Courtenay stars, and the director is Harold Pinter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Party with Betty Comden and Adolph Green—Forty years of amusing songs and satiric takeoffs, by two youthful stars. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Romeo and Juliet—A difficult play to do justice to. This production, directed by Theodore Mann, gives the play solidity at the expense of its singing quality. Paul Rudd and Pamela Payton-Wright are the doomed lovers. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Shadow Box—A play by Michael Cristofer, with Patricia Elliott, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Laurence Luckinbill. Directed by Gordon Davidson. Previews Wednesday, March 30. Opens officially on Thursday, March 31. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sly Fox—Larry Gelbart has transmogrified Ben Jonson's "Volpone," with hilarious results. The cast includes George C. Scott, Jack Gilford, Bob Dishy, John Heffernan, and Trish Van Devere. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Waiting for Godot—The Samuel Beckett play, performed in German by the Berlin Schiller Theatre, under Mr. Beckett's direction. Presented in conjunction with the Berlin Now festival here. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Wednesday through Friday, March 30-April 1, at 8:30; Saturday, April 2, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Sunday, April 3, at 3.)

Your Arms Too Short to Box with God—Vinnette Carroll's singing-and-dancing redaction of the Book of Matthew. An exhilarating occasion. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BUBBLING BROWN SUGAR:** A joyful, if rather simpleminded, Cook's tour of Harlem in its golden age between the wars. The cast is lively and gifted, and the old songs are enchanting. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)... **CALIFORNIA SUITE:** Neil Simon making jokes in his wonted fashion. The setting is the Beverly Hills Hotel. The pleasing cast includes Kenneth Haigh, Jack Weston, and Marge Redmond. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **CHICAGO:** An unpleasant musical about dreary people, but with a stunning performance by Jerry Orbach. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **EQUUS:** A psychological whodunit by Peter Shaffer. With Anthony Perkins, Ralph Seymour, and Page Johnson. The director is John Dexter. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,049 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FOR COLORED GIRLS WHO HAVE CONSIDERED SUICIDE:** The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit for the captivating result. Choreography by Paula Moss. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.) ... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **PIPPIN:** A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednes days and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. . . . **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A slick and sentimental comedy about happy marriages and a single twenty-five-year-long, happy adulter practiced annually. With Sandy Dennis an Don Murray. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47t St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays an Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays an Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SEXUA PERVERSITY IN CHICAGO** and **DUCK VARIATIONS:** David Mamet's pair of truly funny comedie each of them with an undercurrent of sadnes The first deals with the fragile affair betwee a couple of innocents, the second with the desultory, meandering conversation of two ol Jewish men pottering around a park benc Albert Takazauckas directed the capable cas (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-202 Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; an Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.). **SHENANDOAH:** Hokum, but with a lot of song William Chapman sings many of then (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-706 Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matiné Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sunday at 3.)... **STREAMERS:** This play, set in an Arm barracks in Virginia in 1965, completes Davi Rabe's trilogy on the Vietnam war. Thoug not quite up to Mr. Rabe's "Pavlo Hummel on the same theme, it is very strong. The production, under Mike Nichols' direction, excellent, with especially good performanc by Peter Evans and Terry Alexander. Ther is considerable onstage bloodshed. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 787-8080. Tuesday through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wedne days and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays 3.)... **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Souther high-school girl cheerleaders change from a but identical "best friends" (1963) into qui different and incompatible New Yorke (1974), in this amusing and gently iron comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright d rected the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43 St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wedne days at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE WIZ:** A elaborate and mostly successful version "The Wizard of Oz," with an all-black cast great talent. Directed by Geoffrey Holde who also did the costumes. (Majestic, 245 W 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Satu days at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sa urdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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MISCELLANY

Broadway in Concert—Madeline Kahn, Ri Moreno, George Rose, Laurence Guittar and Barry Bostwick in a concert version **SHE LOVES ME** (book by Joe Masteroff, music b Jerry Bock, and lyrics by Sheldon Harnick the first in a series of three musicals in concert form. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Nightl except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Apr 17.)

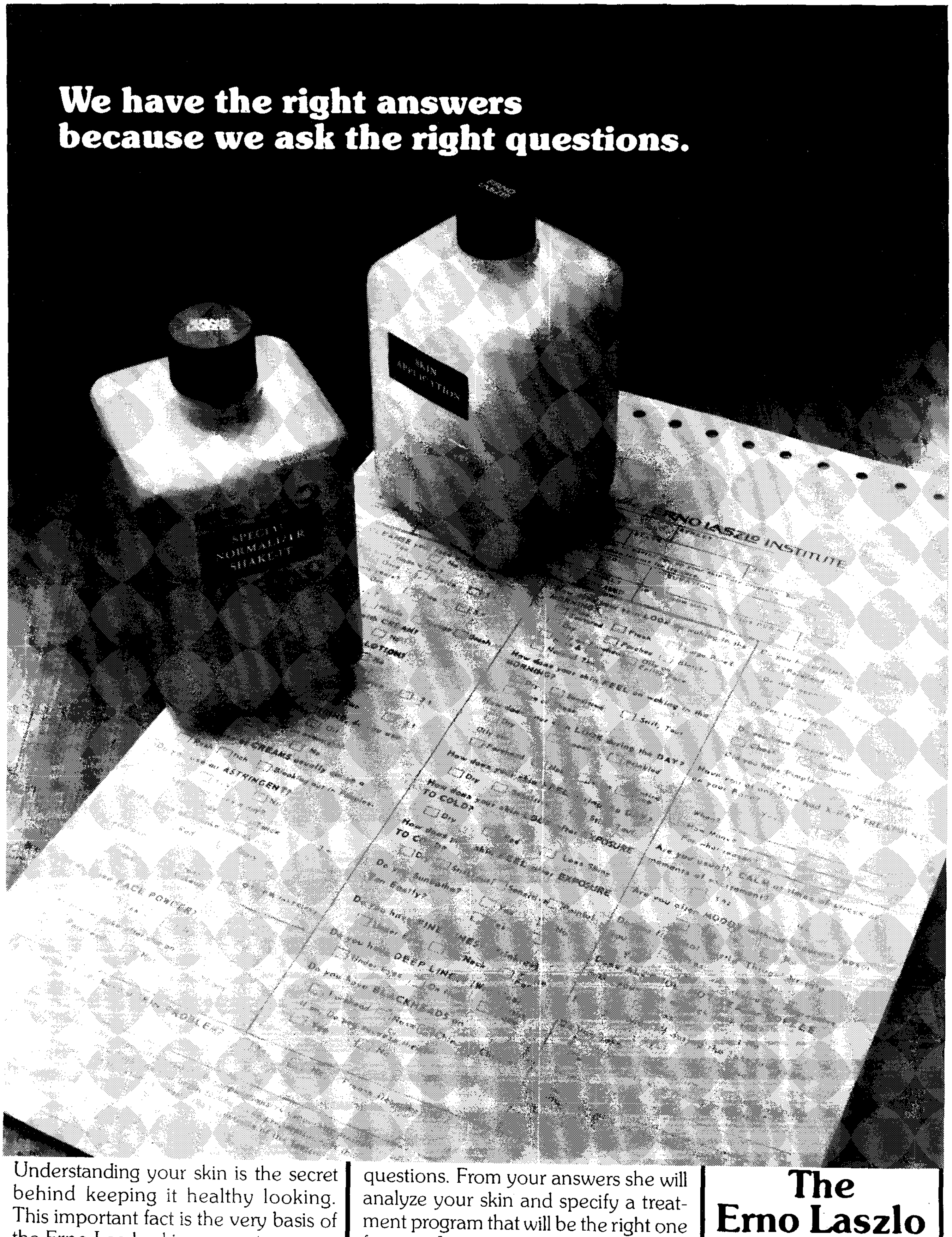
The Circus—The hundred-and-seventh editio of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey circus. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Av between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-440 Wednesday, March 30, at 1:30; Thursda and Friday, March 31-April 1, at 1:30 an 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; Monda through Thursday, April 4-7, at 10:30 an 2:30; and Friday, April 8, at 10:30, 2:30, an 7:30. Closes Sunday, June 5.)

Hasty Pudding Show—A musical, "Cardin Knowledge," is this year's Harvard undergraduate production. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 106 Central Park S. 277-7000. Frida April 1, at 8.)

Blue Hill Troupe—Presenting benefit performances of Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Yeome of the Guard." (Hunter College Playhous Park Ave. at 68th St. Tuesday, April 5 at [preview]; Wednesday, April 6, at 8 [opening]; Thursday, April 7, at 7:30; Frida April 8, at 8; and Saturday, April 9, at and 8. For tickets, call 982-3570, Monday through Fridays between 10:30 and 12:3 and 5:30 and 7:30.)

DANCE

Maurice Béjart's Ballet of the Twentieth Century—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday and Thursday evenings, Marc 30-31: "Nôtre Faust."... ¶ Friday evening April 1, and Saturday matinée and evening April 2: "Firebird," "Sonate à Trois (N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Exit)," and "Sacre du Printemps."... ¶ Sunday matinée, April 3: "Leitmotiv," "Marimba," "Song of a Wayfarer," and "Bolero." (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Dance Umbrella—Final performances of a five-week season. **KATHRYN POSIN DANCE COMPANY:** Wednesday and Thursday, March 30-31, at 8. ... **PHOEBE NEVILLE DANCE COMPANY:** Friday, April 1, at 8. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. 866-4514.)

Mariano Parra Spanish Dance Company—A program of classical and flamenco dance. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 737-9611. Friday and Saturday, April 1-2, at 8, and Sunday, April 3, at 2.)

Ballet Interviews—Erik Bruhn being interviewed by John Gruen and answering questions from the audience. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Monday, April 4, at 8.)

Les Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo—Opening performances of a ten-day engagement that will run through Sunday, April 17—Thursday, April 7, at 6:45: "Swan Lake," "Les Oiseaux d'Or," "Yes, Virginia, Another Piano Ballet," "Dance of Liberation of the American People," and "Go for Barocco." ... ¶ Friday, April 8, at 8: "Les Sylphides," "Spring Waters," "The Dying Swan," "Isadora in Bayreuth," "Pas de Quatre," and "Ecole de Ballet."... ¶ Saturday, April 9, at 2: "Swan Lake," "Les Oiseaux d'Or," "Dance of Liberation of the American People," "Go for Barocco," and "Don Quixote." ... ¶ Saturday, April 9, at 8: "Swan Lake," "Phaedra/Monotonous," "Yes, Virginia, Another Piano Ballet," "Dance of Liberation of the American People," and "Go for Barocco." (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

•

Joe Venuti (Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. 758-2272. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one.)—Jelly Roll Morton said that he invented jazz, but Joe Venuti really did. In fact, he may have brought it over from Italy around the turn of the century, for there is nothing Venuti cannot do on his violin—play an "I've Found a New Baby" that moves so fast and swings so hard it unsettles one's center of gravity, play a "Body and Soul" full of curves and dark places, play a blues that rollicks and careers along without a care in its head. Venuti, a great thunderhead, is from that age of jazz when the music was not yet an "art," when no one wrote about it, when few even knew what it was. So he plays it largely as highly skilled fun, as an exercise in extroversion. Venuti's improvisations are cartoons of high distinction, like some of Picasso's later foolery, and he would have us laugh and swing and be pleased. **JOHN BUNCH**, on piano, has worked with the Master before, and, with his delicate, forceful single-note lines and unerring time and taste, knows exactly how to stay constructively out of his way, and much the same goes for the bassist **MILT HINTON. ERNIE HACKETT**, the late cornettist's son, is on drums and, like his father, he is precise, tidy, and cool.

•

Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—This unpretentious night club—although some might think of it as a posh SoHo music loft with a liquor license—presents some of the most engaging experimental and tried-and-true jazz in the city. Bassist **BOB REID**, who plucks, bows, chants, and chuckles, heads his African-inspired group, the Emergency Sound, through Saturday, April 2; on Tuesday, April 5, pianist and sideman (with Ali, Mingus, and others) Don Pullen will bring in a group of his own. On Mondays, composer, arranger, and tenor and soprano saxophonist **FRANK FOSTER** presides over the **LOUD MINORITY**, a spirited, head-turning musical monolith (twenty-two free-lance musicians, some young and promising, others older and fulfilled). Music from about ten. Soul food. Closed Sundays.

Ballroom, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (473-9367)—A long, narrow, very white room—white walls, white tables, and white chairs—that may be too small for giving a ball but is just the right size for an intimate cabaret. Currently (through Sunday, April 3), an ascotted and beaming Leonard Sillman is the star of a compacted hour-and-a-quarter version of "The Best of 'New Faces,'" a Broadway-bound retrospective of thirteen Sillman shows, which were originally staged between 1934 and 1968. On Tuesday, April 5, Baby Jane Dexter, a deadpan humorist and a bluesy singer, will take over. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

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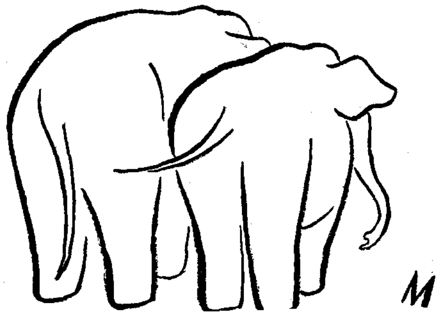
Bar None, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—Sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is on hand from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

Beefsteak Charlie's, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—This enlightened branch of a thirty-eight-part restaurant chain brings in fine musicians to play in its cocktail lounge. The management puts them in the picture window on Fifth Avenue to lure in patrons, and the strategy is successful. If you don't have time to go inside and listen to **ROLAND HANNA**, whose piano style is earthy, forthright, and bracing and who will be here through Saturday, April 2, you can at least wave as you walk by. On Wednesday, April 6, **DICK HYMAN** will assume the keyboard chores. On Sunday, April 3, the Hot Jazz Trio, with pianist **DILL JONES**, will concentrate on pre-Keith Jarrett material. Music from nine until two Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Well-amplified mainstream and, occasionally, out-there jazz on the bandstand. Pianist Walter Booker's group is here on Wednesday, March 30; Thursday through Saturday, March 31-April 2, drummer **ROY HAYNES** will take his quintet through some familiar and still moving music; on Tuesday and Wednesday, April 5-6, pianist David Lahm's quintet will be on the bandstand; and Thursday through Saturday, April 7-9, the **NEW YORK JAZZ QUARTET—ROLAND HANNA**, flutist **FRANK WESS**, drummer **RICHIE PRATT**, and bassist **VICTOR GASKIN**—will be playing some New York jazz. Music from nine-thirty. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The lineup: Steve Goodman, a folk-singer and song writer, is here Wednesday, March 30. Goodman, who uses songs such as "Goody, Goody" and "Ain't She Sweet" as virtuoso folk-guitar adventures, has shed his diffident performing image and become a bit pompous. Thursday through Saturday, March 31-April 2, Brian Auger will bring in his rock band; on Monday and Tuesday, April 4-5, singers Joan Armatrading and Michael Franks will alternate; on Wednesday, April 6, British rock singer John Miles will work with his band; and on Thursday, April 7, folkie Jonathan Edwards will arrive. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar with dark pine panelling, patrons who like to talk, and good musicians, mostly pianists, who don't seem to mind playing through the talking. **TOMMY FLANAGAN**, a wonderful bop sideman and composer and Ella's accompanist for years, occupies the music corner through Saturday, April 2. The Sunday chores are handled by **BARRY HARRIS** and his aides. Music from ten weeknights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.



Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—The exuberant **BOBBY SHORT** is back in the Café Carlyle with his sidekicks, bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Gene Gammage. Tuesdays through Saturdays, at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five.... **TEDDY WILSON**, the restrained, elegant pianist who did wonders for Benny Goodman, Billie Holiday, and many others over the past forty years, does wonderfully by himself, too. He's in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays, from nine to one.

C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This mid-sixties-seedy, neo-Bowery bar presents mostly local, primitive rock bands, and Thursday through Saturday, March 31-April 2, one may hear the Ramones, who specialize in loud, simple, and short-beyond-belief oeuvres. Music most nights from roughly nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

Chung Kuo Yuan, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON** has settled in the Aquarium Lounge here, singing in his special straight-ahead Billie Holiday way, pulling song after song out of his private thin air. He works Wednesdays through Sundays from nine to two.

Cleo, 1 Lincoln Plaza, Broadway at 63rd St. (724-6301)—**MABEL MERCER** and her accompanist, Jimmy Lyon, are back again. Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**JOE TURNER**, *the* Kansas City blues shouter, has come back for an extended stay and he's treating his young and old admirers to "Honey Hush," "Cherry Red," "An Hour in Your Garden," and "Shake, Rattle, and Roll," to name a few. With him are pianist **LLOYD GLENN**, who should be seen by all Otis Spann partisans, and guitarist **WAYNE WRIGHT**. Weeknights from eight to one. Blues pianist **SAMMY PRICE** plays on Sundays. Dining.

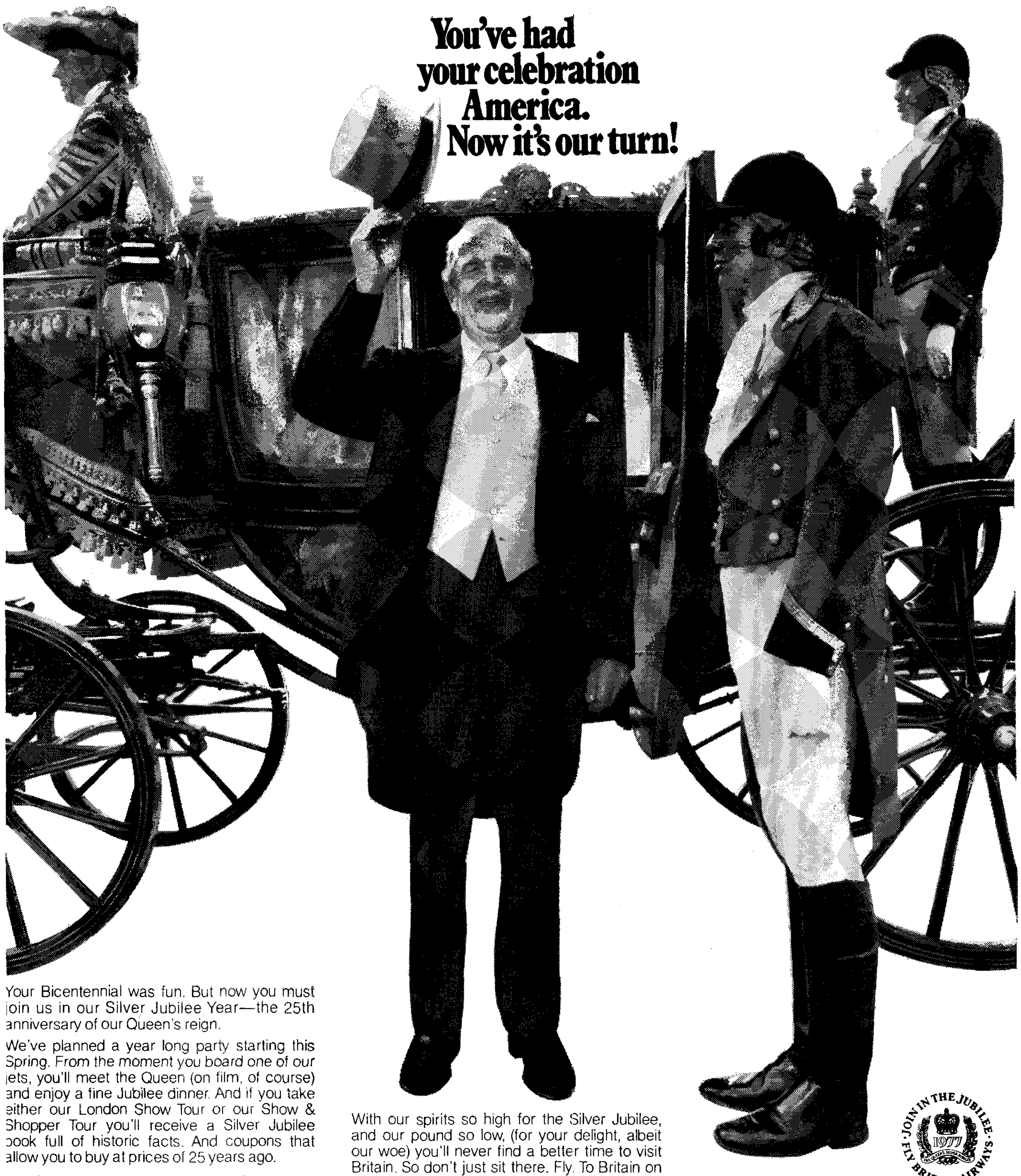
Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Herbie Hall, Vic Dickenson, Warren Vaché Jr., Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, and Red Balaban (who owns the place) are the traditionalists who usually make up the house band. On Tuesday, April 5, **MAXINE SULLIVAN** will sing along with the regulars. Music from nine-thirty. On Sunday, April 3, saxophonist **LEE KONITZ** will bring in a quartet to play from eight. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An attractive haunt, short on space but not on music: Mondays and Tuesdays from ten to three, **AL HAIG**, one of the first and best bop pianists, goes to town with guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** and bassist Jamil Nasser. Wednesdays through Sundays from ten to three, **BROOKS KERR**, a twenty-five-year-old stride pianist and Ellingtoniac; **SONNY GREER**, the ageless drummer who was with Ellington for some thirty years; and **RUSSELL PROCOPE**, who joined the Ellington reed section in 1945, goad each other and come up with delightful swing numbers. Sunday, April 3, vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON** performs with pianist **DARDANELLE** and bassist Earl May from five-thirty to nine-thirty. And weeknights from six to nine-thirty, trumpeter Gene Roland, pianist Loumell Morgan, and bassist Morris Edwards get together on the tiny bandstand.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Damita Jo, who has had several successes in the annals of rhythm and blues, is present Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty. No music Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE**, aided by resident blowers Johnny Morris on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Joe Muranyi on reeds, Ted Sturgis on bass, and Bobby Pratt on trombone, is present Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Larson's, 1160 Third Ave., at 68th St. (744-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

2540)—**ELLIS LARKINS**, now with a bassist (**BILLY POPP**) and a drummer (**JACK MCALLISTER**), is rising to new heights—his arpeggios sparkle, his chords are buoyant, his touch is as a butterfly. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from ten to two. Dinner.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**JOE VENUTI** (see above) and his quartet are here Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An often crowded upper West Side jazz-and-soul café. Local groups—aspiring and established ones—gather on the canopied bandstand. Music from about ten until three. Dinner.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Son of the Bitter End. Sneaky Cookin', a rock and blues organization, winds up a stint here on Sunday, April 3. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**SY OLIVER** is at the helm of an orchestra Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Singers Marta Heflin and Craig Carnelia trade sets through Sunday, April 3; on Tuesday, April 5, singer Andrea Marcovicci, whose repertoire includes David Bowie's "Life on Mars" and Irving Berlin's "Cheek to Cheek," will come in. Shows at nine and midnight. Dining. Thursday through Saturday, March 31-April 2, from five-thirty to seven, **BLOSSOM DEARIE** presents concert-style sets, in which she plays piano and sings "I'm Hip," "Peel Me a Grape," and "The Pro Musica Antiqua" in a small, seemingly fragile, direct voice.

STORYVILLE, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—A big, informal below-stairs room. Saxophonist Robin Kenyatta leads a sextet, which includes a bebop accordionist. Thursdays through Saturdays from ten to two-thirty.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—On Mondays, **DAVE MATTHEWS**, pianist and leader, has charge of a twelve-part aggregation; Wednesdays and Thursdays, saxophonist **LEE KONITZ**, always worth listening to, heads up a nonet; and on Fridays and Saturdays, trumpeter and cornettist **RUBY BRAFF'S** quintet performs. Music from nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Saxophonist Eddie Daniels is here with a quartet through Saturday, April 2; on Tuesday, April 5, guitarist **HERB ELLIS** will start working with a trio. The hours are from nine-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (260-0370)—**SID SELVIDGE**, a resident of Memphis, where he is much better known, recently returned to performing after several years of teaching college anthropology. It's fortunate that he did—he's funny and witty and, although he may seem absentminded, his relaxed, nonsense-song interpretations of blues by Furry Lewis, Ivory Joe Hunter, and others are right on the mark. Shows Wednesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dinner.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Daphne **HELLMAN'S ANGELS** (harp, guitar, bass), powered by their nonpareil guitarist, **EDDIE BERG**, play in the bar Wednesdays from nine-fifteen to midnight. Downstairs, Friday and Saturday, April 1-2, **LARRY CORYELL** will be present with his current associates opposite percussionist **MONGO SANTAMARIA** and his band; on the following Friday and Saturday (April 8-9) saxophonist **ARCHIE SHEPP** and his group will alternate with singer Novella Nelson. Fridays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one-thirty. Snacks.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—A noble, if smoke-filled, institution. Tenor saxophonist **PHAROAH SANDERS**, who lately is playing as much hard bop as mystical-enlightenment music, winds up six nights with his quintet on Sunday, April 3; on Tuesday, April 5, pianist Hal Galper will descend the murky stairs with his quintet. On Mondays, the seventeen-piece **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** organization blasts forth. Music from ten.

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WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A hanging tetrahedron made of plastic straws and pipe cleaners, stained-glass windows, and nicely constructed jazz by piano-bass duos help this restaurant sustain the interest its kitchen formerly aroused. Music from eight to two.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Visiting musical professors have their say on the subject of thirties and forties jazz every night of the week in this beer-and-burger café, Columbia's off-campus music-appreciation classroom. Mondays and Tuesdays, trumpeter Franc Williams heads a quartet that includes Eddie Durham, an electric-guitar pioneer from about fifty years ago; Wednesdays, **JO JONES** usually shows up with his hi-hat and a quartet; and Thursdays and Fridays are given over to George Kelly's Jazz Sultans. Saturdays and Sundays are set aside for **TINY GRIMES**, the four-string Charlie Christian disciple, and his trio. The music starts at nine. All this and student food at student prices.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

INTERLUDES—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, March 30, at 5:45: **ANNA RUSSELL**. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 6, at 5:45: **PHYLLIS LAMHUT DANCE COMPANY.**

LOFT JAZZ—New music and new jazz at Studio Rivbea, 24 Bond St., at Lafayette St. (777-8656, 473-9936)—Friday, April 1: **DAVID MURRAY** and **STANLEY CROUCH**. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 2: **ALEX FOSTER QUARTET**. . . . ¶ Friday, April 8: **SHELLY RUSTEN QUARTET**. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 9: **AIR**. (Performances at 9 and 11.)

LEON REDBONE—With Bruce Cockburn. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Wednesday, March 30, at 7:30 and 10.)

ROBERT KLEIN and **CATHY CHAMBERLAIN'S RAG 'N' ROLL REVUE**—Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St. Thursday, March 31, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 760-7710.

JOHNNY MATHIS—With Jeannine Burnier. (Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Friday, April 1, and Sunday, April 3, at 8, and Saturday, April 2, at 7:30 and 10:30.)

GARY WRIGHT, MANFRED MANN'S EARTH BAND, and **JOHN MILES**—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, April 1, at 8. For information about tickets, call 541-7290.

FOLK CONCERT—Oscar Brand and others. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, April 1, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

HAMIET BLUIETT—The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Friday, April 1, at 8:30.

RUFUS (WITH CHAKA KHAN) and **THE DRAMATICS**—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, April 2, at 7 and 11.

NATIONAL JAZZ ENSEMBLE—Chuck Israels conducting, with Tommy Flanagan. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Saturday, April 2, at 8. For information about tickets, call 741-5690.)

KANSAS and **DERRINGER**—Palladium. Saturday and Sunday, April 2-3, at 8.

RICHARD SUDHALTER AND THE NEW CALIFORNIA RAMBLERS—New York Jazz Museum, 236 W. 54th St. 765-2150. Sunday, April 3, at 2, 3, and 4.

MONGO SANTAMARIA—With his group. (Harry De Jur Henry Street Settlement Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Sunday, April 3, at 4 and 5:30. No tickets necessary.)

KENNY RANKIN—With an orchestra conducted by Don Costa. (Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, April 4, at 8:30.)

TANGERINE DREAM—Avery Fisher Hall. Tuesday, April 5, at 8:15.

BILLY PAUL, DEXTER WANSEL, and **JEAN CARN**—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Friday, April 8, at 8.

JANIS IAN and **TOM CHAPIN**—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 9, at 7:30 and 11:30.

STANLEY TURRENTINE, JON LUCIEN, and **RAMSEY LEWIS**—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, April 9, at 7:30 and 11:30.

JOURNEY, STARCASTLE, and **THE STEVE GIBBONS BAND**—Palladium. Saturday, April 9, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

AL BLAUSTEIN—Figurative paintings and sketches of objects—paint boxes, easels—around the artist's studio. Through April 15. (ML Gallery, 58 E. 79th St.)

WILLARD BOEPPLE—Abstract sculptures formed of wide coils of steel. Through April 13. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

RICHARD JEROME BOGART—Misty, impressionistic paintings of secret places deep in the woods of Connecticut. Through Saturday, April 2 (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

DAVID CANTINE—Small abstract paintings by an artist who works in oil and acrylic; first one-man show in New York. Through April 16 (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

ALAN EVAN FELTUS—Paintings of placid, sculptural figures in earth tones; first one-man show in New York. Through April 15. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

ROLAND GEBHARDT—Square sculptures: large marble pieces about twelve inches off the floor and smaller tabletop works in polished aluminum. Through Saturday, April 2. (Carlton 127 E. 69th St.)

PHILIP GUSTON—New paintings. Through Friday April 8. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

BARBARA HEPWORTH (1903-75) / **FRITZ SCHOLDER**—Stone, wood, and bronze sculptures. Through April 16. / Ten drawings based on American Indian subjects, plus lithographs. Through April 23. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., a 79th St.)

CONRAD MARCA-RELLI—Eight-by-eleven-inch wood, metal, and burlap constructions banded by wide white frames, and collages of burlap and thick paper. Through April 23. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

CHARLES E. MARTIN—Magazine-cover designs and watercolors of landscapes and still-lifes Through Saturday, April 9. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

JANE MORTON NORTON—An incandescent ligh surrounds the castles and cliffs of these imaginary landscapes. Through April 16. (Bodley 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

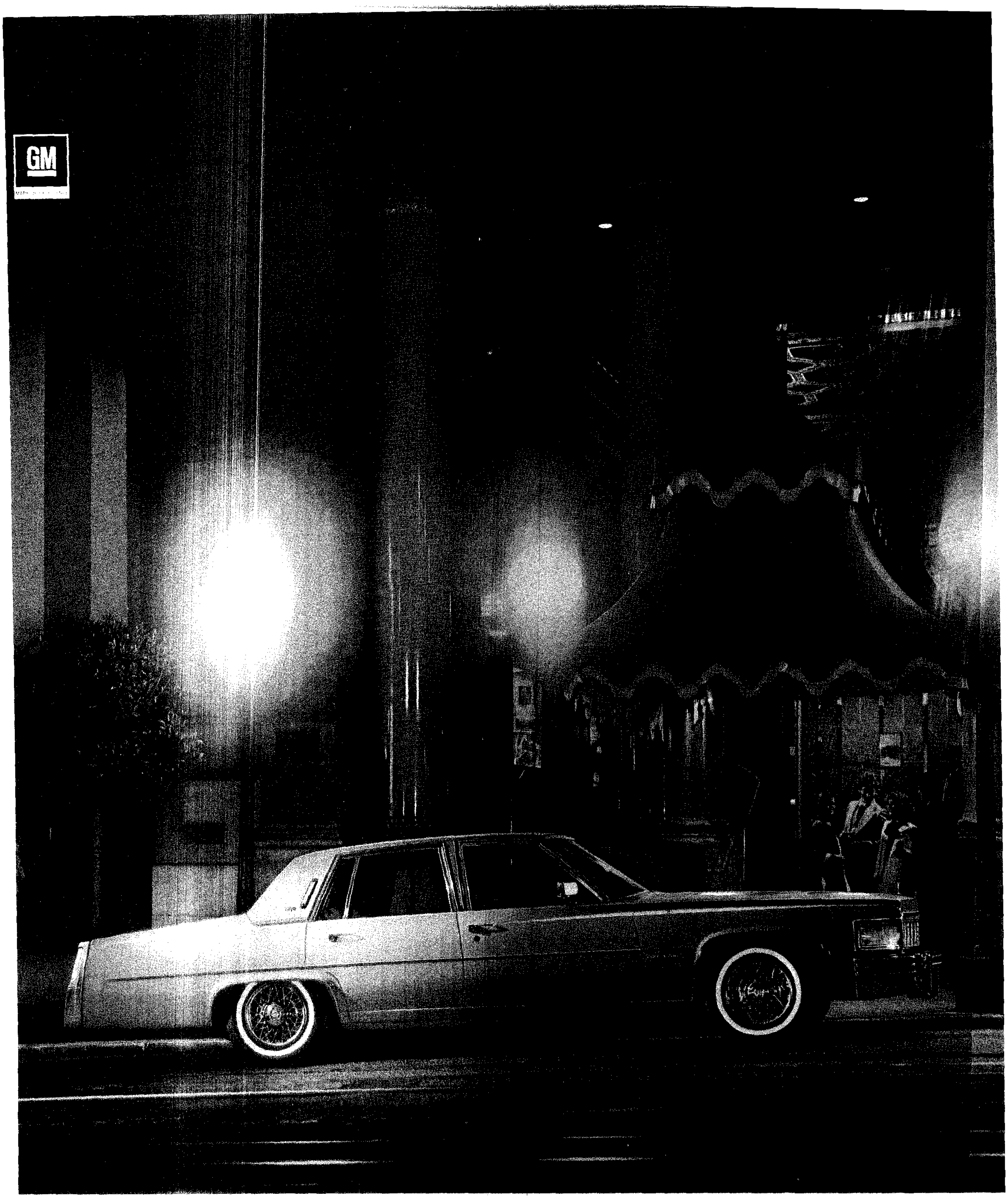
JULES OLITSKI—New abstract paintings. Through Thursday, April 7. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

CARL-HENNING PEDERSEN—Heavily painted watercolors and brush drawings by a founding member of the Cobra group. Through May 7 (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

PRAVOSLAV SOVÁK—Desert landscapes whose vistas include such geometric images as pyramids and rainbows delicately rendered in watercolor, gouache, and pencil. Through Saturday, April 2. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

ANTHONY TONEY—Semi-abstract cityscapes Through Saturday, April 2. (ACA, 25 E 73rd St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At **LA BOETIE**, 9 E. 82nd St.: A single subject—woman—as portrayed in a variety of mediums by artists associated with such diverse schools as Impressionism and Abstract Expressionism; also some African sculptures. Through May 21. . . . **FEIST**, 1125 Madison Ave., at 84th St.: Drawings, dating from the sixteenth century through the nineteenth, by about fifty artists, among them Annibale Carracci and Paulus Potter Through April 16. (Open Mondays.) . . . **FOURCADE**, 36 E. 75th St.: Paintings and sculptures by a dozen twentieth-century artists ranging from Matisse to Willem de Kooning. Through April 30. . . . **GRAHAM**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: In an exhibition called "The Art of Pastel," Robert De Niro and Paul Resika contribute figures and landscapes that have a swift, dashed-off appearance, and Anne Poor catches the stiff, brambly quality of a wintry landscape, finding a kind of beauty even in intrusive power lines. Through Saturday April 2. . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.:



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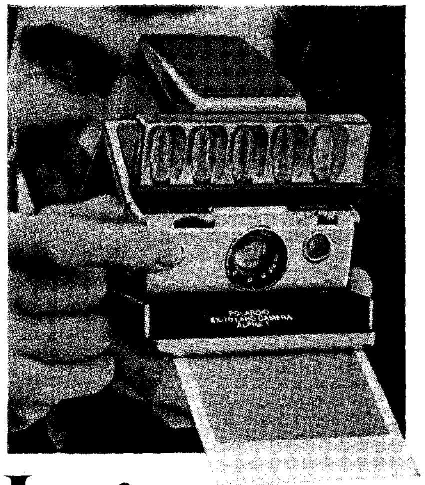

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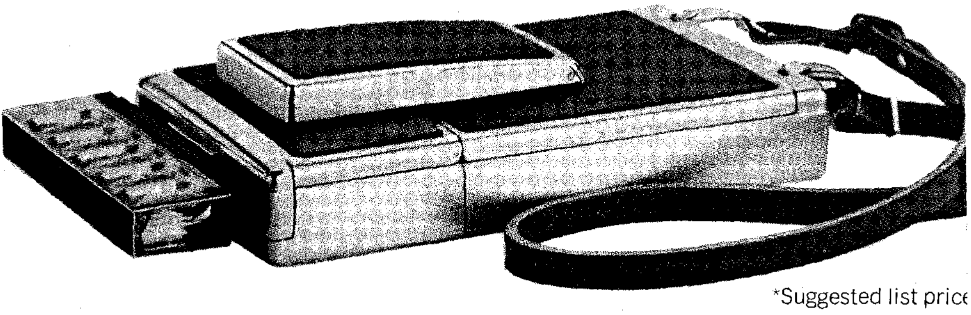

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Precisionist works by American artists whose interest in geometric forms led them to depict factories, highways, engines. Among those included are Sheeler, Demuth, Berenice Abbott, and Weston. . . . ¶ A retrospective of works by the painter G. Ruger Donoho (1857-1916). Both shows through Saturday, April 9. . . . **HUTTON**, 967 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Blaue Reiter artists Kandinsky, Klee, Macke, and others. Through June 11. (Open Mondays.) . . . **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: "Landscapes/Cityscapes," paintings and graphics by Vincent Canade, Louis Lozowick, and others. Through Saturday, April 2.

CULPTURE—At the **INGBER**, 3 E. 78th St.: Small pieces by sixteen artists, among them Ann Arnold, Sidney Geist, and Betty Parsons. Through Saturday, April 9. . . . **KNOWLTON**, 19 E. 71st St.: Models for large-scale works by Sylvia Stone, Muriel Castanis, Richard Nonas, and others. Through April 30.

ERLIN NOW—A month-long survey of that city's current cultural aspects (art, music, literature, film, urbanism), spread out all over this city's theatres, galleries, and institutes. This week, in the matter of art, there is a show of collages by Hannah Höch, at Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. (open Mondays); a group show of Pop, Op, and Minimal artists at the Galerie Denise René loft, 484 Broome St.; a group show of realist paintings, drawings, and sculptures at the New School, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays and Saturdays, except April 8-9, from 10 to 5); an exhibit of photographs of present-day Berlin by Henry Ries, at the Goethe Institute at New York University, 42 Washington Mews (starts Friday, April 1; Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 8); and a showing of videotapes at The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. (through Saturday, April 2; opens at 1). For information about the survey in general, call 744-8472 weekdays.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

OBERT BARNES / WILLIAM T. WILEY—A series of seventeen small narrative paintings, garish in color and centered on various incidents (and imagined incidents) in the lives of Edward Trelawny, Shelley, and Byron. / This artist, known for his cartoonlike paintings and ramshackle constructions made of trash, has completed a book, entitled "Suite of Daze," and preliminary drawings and finished etchings for it are on display here, along with the book itself, beautifully bound in leather. Through Friday, April 1. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

SABEL CASE BORGATTA—Fabric sculptures of figures, alone or in pairs, some a foot tall, some over seven feet tall. Through Saturday, April 9. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Open Mondays.)

TANLEY BOXER—New abstract paintings. Through Wednesday, April 6. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

ERT CARPENTER—Charcoal drawings and drawings in mixed mediums. Through Thursday, April 7. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

ERNARD CHAET—Still-lifes by a realist who paints items from the kitchen utility drawer as well as fruits and vegetables. Through April 23. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

EN DANBY—Canadian landscapes and figure studies by a superrealist. Through Saturday, April 2. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

EAN DUBUFFET—A new series of painted-paper collages, entitled "Théâtres de Mémoire," in which every inch of the large panels is filled with his well-known hollow-eyed figures and doodles. Through April 23. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

YONEL FEININGER (1871-1956)—Etchings and woodcuts. Through Friday, April 1. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.)

ANE FREILICHER—City rooftops as seen from the artist's studio, still-lifes, and Southampton landscapes. Through April 21. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

ICHAEL GOLDBERG—Handmade-paper works in which an area has been torn and burred; charcoal and watercolor have been applied to some of them. Through April 16. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

IDNEY GOODMAN—Representational paintings by a Philadelphia artist in the line of Eakins and Sargent. Through Saturday, April 2. (Dintenfass and Sumers, both at 50 W. 57th St.)

YVES KLEIN (1928-62)—Monochrome paintings, some in his characteristic piercing blue. Also present are examples of his noted entertainments in which inked-up nude girls stamp imprints of their bodies on paper. Through Saturday, April 2. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

JOHN MARIN (1870-1953) / **ANNE RYAN** (1889-1954)—Thirty-six oils that span his entire career. / Fabric-and-paper collages. Through April 16. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

PAUL MATTHEWS—Paintings of life-size nude figures alone or in groups. Through Thursday, April 7. (Viridian, 24 W. 57th St.)

CARLOS MÉRIDA—Cubist paintings and works on paper. Through April 30. (Jackson, 521 W. 57th St.)

MATS NORRYD—Paintings based on "The Divine Comedy," by a Swedish actor; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, April 9. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

DENNIS OPPENHEIM—A single installation consisting of a huge steel phonograph record and a giant neon stove burner on which a white teakettle rests, plus taped sounds. Through April 14. (D'Arc, 15 E. 57th St.)

ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG—Prints, handmade-paper works, two clay sculptures, and other objects in a show that is running concurrently with his retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art. Through May 14. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

MICHAEL ROBBINS—Drawings of blurred images by an artist who wants to capture the speed of, say, a fast-moving motorcycle. Through April 23. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

RICHARD STANKIEWICZ—Twelve welded-metal sculptures dating from 1956 to the present. Through April 23. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

WILLIAM THON—Painterly landscapes of Maine. Through April 16. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

STEPHEN VARBLE—Life-size paper dolls with painted faces and *outré* costumes, and drawings in mixed mediums which incorporate handwritten phrases. Through April 16. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

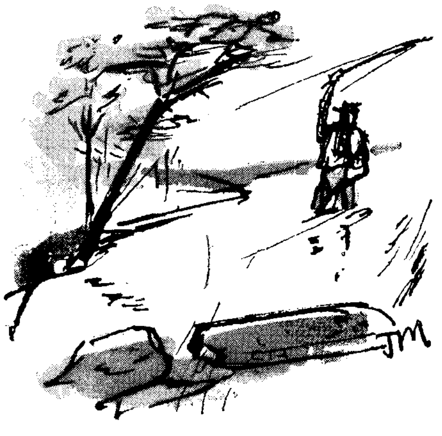
MICHAEL VESSA—A floor-to-ceiling construction of varnished paper, four perspective studies for the construction, and other works. Through Saturday, April 9. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

LOUIS CANE—Oil paintings arranged in clusters of three overlapping unstretched canvases; first one-man show in New York. Through April 16. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

ANTONIO GAUDÍ (1852-1926)—A loan show of architectural drawings for palaces, houses, fountains, street lights, and so on. Through May 24. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 9.)

DONALD JUDD—Fifteen clean-cut boxes, five feet square and three feet tall, beautifully made of raw American Douglas fir plywood. Through April 16. (Friedrich, 141 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)



BERNARD KIRSCHENBAUM—"298 Circles," an environmental work of discs painted in tints of white and suspended from the ceiling just about down to the viewer's midsection. Through April 30. (Sculpture Now, 142 Greene St.)

HILARIE MAIS—Abstract sculptures made from painted steel rods. Through Wednesday, April 6. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St.)

CORK MARCHESCHI / JAMES HAVARD—Hand-operated kinetic sculptures that produce electrical discharges. / Abstract paintings with scattered trompe-l'oeil effects. Through Wednesday, April 6. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

TONY ROBBIN—Abstract acrylic paintings. Through Tuesday, April 5. (Alessandra, 489 Broome St.)

CHARLES ROSS—A two-gallery exhibit of large-scale works (colored-pencil drawings, telescopic photographs of the stars, prisms) having to do with the Milky Way galaxy. (Weber, 420 West Broadway, and Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.) Both shows through April 16.

ALEXIS SMITH—Narrative works based on literary themes and consisting of panels on which typewritten sheets of paper and collage elements of found objects are combined. Through April 16. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

HELENE VALENTIN—Columns of unstretched canvas to which many layers of paint have been applied, plus other works. Through April 23. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **COOPER**, 155 Wooster St.: Paintings and sculptures by five gallery regulars who participated in the Whitney Biennial: Bartlett, Benglis, Murray, Shapiro, and Winsor. Through April 13. . . . **SPERONE WESTWATER FISCHER**, 142 Greene St.: Early works by Andre, Flavin, Judd, and LeWitt. Through Saturday, April 2. . . . **WHITNEY COUNTERWEIGHT**: Fifty-five artists in a multi-part exhibit that "stands in contrast to the Whitney Biennial." Through Friday, April 1, at Auction 393 and Yu, 393 West Broadway. . . . ¶ Cayman, 381 West Broadway. . . . ¶ Aames, 93 Prince St. . . . ¶ Rabinovitch & Guerra, 74 Grand St.

OTHER GALLERIES

BOB LOBE—A single large hammered-and-welded-aluminum sculpture, plus three laminated-wood sculptures, all of them suggested by rock shapes. Through May 14. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

LIZ PHILLIPS—More or less musical works whose sounds are produced when viewers pass sound-activated radio fields and when stop lights change in the vicinity of the show (thanks to a telephone hookup with the Department of Traffic). Through April 30. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St.)

GROUP SHOW—An exhibit of Ukrainian Easter eggs (*pysanky*) and of ritual breads, all decorated in the folk-art tradition. Through April 30. (Ukrainian Museum, 203 Second Ave., at 13th St. Open Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Fridays, 3 to 7.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

DIANE ARBUS (1923-71)—A retrospective that consists of nearly seventy works, a number of them printed by the photographer herself. Through Saturday, April 2. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St.)

WILLIAM DELAPPA / A. W. ERICSON (1848-1927)—Four series of photographs that look as if they had been lifted from old family albums, by a San Francisco photographer who made them all within the last couple of years. Through May 8. / Documentary pictures of California's northern frontier as it looked at the turn of the century. Through April 17. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays.)

GEORGE GROSZ (1893-1959)—Photographs documenting his arrival in New York, in 1932 (some of the shots are taken from the boat), plus collages, drawings, and watercolors. Through Saturday, April 9. (Kimmel-Cohn, 41 Central Park W., at 64th St.)

LEWIS W. HINE (1874-1940)—A retrospective of

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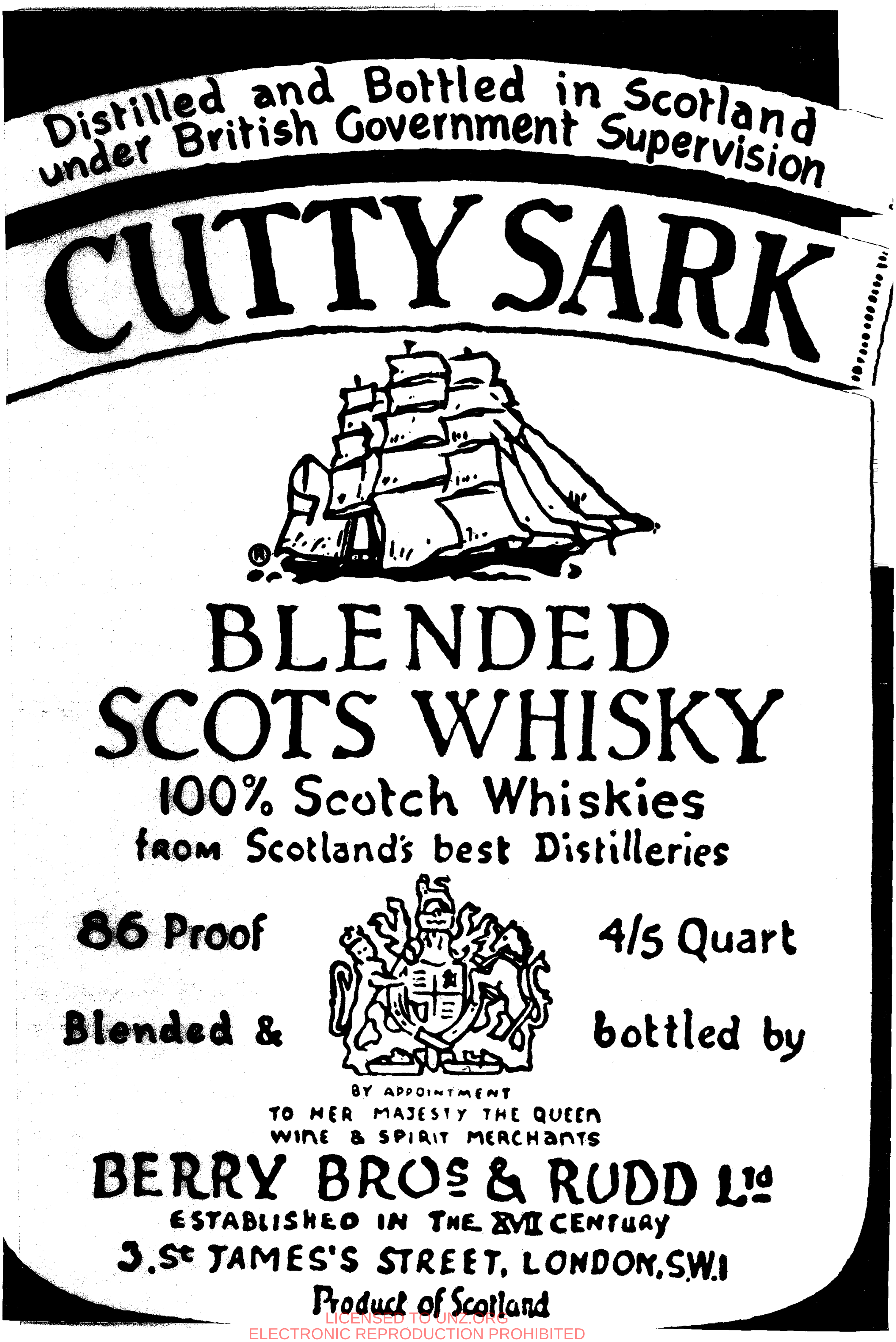

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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two hundred and twenty vintage prints, plus memorabilia and pictures by some of Hine's contemporaries, is on view at the Brooklyn Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times. . . . ¶ A smaller selection that is devoted entirely to his photographs of the construction of the Empire State Building from the ground up. Through April 16. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

George Platt Lynes (1907-55)—Portraits, fashion photographs, and studies of nudes and dancers. Through April 16. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Tina Modotti (1896-1942)—The Museum of Modern Art is showing a selection of her works taken in Mexico, about half of which are vintage prints; the remainder were printed from old negatives by Richard Benson. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Wright Morris—Photographs from his entire career. Through April 23. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

Milton Rogovin—Portraits of people in Chile, Appalachia, and Buffalo. Through April 22. (Gallery 1199, 310 W. 43rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 4 and 6 to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

Roman Vishniac / Philip Trager—The Jewish ghettos of pre-Second World War Kraków, Warsaw, and other East European cities figure in a show of more than a hundred photographs. Also his color prints of images transmitted by a microscope. / View-camera photographs of Connecticut architecture. Through April 23. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Group Show—Photographs and works on paper by Frederick Sommer; Michigan landscapes that include his family and dog by Carl Toth; and Conceptual prints, some in color, by Michael Bishop. Through Saturday, April 2. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit covering nearly every aspect of the career of Edgar Degas, from early portraits to pastels of dancers and bathers, and including the bronze "Little Fourteen Year Old Dancer" in her cotton tutu. Unfortunately, the show is padded out with works by other artists (Ingres, Delacroix, Renoir, Hokusai) which are said to have influenced Degas but seem here more distracting than relevant. . . . ¶ A sumptuous exhibit of clothing and accessories from Russia that focusses on the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and ranges from regional peasant costumes to the wedding dress of Catherine the Great. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of the works of Robert Rauschenberg, including paintings, sculptures, assemblages, drawings, and prints. Through May 17. A complementary show is at Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St. . . . ¶ An exhibit of furniture designed by Mies van der Rohe, including the Barcelona chair and stool. Also drawings for his furniture designs. Through May 3. . . . ¶ Henri Matisse's nine-panel paper-cutout work, "The Swimming Pool," is on view on the first floor. . . . ¶ Landscapes in gouache by Australian painter Fred Williams. Through May 8. . . . ¶ A selection from the museum's collection of British drawings dating from the turn of the century to the present, with examples by Walter Richard Sickert, Henry Moore, David Hockney, and others. Through May 31. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Tina Modotti. Through Tuesday, April 5. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the paintings, drawings, and prints of the Belgian fantasist James Ensor. Through April 11. . . . ¶ Paintings and sculptures by nine "promising" American artists. Through Thursday, April 7. . . . ¶ A small exhibit of oils and works on paper (all done before 1930) by Piet Mondrian. Through Thursday, April 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The last floor of the biennial survey of American art will close on Sunday, April 3, leaving an exhibition from the museum's permanent collection. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6. . . . ¶ The final concerts of the season by the Composers' Showcase: On Wednesday, March 30, at 8, a program of music, plus commentary, by George Crumb, performed by members of the Aeolian Chamber Players and others. On Thursday, April 7, at 8, a program of the religious music of Duke Ellington, with one-time members of the Ellington Band, the Gregg Smith Singers, Eubie Blake, piano, and others. Tickets are now being issued on a first-come, first-served basis.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Conceptual art in its manifold forms by forty artists, among them Eleanor Antin, Victor Burgin, and Joseph Kosuth. Through April 13. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective exhibition of the paintings and drawings of French Impressionist Gustave Caillebotte. Through April 24. . . . ¶ A review of the output of American women architects, explored through photographs and text, slides, and models. Through April 17. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Lewis W. Hine. Through May 15. (The museum is open Wednesdays through Sundays. Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5. The Caillebotte and architecture exhibits open at 1:30 on Wednesdays and Thursdays.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A travelling exhibit, from the Smithsonian Institution, of nearly two hundred art objects from Cyprus, the earliest pieces dating from the Stone Age. Through Sunday, April 3. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—A memorial show of paintings by Josef Albers, Leonid, and Mark Tobey, all of whom died last year. . . . ¶ Paintings and sculptures by thirty artists who are candidates for Academy-Institute art awards. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.) Both shows through Saturday, April 9.

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The Royal Pavilion at Brighton is the subject of this show. Furniture and decorations from the pavilion, which has a distinctly Chinese interior, were taken to Buckingham Palace by Queen Victoria, and eight of these articles have been loaned to the museum for this show. Through May 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of six of the collections that have been entrusted to the library includes drawings, early children's books, and manuscripts, among them thirty-five pages of Einstein's manuscript for his treatise on relativity, from the Heineman Foundation collection, here on view for the first time. Through April 24. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Paintings by New York State folk artists, including Ammi Phillips and Sheldon Peck. Through May 22. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—An exhibit of twelve doll houses, among them a nineteenth-century replica of the Goelet brownstone that stood on Broadway and 19th Street and a contemporary doll house designed last year. Through Sept. 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—An immense showing—more than nine hundred items in all—entitled "Two Hundred Years of American Illustration." Through April 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Collages by Al Loving. . . ¶ Paintings and collages by Randolph Williams. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.) Both shows through April 17.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, March 30: "Lulu," with Carole Farley, Tatiana Troyanos, William Lewis, Donald Gramm, Raymond Gibbs, Lenus Carlson, and Andrew Foldi; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 31: "Il Trovatore," with Renata Scotto, Shirley Verrett, James McCracken, Louis Quilico, and Malcolm Smith; Gianandrea Gavazzeni. . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 1: "Andrea Chénier," with Martina Arroyo, Lili Chookasian, Placido Domingo, Cornell MacNeil, and Fernando Corena; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 2: "Lulu," with Carole Farley, Tatiana Troyanos, William Lewis, Donald Gramm, Raymond Gibbs, Lenus Carlson, and Andrew Foldi; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 2: "Samson et Dalila," with Elena Obraztsova, Guy Chauvet, William Walker, Malcolm Smith, and Justino Díaz; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Monday evening, April 4: "Andrea Chénier," with Martina Arroyo, Lili Chookasian, Placido Domingo, Cornell MacNeil, and Fernando Corena; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, April 5: "Lulu," with Carole Farley, Tatiana Troyanos, William Lewis, Donald Gramm, Raymond Gibbs, Lenus Carlson, and Andrew Foldi; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 6: "Samson et Dalila," with Elena Obraztsova, Guy Chauvet, William Walker, Malcolm Smith, and Justino Díaz; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 7: "Andrea Chénier," with Martina Arroyo, Lili Chookasian, Carlo Bergonzi, Cornell MacNeil, and Fernando Corena; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 8: "La Bohème," with Ileana Cotrubas, Josephine Barstow, José Carreras, Vicente Sardinero, Justino Díaz, Allan Monk, Italo Tajo, and Paul Franke; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 9: "Il Trovatore," with Renata Scotto, Shirley Verrett, James McCracken, Louis Quilico, and Malcolm Smith; Gianandrea Gavazzeni. (A nonsubscription performance.). . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 9: "Samson et Dalila," with Elena Obraztsova, Guy

Chauvet, William Walker, Malcolm Smith, and Justino Díaz; Sixten Ehrling. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Wednesday, March 30, at 8: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Henry Price, and Pablo Elvira; conducted by Kurt Klippstatter. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 31, at 8: "Mefistofele," with Judith Ehrlich, Samuel Ramey, and Ermanno Mauro; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, April 1, at 8: "La Bohème," with Maralin Niska, Sherry Zannoth, Herman Malamood, William Justus, Spiro Malas, and Thomas Jamerson; Gigi Campanino. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 2, at 2: "Carmen," with Ann Howard, Faye Robinson, Gaetano Scano, and Robert Hale; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 2, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Catherine Malfitano, Sandra Walker, Richard Fredricks, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Irwin Densen; Gigi Campanino. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 3, at 1: "The Pirates of Penzance," with Gianna Rolandi, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Henry Price, Richard McKee, William Ledbetter, and Irwin Densen; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 3, at 7: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with June Fiske, Elizabeth Haley, David Griffith, Charles Roe, David Holloway, and Alan Baker; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 6, at 8: "Louise," with Beverly Sills, Frances Bible, John Alexander, Robert Hale, and John Sandor; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 7, at 8: "Mefistofele," with Johanna Meier, Samuel Ramey, and Ermanno Mauro; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 8, at 8: "Oedipus Rex," with Frances Bible, Richard Taylor, and Edward Pierson, and "Carmina Burana," with Elizabeth Haley, Charles Roe, and Abram Morales; Manuel Rosenthal. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 9, at 2: "The Pirates of Penzance," with Elizabeth Haley, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Harlan Foss, Richard McKee, and Mark Munkittrick; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 9, at 8: "Ariadne auf Naxos" (in English and German), with Johanna Meier, Gianna Rolandi, Maralin Niska, John Alexander, Thomas Jamerson, John Lankston, Melvin Lowery, Richard McKee, and David Holloway; Julius Rudel. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, May 1.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Zubin Mehta conducting on Wednesday and Thursday, March 30-31, at 8:30, and Friday, April 1, at 2 (no soloists). . . . ¶ Daniel Barenboim conducting and acting as piano soloist on Wednesday and Thursday, April 6-7, at 8:30; Friday, April 8, at 2; Saturday, April 9, at 8:30; and Tuesday, April 12, at 7:30.

Baltimore Symphony Orchestra—Sergiu Comissiona conducting, with Rudolf Buchbinder, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 7, at 8.)

New and Newer Music—Richard Pittman conducting the Boston Musica Viva. (New York Public Library at Lincoln Center Auditorium, 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Thursday, March 31, at 7:30. For tickets, which will not be on sale at the auditorium, call 362-1911.)

West Side Orchestral Concerts—Frédérique Petrides conducting the second of two concerts. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Sunday, April 3, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Redentor Romero conducting, with Carol Rosenberger, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 6, at 8.)

Yale Concert Choir—Jon D. Bailey directing. (Fuentidueña Apse, The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Saturday, April 2, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing a Stravinsky-Schütz program. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 2, at 8.)

Roger Wagner Chorale and Prague Chamber Orchestra—Roger Wagner directing, with Barbara Hendricks, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 2, at 8.)

Berlioz' Requiem—Bruce G. McInnes directing a benefit performance by the combined choruses of Amherst, Mount Holyoke, Smith, and Union Colleges, and the University of Massachusetts, with Jon Humphrey, tenor; brass ensembles; and a symphony orchestra. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, April 3, at 2.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Madison—Robert Fountain directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 6, at 8.)

National Chorale—Martin Josman directing. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, April 8, at 8.)

RECITALS

André Emelianoff—Cello. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, March 30, at 8.)

Mstislav Rostropovich—Cello. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 30, at 8.)

Tokyo String Quartet—Two concerts presenting the Bartók cycle. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, March 30, and Wednesday, April 6, at 8.)

Alexander Schneider, Walter Trampler, Leslie Parnas, and Stephanie Brown—Violin, viola, cello, and piano, in the final concert of the season. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, March 31, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Chilingirian String Quartet—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, March 31, at 8.)

Vladimir Ashkenazy—Piano, in a program of Russian music. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 1, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Jaime Laredo, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Gary Karr, bass; Leonard Arner, oboe; Loren Glickman, bassoon; Richard Goode, piano; and Charles Wadsworth, harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, April 1, at 8, and Sunday, April 3, at 5.)

Festival Winds—The last in a series of programs presenting the cycle of Mozart's music for winds. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, April 1, at 8.)

Toby Appel—Viola. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 2, at 2.)

Mordecai Shehori—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, April 2, at 2:30.)

New and Newer Music—The second of two concerts by the Speculum Musicae, this one with Susan Davenny Wyner, soprano, and Thomas Paul, bass. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, April 4, at 7:30.)

Morton Estrin—Piano, in a repeat performance of his March 5 recital. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Tuesday, April 5, at 2:30.)

Katherine Ciesinski—Mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, April 5, at 8.)

Ruggiero Ricci—The last in a series of recitals for unaccompanied violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, April 5, at 8.)

Evenings for New Music—The last in a series of concerts, this one with Martha Herr-Hanneman, soprano; Nora Post, oboe; Frances-Marie Uitti, cello; Jan Williams, percussion; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, April 6, at 8.)

Apple Hill Chamber Players—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 7, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—A program of vocal and instrumental music called "A Baroque Easter Celebration." (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 9, at 8.)

Dennis Russell Davies—Piano. (The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Saturday, April 9, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Baseball—Yankees vs. Milwaukee—the first league games here. (Yankee Stadium. Thursday, April 7, at 2, and Saturday, April 9, at 1:15.)

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Buffalo, Sunday, April 3, at 1:45. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Boston, Tuesday, April 5, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Indiana, Thursday, April 7, at 7:30. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Nets vs. Indiana, Friday, April 1, at 8:05.

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Atlanta Flames, Wednesday, March 30, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Islanders, Sunday, April 3, at 8. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. Boston Bruins, Saturday, April 2, at 2:05.

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Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 21. The Westchester Handicap, Saturday, April 2; the Bed o' Roses Handicap, Friday, April 8; and the Gotham, Saturday, April 9. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Cherry Hill, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:45; through Tuesday, May 31.

Soccer—Exhibition games involving the Cosmos and teams from Haiti, Tampa, and Toronto. (Meadowlands Stadium, East Rutherford, N.J. Saturday and Sunday, April 2-3, at noon and 2. For information about tickets, call 484-6010.)

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, April 30. . . . MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK, East Rutherford, N.J.: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, July 30.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

Auto Expo New York—Two hundred new cars from Europe and Japan, including the Ferrari "Rainbow" prototype, a special-edition Jaguar designed in honor of Queen Elizabeth II's Silver Jubilee, and a turbo-charged TVR, plus a collection of antique classic racing machines. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Friday, April 1, through Sunday, April 10. Weekdays, 11 to 10:30; Sundays, noon to 8.)

Greek and Byzantine Coins—The Robert F. Kelley collection of more than a thousand coins, including a Byzantine gold solidus offering the earliest known coin depiction of Jesus, minted by the Emperor Justinian II at the end of the seventh century, and a gold coin with the likeness of Alexander the Great. Starting Saturday, April 2. (American Numismatic Society, Broadway at 155th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9 to 4:30; Sundays, 1 to 4.)

Auctions—At Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Friday, April 8, 10 to 5.)—Friday, April 1, at 2: Art Nouveau and Art Deco works of art and furniture, belonging to several collectors. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 2, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century works of art and furniture, from many owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 5, at 2: Musical instruments, from various owners.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Baseball—YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Milwaukee, April 10 (day). Toronto, April 18-21 (d). Seattle, April 29 (night) and April 30-May 1 (d). California, May 3-4 (n). Oakland, May 5-6 (n) and May 7-8 (d). . . . METS at Shea Stadium (first league games here): Vs. St. Louis, April 12-14 (day). Chicago, April 15-17 (d). Pittsburgh, April 22 (night), April 23 (d), and April 24 (day doubleheader). Montreal, April 26-27 (n). Yankees, May 9 (benefit exhibition night game). San Diego, May 10-12 (n).

Crew—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Orchard Beach. April 23.). . . ¶ Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell, Navy, and Syracuse. (Ithaca. April 30. . . . ¶ Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Princeton. April 30.). . . ¶ Blackwell Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Yale. (Derby, Conn. May 1.). . . ¶ Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Cambridge. May 7.). . . ¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell, Princeton, and Yale. (Derby, Conn. May 8.)

Racing—At Churchill Downs, Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, May 7.

Soccer—At the Meadowlands Stadium, East Rutherford, N.J.: Cosmo games on April 17 and 24 and May 1.

Track—Boston Marathon. (Starts at Hopkinton, Mass. April 18. . . . ¶ Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. April 29-30.)

Trotting—At SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: April 14-Nov. 19. . . . YONKERS RACEWAY: May 2-June 18.

Music—METROPOLITAN OPERA (580-9830): The season continues through April 16. . . . AVERY FISHER HALL (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 14. . . . ¶ Katia Ricciarelli, soprano, April 13. . . . ¶ Jessye Norman, soprano, April 24. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, April 25. . . . CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7459): Opera Orchestra of New York, April 13. . . . ¶ Symphony of the New World, April 14. . . . ¶ Elena Obraztsova, mezzo-soprano, April 15. . . . ¶ St. Cecilia Chorus and Orchestra, April 16. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, April 17. . . . ¶ Berlin Philharmonic Octet, April 19. . . . ¶ Minnesota Orchestra, April 20. . . . ¶ Buffalo Philharmonic, April 24. . . . ¶ Milwaukee Symphony Orchestra, April 28. . . . ¶ Alfred Brendel, piano, May 1 and 8. . . . ¶ Collegiate Chorale, May 1. . . . ¶ New York Choral Society, May 6. . . . ¶ Chicago Symphony Orchestra, May 9, 11, and 13. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, May 10. . . . ALICE TULLY HALL (362-1911): Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, April 17, 19, and 29, and May 1, 8, and 10. . . . ¶ Evelyn Lear, soprano, April 17. . . . ¶ Anthony Newman, harpsichord, April 24. . . . ¶ Amor Artis Chorale and Orchestra, April 25. . . . ¶ Ensemble for Early Music, April 28. . . . ¶ Music from Marlboro, May 2. . . . KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL, 92nd Street Y (427-6000): David Bean, piano, April 12. . . . ¶ Chamber Music at the Y, April 20. . . . ¶ Alicia de Larrocha, piano, April 23. . . . ¶ Eugene List, piano, April 25. . . . ¶ Grant Johannesen, piano, April 27. . . . ¶ Sine Nomine Singers, April 30. . . . ¶ Michel Beroff, piano, May 1. . . . ¶ Misha Dichter, piano, May 7. . . . ¶ Paul Sperry, tenor, May 10. . . . GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): Gustav Leonhardt, harpsichord, April 16. . . . ¶ Music from Marlboro, April 28. . . . ¶ Janos Starker, cello, and Alain Planes, piano, April 30.

Dance—American Ballet Theatre, at the Metropolitan Opera House, April 18-June 11. . . . ¶ New York City Ballet, at the New York State Theatre, May 3-July 3. . . . ¶ Alvin Ailey Dance Theatre, at the City Center, May 4-22.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: A limited engagement of Eugene O'Neill's "Anna Christie," with Liv Ullmann, John Lithgow, Mary McCarty, and Robert Donley. . . . ¶ The Theatre Company of Boston's revival of David Rabe's play "The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel," starring Al Pacino. . . . ¶ A musical, "I Love My Wife," based on a Parisian comedy by Luis Rego. Michael Stewart wrote the book and lyrics, Cy Coleman composed the score, and the cast includes Lenny Baker, Joanna Gleason, Ilene Graff, and James Naughton. . . . ¶ "Side by Side by Sondheim," an entertainment made up of Stephen Sondheim's music (mostly) and lyrics, imported from London with the original cast—Millicent Martin, Julie N. McKenzie, David Kernan, and Ned Sherrin. . . . ¶ Richard Kiley singing in a concert version of "Knickerbocker Holiday" (Maxwell Anderson, Kurt Weill)—the second in a series of three musicals called Broadway in Concert. . . . ¶ A two-week engagement by the Théâtre de la Ville, from Paris, of Giraudoux's play "La Guerre de Troie N'Aura Pas Lieu" ("Tiger at the Gates"). . . . ¶ "Annie," a musical taken from the comic strip "Little Orphan Annie," with a book by Thomas Meehan, music by Charles Strouse, lyrics by Martin Charnin, and Andrea McArdle in the title role. . . . ¶ Yul Brynner and Constance Towers will be "The King and I" in a new production of the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical. . . . ¶ Aeschylus's play "Agamemnon"—a presentation of the New York Shakespeare Festival at Lincoln Center. . . . ¶ A London comedy, "Absent Friends," by Alan Ayckbourn; Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson head the cast.

Other Dates—Easter Sunday is April 10. . . . ¶ Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax returns for 1976 and estimates for 1977 are due Friday, April 15. . . . ¶ The April Flower Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St., April 15-16. . . . ¶ Daylight-saving time starts April 24.

Soap and water:
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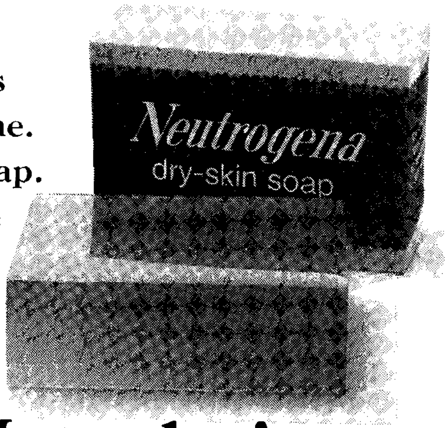

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*Purcelline Oil Syn. and Laneth-10 Acetate.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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			30	31	1	2
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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Harlan County, U.S.A."

Jean Renoir Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 10th. (873-8702; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Les Zozos."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"Rocky."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Airport '77."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Domino Principle."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through April 5: "Rocky."
From April 6: "Audrey Rose."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Late Show."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Eagle Has Landed."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
March 30: "Bittersweet Love" and "The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea."
From March 31: "Brothers."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Man on the Roof."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Welcome to L.A."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Islands in the Stream."

59th St. East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through April 5: "Network."
From April 6: "The Beast."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through April 2: "F for Fake."
From April 3: "Aguirre, Wrath of God."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Fellini's Casanova."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Nasty Habits."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Airport '77."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Mohammad, Messenger of God."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Slap Shot."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Wonderful Crook."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through March 31: "Fun with Dick and Jane."
From April 1: "Black Sunday."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through April 5: "The Sentinel."
From April 6: "A Star Is Born."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Network."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through March 31: "Mohammad, Messenger of God."
From April 1: To be announced.

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Domino Principle."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through April 5: "Chino."
From April 6: "Audrey Rose."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Airport '77."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"The Eagle Has Landed."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Fun with Dick and Jane."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Fun with Dick and Jane."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Children of Paradise."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Network."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through April 2: "The Letter" and "The Petrified Forest." April 3-5: "Watch on the Rhine" and "June Bride." From April 6: "All About Eve" and "Hush . . . Hush, Sweet Charlotte."
Theatre 2: "Bound for Glory."
Theatre 3: "Rocky."
Theatre 4: "F for Fake."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through March 31: "Bound for Glory."
From April 1: "Raggedy Ann & Andy."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
March 30: "Mr. Billion."
From March 31: "The Littlest Horse Thieves."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through April 5: "The Pink Panther Strikes Again" and "The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight."
From April 6: "Voyage of the Damned" and "Farewell, My Lovely."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through April 5 (tentative): "All the President's Men."
From April 6: "Islands in the Stream."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Cousin, Cousine."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Providence." (No evening performances on Friday, April 1.)

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through April 5: "Bound for Glory."
From April 6: "The Late Show."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Network."
Theatre 2: "The Eagle Has Landed."
Theatre 3: "Fun with Dick and Jane."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through April 7 (tentative): "Fox and His Friends" and "The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through April 5: "A Star Is Born" and "From Noon Till Three."
From April 6: "Freaky Friday" and "Peter Pan."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
March 30: "A Night at the Opera" (1935), directed by Sam Wood, with the Marx Brothers; and "Chaplin Revue," a program of three short films.
March 31: "City Lights" (1931), directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin; and "A Night at the Opera."
April 1: "Travels with My Aunt" (†); and "City Lights."
April 2: "Swing Time" (1936), directed by George Stevens, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Helen Broderick, Victor Moore, *and Betty Furness; and "Travels with My Aunt."* (†)
April 3: "On the Town" (1949), directed by Stanley Donen and Gene Kelly, with Mr. Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Betty Garrett, and Ann Miller; and "Swing Time."
April 4: "The Seven Samurai." (†)
April 5: "Behindert" (1974), an avant-garde film directed by Steve Dwoskin; and "Battling Butler." (†)
April 6: "That Man from Rio" (1964), in French, directed by Philippe de Broca, with Jean-Paul Belmondo, Françoise Dorléac, and Jean Servais; and "Viva Maria!" (†)
April 7: "The White Sheik" (†); and "That Man from Rio."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
March 30: "A Piece of Pleasure" (1976), in French, directed by Claude Chabrol, with Paul Gégauff and Danielle Gégauff; and "Ten Days' Wonder" (1972), directed by Claude Chabrol, with Orson Welles and Anthony Perkins.
March 31: "Boris Godunov" (1955), in Russian, directed by V. Stroyeva, with A. Pirogov; and "The Tsar's Bride" (1966), in Russian, performed by the Bolshoi Opera Company.
April 1: "Casablanca" (1942), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "To Have and Have Not" (1944), directed by Howard Hawks, with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan.
April 2: "Women in Love" (1970), directed by Ken Russell, with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed; and "The Lovers" (1959), in French, directed by Louis Malle, with Jeanne Moreau.
April 3: "Julius Caesar" (†) and "Romeo and Juliet." (†)
April 4: "The Thin Man" (1934) and "After the Thin Man" (1936), both films directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Myrna Loy and William Powell.
April 5: "The Life of O-Haru" (1952), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi, with Kinuyo Tahaka; and "Utamaro and His Five Women" (1946), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi.
April 6: "Foolish Wives" (†) and "The Great Gabbo." (†)
April 7: "The Story of Adèle H." (1975), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Isabelle Adjani; and "Une Femme Douce" (1969), in French, directed by Robert Bresson, with Dominique Sanda and Guy Frangin.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through March 31: "The Story of O" (1975), and "Emmanuelle" (1974), both films in French, directed by Just Jaeckin (both X-rated).
April 1-2: "Heat" (1972), directed by Paul Morrissey, with Sylvia Miles and Joe Dallesandro; and "Trash" (1970), directed by Paul Morrissey, with Joe Dallesandro and Holly Woodlawn.
April 3-4: "Steppenwolf" (1974), directed by Fred Haines, with Max von Sydow and Dominique Sanda; and "Siddhartha" *(1973), directed by Conrad Rooks, with* Shashi Kapoor.
April 5: "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Giulietta Masina; and "8½" (1963), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale.
April 6-7: "Sunday Bloody Sunday" (1971), directed by John Schlesinger, with Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head; and "The Night Porter" (1974), directed by Liliana Cavani, with Dirk Bogarde and Charlotte Rampling.

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

March 30: "Le Fantôme de la Liberté" (1974), in French, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Monica Vitti, Jean-Claude Brialy, and Adriana Asti; and "La Guerre Est Finie" (1966), in French, directed by Alain Resnais, with Yves Montand, Ingrid Thulin, and Geneviève Bujold.

March 31: "The Shop on Main Street" (1964), a Czech film, directed by Ján Kadár, with Josef Kroner and Ida Kaminska; and "Loves of a Blonde" (1965), a Czech film, directed by Miloš Forman.

April 1: "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore" (1975), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Ellen Burstyn, Kris Kristofferson, and Alfred Lutter; and "Mean Streets" (1973), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel.

April 2: "Morgan!" (†) and "Faces." (†)

April 3: "Harry & Tonto" (1974), directed by Paul Mazursky, with Art Carney; and "The Heartbreak Kid" (1972), directed by Elaine May, with Charles Grodin, Cybill Shepherd, and Jeannie Berlin.

April 4: "Frenzy" (1972), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Jon Finch, Barry Foster, Vivien Merchant, and Alec McCowen; and "Topaz." (†)

April 5: "Scenes from a Marriage" (1974), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann and Erland Josephson; and "Cries and Whispers" (1972), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann, Harriet Andersson, Ingrid Thulin, and Kari Sylwan.

From April 6 (tentative): "The Late Show." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through April 2: "Born Yesterday" (1950), directed by George Cukor, with Judy Holliday, William Holden, and Broderick Crawford; and "The Talk of the Town" (1942), directed by George Stevens, with Cary Grant, Jean Arthur, and Ronald Colman.

April 3-4: "All the King's Men" (1949), directed by Robert Rossen, with Broderick Crawford, Joanne Dru, Mercedes McCambridge, John Ireland, John Derek, and Shepperd Strudwick; and "The Last Hurrah." (†)

April 5-6: "From Here to Eternity" (†) and "Sahara." (†)

From April 7: "Lawrence of Arabia" (1962), directed by David Lean, with Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Omar Sharif, José Ferrer, and Anthony Quinn.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through March 31: "Casablanca" (1942), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "All Through the Night" (1942), directed by Vincent Sherman, with Humphrey Bogart, Peter Lorre, and Conrad Veidt.

April 1-2: "High Sierra" (†) and "Key Largo." (†)

April 3-5: "The Big Sleep" (1946), directed by Howard Hawks, with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Martha Vickers; and "Dark Passage." (†)

April 6-7: "The Treasure of Sierra Madre" (1948), directed by John Huston, with Walter Huston, Humphrey Bogart, Tim Holt, Alfonso Bedoya, and Robert Blake; and "Black Legion." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

March 30: "The Blue Dahlia" (1946), directed by George Marshall, with Alan Ladd, Veronica Lake, Howard Da Silva, and William Bendix; and "The Glass Key" (1942), directed by Stuart Heisler, with Brian Donlevy, Veronica Lake, and Alan Ladd.

March 31-April 2: "Dancing Lady" (1933), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Fred Astaire, Joan Crawford, Franchot Tone, and Clark Gable; and "Broadway Melody of 1940" (1940), directed by Norman Taurog, with Fred Astaire, Eleanor Powell, and George Murphy.

April 3-4: "Song of Songs" (†); and "The Blue Angel" (1929), in German, directed by Josef von Sternberg, with Marlene Dietrich and Emil Jannings.

April 5: "Ladies in Retirement" (†); and "Miss Grant Takes Richmond" (1950), directed by Lloyd Bacon, with Lucille Ball and William Holden.

April 6-7: "Keeper of the Flame" (†); and "Woman of the Year" (1942), directed by George Stevens, with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Fay Bainter, Reginald Owen, and William Bendix.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—March 31 at 2:30: "Street of Shame" (1956), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi, with Machiko Kyo; English subtitles. . . . ¶ March 31 at 6: "The Strongest" (1929), a Swedish silent film, directed by Alf Sjöberg; simultaneous translation. . . . ¶ March 31 at 8:30: "Sin" (1928), a Swedish silent film, directed by Gustaf Molander, with Elissa Landi; simultaneous translation. . . . ¶ April 1 at 2:30: "The Gyurokovics Girls" (1926), a Swedish silent film, directed by Paul Merzbach; simultaneous translation. . . . ¶ April 1 at 6: "Street of Shame." . . . ¶ April 2 at noon: "Cold Journey" (1976), directed by Martin Defalco, with Johnny Yesno, Buckley Petawabano, and Chief Dan George. . . . ¶ April 2 at 2:30: "His English Wife" (1928), a Swedish silent film, directed by Gustaf Molander; simultaneous translation. . . . ¶ April 2 at 5: "Only a Dancer" (1927), a Swedish silent film, directed by Olof Morel (Molander); simultaneous translation. . . . ¶ April 3 at noon: "Cold Journey." . . . ¶ April 3 at 2:30: "Sin." . . . ¶ April 3 at 5: "Downhill" (1927), a silent film, directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Ivor Novello. . . . ¶ April 4 at noon: "Give Chance a Chance" (1973), directed by John Musilli, an interview with Hans Richter; and "Chess: The Passionate Pastime" (1956), directed by Hans Richter. . . . ¶ April 4 at 2:30: "Only a Dancer." . . . ¶ April 4 at 6: A film directed by James Herbert; recommended for adults only. . . . ¶ April 5 at noon: "Give Chance a Chance" and "Chess: The Passionate Pastime." . . . ¶ April 5 at 2:30: "The Ghost Baron" (1927), a Swedish silent film, directed by Gustaf Edgren, English inter-titles; and "His English Wife." . . . ¶ April 7 at 2:30: "After the Whale" (1971), directed by L. Richard Ellison, and "All My Babies" (1952), directed by George Stoney, both documentary films. . . . ¶ April 7 at 6: Oskar Fischinger, Part I: The Working Process. . . . ¶ April 7 at 8:30: Oskar Fischinger, Part II: Objects in a Non-Objective World. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8:30 will not be accepted before 8.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through April 3: "Off the Wall," directed by Rick King, with Harvey Waldman. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30. . . . ¶ Starting April 5: A program of films by Robert Breer. Showings at noon, 2, and 4 (plus 6:15 and 8:15 Tuesday evening). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Von Ackeren, Schamoni, Gremm, Harvey, Lambert, Zobus, Eisholz, Perraudin, Horn, and others. Showings March 30-April 1 at 7 and 9:30; April 2 at 2:30, 7, and 9:30; April 3-6 at 7 and 9:30; and April 7 at 8 and 9.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—March 31-April 3: "My Childhood" (1972) and "My Ain Folk" (1973), both directed by Bill Douglas. Showings at 7:30. . . . ¶ Starting April 7: A program of three films by Werner Nekes. Showings at 7:45.

Metropolitan Museum, Junior Museum Auditorium, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (TR 9-5674)—A series of films presenting New York as seen in American films, and Paris as seen in French films. April 2 at 1: "Fantômas" (1914), a French silent film, directed by Louis Feuillade, excerpts from the serial, and "Traffic in Souls" (1914), a French silent film, directed by George Loane Tucker; both with French inter-titles. . . . ¶ April 2 at 3: "City of Conquest" (1940), directe Anatole Litvak, with James Cagney and Sheridan. . . . ¶ April 3 at 1: "Every Day Holiday" (1937), directed by Edward Sut erland, with Mae West, Edmund Lowe, an Charles Butterworth. . . . ¶ April 3 at 3: "Têtes de Femmes, Femmes de Têtes" (1916), a French silent film, directed by Jacques Feyder, with Françoise Rosay, and "Le Coupable" (1917), a French silent film, directed by André Antoine; both with French inter-titles. . . . ¶ April 5 at 4: "Mystery of New York" (1915), a silent Pearl White serial. . . . ¶ April 5 at 6: "The Italian" (1915), a silent film, directed by Thomas Ince; and an excerpt from "O. Henry's Full House" (1952). . . . ¶ April 5 at 8: "The Shopworn Angel" (1929), directed by Richard Wallace, with Gary Cooper, Nancy Carroll, and Paul Lukas.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Aguirre, Wrath of God (1972)—Directed by Werner Herzog. In German. (D. W. Griffith; starting April 3.)

Airport '77—With Jack Lemmon, Lee Grant, Brenda Vaccaro, Joseph Cotten, and Olivia de Havilland; directed by Jerry Jameson. (Murray Hill, Columbia I, and 86th St. East.)

All About Eve (1950)—Joseph L. Mankiewicz's most celebrated picture, from his own sophisticated and technically splendid script. There is an old show-biz myth that films and plays about show biz don't interest anyone outside the trade, but this movie cracks the legend. Bette Davis plays Margo Channing, a high-temperament Broadway star. Anne Baxter, as her secretary, is after her guts and her dressing room, with the guileless blessings of a playwright (Hugh Marlowe) and of Celeste Holm, as his wife. The only person who is on to the craft afoot is Thelma Ritter—who else? (Quad Cinema; starting April 6.)

All the President's Men (1976)—Alan J. Pakula's film of the famous book by Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward about the uncovering of the Watergate coverup. Woodward is played by Robert Redford, one of our best actors; Bernstein is played by Dustin Hoffman with edgy intelligence. The film is good on newspapers' nervous verve, though it has its share of clichés about the working press. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/12/76.) (Little Carnegie; through April 5, tentative.)

Audrey Rose—With Marsha Mason, Anthony Hopkins, John Beck, and Susan Swift; directed by Robert Wise. (Eastside Cinema, and Loews Ciné; starting April 6.)

Battling Butler (1926)—Rarely seen Buster Keaton film that he sometimes said was his favorite but that is probably no one else's favorite; the story is slight enough to hang gags on (including a famous duck shoot), but there's some discomfort—almost masochism—built into it. Keaton plays puny, defenseless Alfy Butler, a rich, soft simpleton whose father sends him into the woods to make a man of him; through love (for broad-faced Sally O'Neil) and mistaken identity, he becomes embroiled in prizefighting and is pitted against the sadistic world champion. He wins, of course, but not until after he's taken a cruel beating. Keaton directed, and there are cleverly worked out compositional techniques, including the sort of deep focus that was later to be associated with Orson Welles and Gregg Toland. With Snitz Edwards as the valet. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 5.)

The Beast—With Sirpa Lane, directed by Walerian Borowczyk. In French. (59th St. East; starting April 6.)

Bittersweet Love—With Lana Turner, Robert Lansing, Celeste Holm, Robert Alda, Scott Hylands, and Meredith Baxter Birney; directed by David Miller. (Fine Arts; March 30.)

The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant (1972)—The prodigal young Fassbinder, aged thirty-one, writer and director of more than twenty feature films, here makes a film about lesbians that is furnished with elegance but sustained by deep and primitive power of sensibility. Like Bergman, Fassbinder works with a troupe of actors that has almost become his repertory company. He plays a game of double-dare, pretending to frivolity where he means the intensely serious: great talent is often a sort of cheek. In German. (6/14/76)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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(New Yorker; through April 7, tentative.)

Black Legion (1936)—In 1936, there had been press accounts that a new Klan had sprung up, selecting Jews, Catholics, and Communists as its targets, and Warners, always eager for topical stories, leaped in. In the movie, the organization is against foreigners in general, and Humphrey Bogart is the young factory worker who joins up in anger because a Pole got the job he wanted. He is soon involved with black sheets, masks, copper-studded whips, and guns. Though the film flaunts its cautionary message and assumes a virtuous, civics-lesson stance, the story is tacky and primitive. Tolerable, but not in a class with the best of the Warners socially conscious melodramas. Archie Mayo directed; with Ann Sheridan, Erin O'Brien-Moore, and Dick Foran. (Thalia; April 6-7.)

Black Sunday—With Bruce Dern, Robert Shaw, and Marthe Keller; directed by John Frankenheimer. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Tower East; starting April 1.)

Bound for Glory—As Woody Guthrie, David Carradine has an ornery intransigence that gives the film a core, and the re-creation of the late thirties is superbly lighted and shot (by Haskell Wexler). There's real love in the director Hal Ashby's staging of the incidents, and the entire film shows taste and good will. Though it doesn't build dramatically—it straggles just when you want it to soar—it's by no means a negligible piece of work. (12/13/76) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Guild; through March 31. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through April 5.)

Brothers—With Bernie Casey, Vonetta McGee, and Ron O'Neal; directed by Arthur Barron. (Fine Arts; starting March 31.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—A one-of-a-kind film: a sumptuous, romantic epic about the relations between theatre and life, written with wit by Jacques Prévert, and beautifully directed by Marcel Carné. Made during the Occupation but set in the Paris of Balzac, with Jean-Louis Barrault, the incomparable Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès. In French. (8th St. Playse.)

Cousine—Jean-Charles Tacchella's film about a big family and two apostates within it. In French.

47)—"Dark" in a movie title ms to be an attempt to give some e to opacity and confusion, as in k Corner," "Dark Waters," "The rror." And this Bogart-Bacall bum- no exception. Throughout most of the erably plotted picture, Bogart, accused of urder, hides out in Bacall's fashionable San Francisco apartment while recovering from plastic surgery; with his head bandaged, he can't do much except nod appreciatively while Bacall feeds him through a glass straw. In moments of stress, she dilates her nostrils; he's so trussed up he can't even do that, which puts him ahead of her, but not very far. The picture is an almost total drag, though Agnes Moorehead, as the villainess, has a sensational exit through plate-glass windows. Written and directed by Delmar Daves, from a David Goodis story. (Thalia; April 3-5.)

The Domino Principle—With Gene Hackman, Candice Bergen, Richard Widmark, Mickey Rooney, Edward Albert, and Eli Wallach; directed by Stanley Kramer. (34th St. East, and Loews Orpheum.)

The Eagle Has Landed—Based on the Jack Higgins novel. With Michael Caine, Donald Sutherland, and Robert Duvall, directed by John Sturges. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Trans-Lux East, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

Faces (1968)—John Cassavetes' view of the meaninglessness of life for the well-heeled middle-aged. His semi-documentary method is controversial, and what some find agonizingly true and beautiful others may find merely embarrassingly clumsy. With John Marley, Gena Rowlands, Lynn Carlin, and Seymour Cassel. (Paramount; April 2.)

Farewell, My Lovely (1975)—And goodbye to this gorged latest remake of Raymond Chandler, too. With Robert Mitchum and Charlotte Rampling, directed by Dick Richards. (9/1/75) (Playboy; starting April 6.)

Fellini's Casanova—Fellini's epic about his own alienation; it takes great dedication to sit this one out. Donald Sutherland is used as an unfunny caricature of Casanova. (Cinema I.)

F for Fake—Directed by, and with, Orson Welles. (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ D.W. Griffith; through April 2.)

Foolish Wives (1921)—Erich von Stroheim wrote and directed, but this is the first time he lost control of a film, and the studio cut it by about a third. What's left is still fairly overpowering in the thick mixture of fetishistic sophistication and sentimentality; it's just about impossible to sort out one's responses. Has any other filmmaker made carnal desire so revolting? This time von Stroheim is the corrupt lecher Count Sergei Karamzin, and he goes after the wife of the American ambassador to Monaco. With Mae Busch, Miss Dupont, Cesare Gravina, Dale Fuller, and Maude George. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 6.)

Fox and His Friends (1976)—Directed by, and with, Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (New Yorker; through April 7, tentative.)

Freaky Friday—From the Disney studios, with Barbara Harris and Jodie Foster, directed by Gary Nelson. (Olympia; starting April 6.)

From Here to Eternity (1953)—One of the few memorable American movies of the fifties. Fred Zinnemann directed this first-rate adaptation of James Jones' novel about Army life in Hawaii before Pearl Harbor. With Montgomery Clift, Burt Lancaster, Frank Sinatra, and Deborah Kerr. (Regency; April 5-6.)

From Noon Till Three—Charles Bronson plays a desperado in the Old West, who takes refuge for three hours with a romantic widow (Jill Ireland) in her Victorian mansion; afterward, she thinks he has been killed and she churns out a popular book—her fantasy version of their time together. When he returns, he is so much less than the creation of her imagination that she doesn't recognize him. This is essentially the plot gimmick of the Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., "The Private Life of Don Juan"—a dud film of 1934. After an ingenious dream-sequence opening, this Western, written and directed by Frank Gilroy, is a dud, too. The faults are in Gilroy's uninspired writing (he treats us like children), in his pedestrian directing, and in Jill Ireland's performance. It is really a star vehicle for her, and though she is an adequate actress—she has voice and control and carriage—she has no excitement, and no audience empathy whatever. With Douglas Fowley as a grizzled old outlaw. (Olympia; through April 5.)

Fun with Dick and Jane—A nitwit mixture of counterculture politics, madcap comedy, and toilet humor. George Segal and Jane Fonda are Dick and Jane of the children's primers, grown up, married, and living beyond their means in a suburban-palatial L.A. dream house; when he loses his executive job they turn to robbery. Excruciatingly badly directed by Ted Kotcheff. (2/28/77) (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Waverly, and Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ Loews Tower East; through March 31.)

The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight (1971)—When farce isn't expertly played and directed, it becomes just stupid, and that's what happens to this Mafia farce, from the Jimmy Breslin book. Lionel Stander, Jo Van Fleet, and Jerry Orbach are among the clownish crooks; molestable Leigh Taylor-Young and the talented young Robert De Niro are the romantic leads. Directed by James Goldstone. (Playboy; through April 5.)

The Great Gabbo (1929)—After the picture he was directing—"Queen Kelly"—was cancelled, Erich von Stroheim turned to acting and had a popular success as a megalomaniac ventriloquist who expresses his sensitive feelings only through his grotesque little dummy, Otto. Directed by James Cruze, from a Ben Hecht story, the film is effective only in a few bits; when the ventriloquist gets into the Follies, his story gets lost between mediocre musical-comedy numbers (which were originally in color). With the talented Betty Compson. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 6.)

Harlan County, U.S.A.—A documentary with a great subject, and with the taste and sensitivity not to betray it. The director, Barbara Kopple, went to live among the coal miners of Harlan County, Kentucky, when they went out on strike in 1973. This film is about an underdog group with its own folk culture, based on the unending struggle with "the owners." (1/24/77) (Art.)

High Sierra (1941)—This Humphrey Bogart picture, directed by Raoul Walsh, was imitated widely both abroad and here, and it set a new style in gangster movies—the gangster as an anachronism in a changing world. Bogart's performance as the weary Dillinger-like gangster is a classic, and about half the movie is definitive in setting the new pattern. With Ida Lupino, Joan Leslie (as a lame girl, in an expendable subplot), Arthur

Anne Burgess

Kennedy, Alan Curtis, and Cornel Wilde. John Huston and W. R. Burnett adapted the Burnett novel. (Thalia; April 1-2.)

Hush . . . Hush, Sweet Charlotte (1965)—Bette Davis in a Grand Guignol melodrama directed by Robert Aldrich—an attempt to reproduce the box-office success of their camp Gothic "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?," in which Davis's co-star had been Joan Crawford. Crawford was to have appeared in this one also, but became ill and was replaced by Olivia de Havilland. Davis is a rich, dotty recluse living in a moldy mansion in Louisiana; she wanders about the shadowy rooms in streaming hair and billowing nighties, whispering telepathic endearments to her long-dead daddy. De Havilland is her treacherous cousin, Agnes Moorehead the witchlike housekeeper, and Joseph Cotten the family doctor. The story, redolent of mutilation and assorted horrors, is from a novel by Henry Farrell, who also was the source of the earlier film. A lot of people seemed to enjoy the spectacle of Davis crawling and howling and looking wildly repulsive. With Victor Buono, Mary Astor, Bruce Dern, George Kennedy, and Cecil Kellaway. (Quad Cinema; starting April 6.)

Islands in the Stream—The implacable stodginess of this Franklin J. Schaffner version of Hemingway's posthumous novel is stupefying yet impressive. It's fascinating to see Hemingway's themes placed in this huge glass jar for our inspection. George C. Scott gives a scrupulous performance as the fisherman-artist hero living in the Bahamas at the outbreak of the Second World War, who is visited by his three sons from two broken marriages, and then by his first wife (Claire Bloom). By being respectful and dedicated, and incompetent at action, Schaffner and his scenarist, Denne Bart Petitclerc, bring out the worst in Hemingway—his mystique. With Julius Harris, David Hemmings, Gilbert Roland, and Michael-James Wixted as the middle boy, Davy. (3/14/77) (Coronet. . . . ¶ Little Carnegie; starting April 6.)

Julius Caesar (1953)—A collaboration between Joseph L. Mankiewicz and William Shakespeare, with Marlon Brando, James Mason, John Gielgud, and Edmond O'Brien. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 3.)

June Bride (1948)—One of those straining-to-be-bright forties comedies in which the super-competent career woman (in this case Bette Davis, as the editor of a woman's magazine called *Home Life*) behaves like a prison matron and battles with a male (Robert Montgomery, as her assistant and former lover) before succumbing to him and giving up her job. In this one, the wrangling pair are covering a wedding in Indiana. Montgomery wears his hat brim turned up to show he's a reporter and keeps snapping off electric lights to put Davis in a soft, loving mood; one couldn't guess from this performance that a few years earlier he had been the best romantic comedian on the screen. One couldn't guess that Davis had much stature, either. The director, Bretaigne Windust, keeps the dialogue tight and stagy. With Fay Bainter, Betty Lynn, Jerome Cowan, Barbara Bates, Tom Tully, and, in a small part, Debbie Reynolds. (Quad Cinema; April 3-5.)

Keeper of the Flame (1943)—Tracy and Hepburn, but not a comedy, and not good, either. She plays the widow of a "great American;" Tracy is a journalist admirer of the dead man who wants to write the definitive biography. The widow won't coöperate with him and puts obstacles in his path because she's trying to conceal the fact that her husband was the secret head of a traitorous Fascist organization. The screenwriter, Donald Ogden Stewart, had become very political during the war years, and he seems to have felt it incumbent on him to stuff the script (based on I. A. R. Wylie's novel) with anti-Fascism. Tracy is monotonous, and Hepburn looks beautiful but suffers all over the place and speaks mournfully, like a spiritualist's medium. It's a Gothic wet blanket of a movie, directed by George Cukor, with an impressive, wasted cast—Richard Whorf, Frank Craven, Margaret Wycherly, Horace McNally, Donald Meek, Howard Da Silva, Percy Kilbride, and Audrey Christie. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 6-7.)

Key Largo (1948)—John Huston, who directed, and Richard Brooks, then a screenwriter, rewrote the soporific Maxwell Anderson play and added so many good hammy bits that they turned it into an entertaining movie, though what the play was supposed to be about—which was dim enough in the original—is thoroughly obscured. But it's a confidently directed, handsomely shot movie, and the cast all go at it as if the nonsense about gangsters and human dignity were high drama. Humphrey Bogart gets Lauren Bacall, who looks wonderful but can't seem to find a character to play; Edward G. Robinson chomps on a cigar while soaking in a bathtub; Claire Trevor makes her bid for an Academy Award in the role of a pathetic drunk; and Thomas Gomez and Lionel Barrymore do their usual overacting. (Thalia; April 1-2.)

Ladies in Retirement (1941)—An entertainingly hokey murder chiller on the stage, but not very successfully adapted to the screen. With Charles Vidor directing, this lonely-rural-cottage Gothic seems to take itself too seriously, as if it were really a psychological study. Ida Lupino works hard as a severe, plain-faced murderess. Isobel Elsom sips her wine and nibbles her bonbons as the woman who innocently befriends her, and Elsa Lanchester and Edith Barrett are Lupino's loony sisters, who stuff their neat rooms with their collections of crows' feathers, dead birds, and underbrush. From the play by Reginald Denham and Edward Percy; with Louis Hayward. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 5.)

The Last Hurrah (1958)—John Ford turned into a sentimental faker whenever he got near the Blarney stone, and Edwin O'Connor's novel about the final campaign and last days of Frank Skeffington, an old-style Boston mayor (Spencer Tracy), gave him an opportunity he couldn't resist. The subject is richly comic, and the picture has its moments despite the sprightly foolery, but Skeffington is so full of the milk of human kindness that he almost moos. The extraordinary cast includes James Gleason, Pat O'Brien, Ricardo Cortez, Edmund Lowe, John Carradine, Basil Rathbone, Jeffrey Hunter, Donald Crisp, Anna Lee, and Jane Darwell. (Regency; April 3-4.)

The Late Show—The writer-director, Robert Benton, has followed the rules of the detective-movie genre, but he's also added something: the detective (Art Carney) is overweight, old, and scared. Lily Tomlin is the woman who hires him; Eugene Roche is a fence who loves his stolen goodies; Bill Macy is a scrounging bartender; Joanna Cassidy is a lying, cheating charmer; Howard Duff is a penny-ante detective; and John Considine is a sleekly handsome strong-arm man. They're all originals. (2/7/77) (Sutton. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting April 6. . . . ¶ Paramount; starting April 6, tentative.)

The Letter (1940)—William Wyler directed this Somerset Maugham melodrama, which was originally a Broadway vehicle for Katharine Cornell and here becomes a pretty great playground for Bette Davis. She plays the freezingly proper-looking wife of a rubber-plantation owner. Though she has a lover, and though she murders him, nothing can impeach that formidable, furious air of rectitude. Quite a study in pharisaical women. (Quad Cinema; through April 2.)

The Littlest Horse Thieves—From the Disney studios, with Alastair Sim, Peter Barkworth, and Susan Tebbs; directed by Charles Jarrott. (Music Hall; starting March 31.)

Man on the Roof—Based on a Maj Sjöwell-Per Wahlöö book. With Carl-Gustaf Lindstedt, directed by Bo Widerberg. In Swedish. (Plaza.)

Mr. Billion—With Terence Hill, Valerie Perrine, and Jackie Gleason; directed by Jonathan Kaplan. (Music Hall; March 30.)

Mohammad, Messenger of God—With Anthony Quinn and Irene Papas, directed by Moustapha Akkad. (Columbia II. . . . ¶ U. A. East; through March 31.)

Morgan! (1966)—An unusual movie about an anarchistic left-wing misfit rebel (David Warner). The movie (directed by Karel Reisz, from David Mercer's TV play) often seems to be out of control as it teeters along, sometimes presenting its hero as cute and funny, other times as tragic and in pain. With Vanessa Redgrave. (Paramount; April 2.)

Nasty Habits—At its best, high wit and inspired silliness—it's a dream of a satire, reminiscent of Bea Lillie's brand of madness. Adapted from "The Abbess of Crewe," Muriel Spark's 1974 Watergate travesty set in a convent, the film features a coiffed little wolf pack—Glenda Jackson as Nixon, Geraldine Page and Anne Jackson as Haldeman and Ehrlichman, and, in an inspired bit of casting, Sandy Dennis as their flunky, John Dean. In her first real crack at screen farce, Dennis turns tactlessness and blurting into woozy slapstick; it's a blissful performance—she's such a drip

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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she's creepy. As Kissinger, Melina Mercouri doesn't help much, but the scenarist, Robert Enders, has added a Gerald Ford figure—Anne Meara, who is such a brassy, good-humored top banana that everything she does is funny. The script tapers off toward topicality and obviousness, but Michael Lindsay-Hogg's directing has a balmy gracefulness to it. With Edith Evans. (2/21/77) (Cinema II.)

Network—Television, Paddy Chayefsky says, is turning us into morons and humanoids, people have lost the ability to love. The cast of this messianic farce includes Faye Dunaway, William Holden, Peter Finch, Robert Duvall, and Ned Beatty, and they all take turns yelling at us soulless masses. Sidney Lumet directed. (12/6/76) (Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ 59th St. East; through April 5.)

Peter Pan (1953)—A full-length Walt Disney cartoon, with Bobbie Driscoll supplying Peter's voice, and a Tinker Bell who seems to be fashioned along the lines of Marilyn Monroe. (Olympia; starting April 6.)

The Petrified Forest (1936)—Archie Mayo
Sherwood's famous play into
about the ironic as-
physical man in a
escaped gangster,
holds Leslie
at a road-
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ain—Inspector
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1/17/77) (Playboy;

ais's intricately planned
vie, mostly set inside the
writer (John Gielgud).
pain, he drunkenly plots a
members of his family (Dirk
Burstyn, David Warner,
. The movie is peculiarly fas-
tatic. David Mercer wrote the
1/77) (Cinema 3. No evening
es on Friday, April 1.)

& Andy—An animated musical fea-
ected by Richard Williams. (Guild;
April 1.)

low-budget winner—a romantic fable
a Philadelphia palooka who gains his
ood, written by and starring muscle-
d Sylvester Stallone, who is repulsive
e moment, noble the next. The picture is poorly made, yet its naïve, emotional shamelessness is funny and engaging. John G. Avildsen directed; with Talia Shire, Carl Weathers, Burt Young, and Burgess Meredith. (11/29/76) (Gramercy, and Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; through April 5.)

Romeo and Juliet (1936)—Expensively devotional, in the literal-minded and heavily overproduced Irving Thalberg manner, but the readings are often clear and sensible, and there is an audacious, controversial, florid performance by John Barrymore as Mercutio. Leslie Howard is an anemic, overage Romeo, while Norma Shearer, never much of an actress, makes a valiant effort at Juliet, but never rises above conventional adequacy. With Basil Rathbone (Tybalt), Edna May Oliver (the nurse), C. Aubrey Smith (Capulet), Ralph Forbes (Paris), Violet Kemble-Cooper (Lady Capulet), Reginald Denny (Benvolio), Katherine De Mille (Rosaline). George Cukor directed. Totally made in a studio in Italy, it remains a chief example of the pasteboard M-G-M style in full decadence. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 3.)

Sahara (1943)—Bogart and an all-male supporting cast that includes J. Carrol Naish and Rex Ingram, in a lost-patrol-type story set during the Second World War. Bogart is a sergeant in command of an American tank that's been cut off from the rest of the Army during the British retreat to El Alamein. The tank keeps rolling, picking up strays along the way until it has a full Hollywood ethnic complement—a Texan, a Brooklynite, a white Southerner, a black Sudanese, and so on. Excitingly staged and stunningly photographed, the film might have been a classic wartime melodrama if it weren't so offensively didactic. John Howard Lawson and the director, Zoltan Korda, wrote the screenplay, based on an incident in a Soviet screenplay, and the picture has the self-righteous, uplifting formula of many Soviet films—Bogart and his buddies capture a complete Nazi battalion. (Regency; April 5-6.)

The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea (1976)—From the late Yukio Mishima's book. Sarah Miles plays a beautiful young widow cursed with an angelic-faced son who is a member of a club of sadistic schoolboys. The boys not only cut up a cat alive but calmly murder the sailor—Kris Kristofferson—whom the boy's mother means to marry, because they feel that his decision to become a landlubber husband has broken his sacred compact with the sea. This very Japanese and violent idea of a religious pact has been transferred to, of all places, Dartmouth, in Devon, with its tea shops and benign, mannerly colonels. (4/26/76) (Fine Arts; March 30.)

The Sentinel—With Chris Sarandon and Cristina Raines, directed by Michael Winner. (72nd Street East; through April 5.)

The Seven Samurai (1954)—Seven hired knights defend a village against forty mounted bandits—their pay a few handfuls of rice. This epic on violence and action—Akira Kurosawa's masterpiece—has been widely imitated in recent years, but no one has come near it. The full three-and-a-half-hour version. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 4.)

Slap Shot—Fast, noisy, profane comedy set in the world of minor-league ice hockey. The director, George Roy Hill, gets you laughing, all right, but you don't necessarily enjoy yourself; the picture is geared to giving the public "what it wants"—and there's an antagonistic feeling behind it. What holds the film together is the warmth supplied by Paul Newman, who, as Reggie, a player-coach, gives the performance of his life—to date. (3/7/77) (Beekman.)

Song of Songs (1933)—At the start, Marlene Dietrich is a pure young peasant, with angelic big blond braids around her head; after falling in love with a sculptor (Brian Aherne) and being carelessly discarded by him, she marries a nastily decadent old baron (Lionel Atwill), who takes her to his big *Schloss*, which is presided over by a villainous housekeeper (Helen Freeman). After much anguish, she becomes a flamboyant woman of the world, wearing great splashy hats, and is finally reunited with the guilt-ridden sculptor. All this is given the full spiritual-suffering treatment, with lyric, pictorial symbolism and quotes from the Song of Solomon. It was unbelievably dated when it came out; if the director, Rouben Mamoulian, hadn't been so ponderously artistic, it might have been delirious camp. Dietrich looks blankly beautiful—she seems to be wondering what the devil she's doing here. Vaguely derived from Hermann Sundermann's novel; with Alison Skipworth. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 3-4.)

A Star Is Born—The Streisand-Kristofferson musical version—sentimental, without being convincing for an instant. Those in the mood for an emotional extravaganza can swoon and weep, and giggle, too. Directed by Frank Pierson. (1/10/77) (Olympia; through April 5. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting April 6.)

Topaz (1969)—Hitchcock's fifty-first feature. A larger, slower, duller version of the spy thrillers he made in the thirties. Full of waxwork Cuban rightists who are spying for the U.S., creaking romances, an Arrow-collar-ad hero (Frederick Stafford), and drab facsimiles of spies in earlier Hitchcock films. From a Leon Uris novel. With Roscoe Lee Browne, who perks things up briefly. (Paramount; April 4.)

Travels with My Aunt (1972)—Maggie Smith gives a desperate, flustered performance as the disreputable Augusta, a woman in her seventies who induces her stuffy nephew (Alec McCowen) to accompany her on her travels. Whatever private joke Graham Greene was working out in the novel, the message here is "Live, live, live!" But the movie itself has no real zing; it seems to run down before it gets started, and just about everyone in it looks miscast. George Cukor directed. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 1-2.)

Viva Maria! (1965)—Brigitte Bardot demonstrates that in movies youth and beauty can sometimes triumph over skill; she takes the picture clean away from the great Jeanne Moreau. This imaginative though erratic spoof of revolutionary politics in Mexico was directed by the brilliant Louis Malle and superbly photographed by Henri Decae. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 6.)

Voyage of the Damned—This movie is based on the actual 1939 voyage of the S.S. St. Louis with nine hundred and thirty-seven German-Jewish refugees aboard, yet there is not a single moment in the star-packed epic that carries any conviction. As the lines drone on—paced with a sledgehammer—you may feel you could die for a little overlapping dialogue. But with this material you can't even have the frivolous pleasure of derision. Seeing Faye Dunaway cast as a Jewish woman who can't turn her husband on, you should be able to laugh, but how can you? As the ship's captain, Max von Sydow acts with some distinction; most of the others—Oskar Werner, Malcolm McDowell, Katharine Ross, Janet Suzman, Maria Schell, Victor Spinetti, Julie Harris, Wendy Hiller, Orson Welles, James Mason, et al.—are crippled by the banal lines, written by Steve Shagan and David Butler, and the atrocious direction of Stuart Rosenberg. (Playboy; starting April 6.)

Watch on the Rhine (1943)—Lillian Hellman's 1941 cautionary play about Fascists in this country. Paul Lukas is the European Underground leader who brings his American wife (Bette Davis) and three children home to the Washington mansion of her mother (Lucile Watson). Herman Shumlin directed this polemical melodrama, which is housebound and fearfully lofty. Dashiell Hammett is credited with the screenplay, but from the theatrical look and sound of things he can't have changed much. Lukas, repeating his stage role, won an Academy Award; Davis is subdued and unexciting. The film has some inadvertent humor: the children of this liberal couple are the most highly disciplined little prigs imaginable. With George Coulouris as a suave, vile Fascist, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Donald Woods, Henry Daniell, and Beulah Bondi. (Quad Cinema; April 3-5.)

Welcome to L.A.—The writer-director, Alan Rudolph, is literary in a sub-literate way; he overvalues mournful poetic thoughts. And Richard Baskin, whose suite of rock songs "City of the One Night Stands" was the starting point for this sick-soul-of-Los Angeles movie, growls his guru-wisdom lyrics on the sound track. Their whimsical, laid-back alienation is stagnant and irritating; the picture seems drugged. Keith Carradine, Geraldine Chaplin, Lauren Hutton, Harvey Keitel, John Considine, Sissy Spacek, Sally Kellerman, and others perform attentively, but they're undirected, and you can sense their unease as they trudge from one cheerless affair to the next. (3/21/77) (Baronet.)

The White Sheik (1951)—An affectionate satire on glamour and delusion by Fellini—pleasant but a little flat. Brunella Bova is the star-struck bride who leaves her husband (Leopoldo Trieste) on their honeymoon when she meets a cheap actor—Alberto Sordi, in a marvellous performance. With Giulietta Masina, as a whore—the role that was later expanded and became "Nights of Cabiria." In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 7.)

The Wonderful Crook—Gérard Depardieu as a petit-bourgeois Robin Hood, a man who commits robberies in order to meet the payroll of his family business, a small furniture factory. The Swiss writer-director, Claude Goretta, develops the small stresses and breaks of feeling; we know we're seeing a film made by artists. But Goretta's wheels grind so fine that we become impatient; the hero's arrest is our reprieve. In French. (3/21/77) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Les Zozos (1973)—With Frederick Duru, directed by Pascal Thomas. In French. (Jean Renoir Cinema.)

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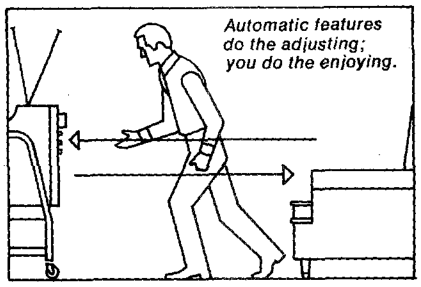

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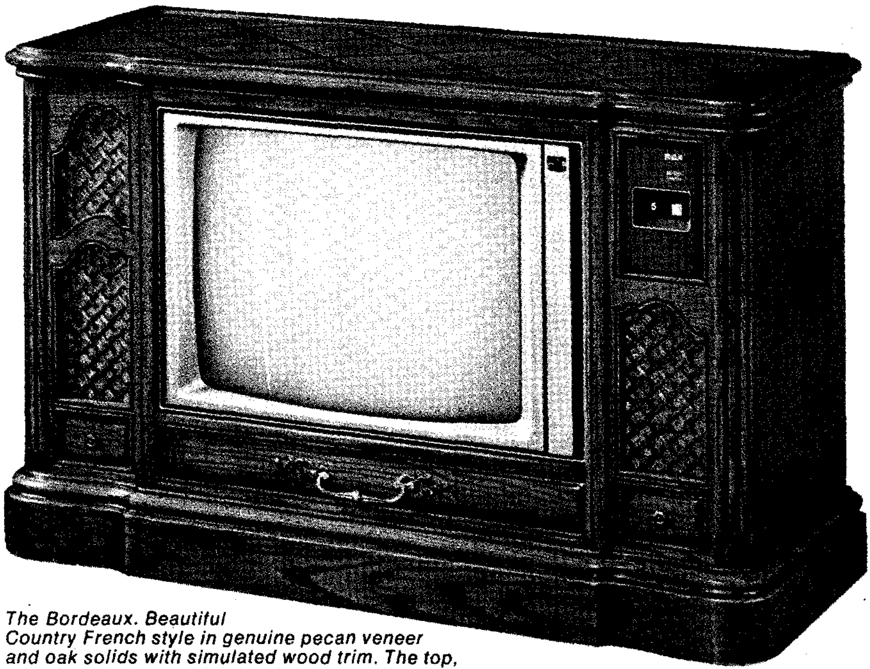

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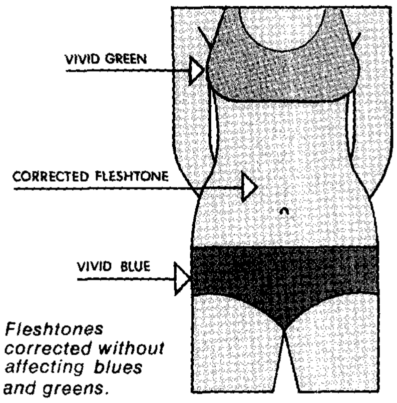

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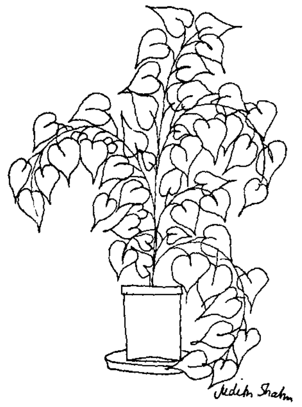
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WHAT Indira Gandhi used to call her “New India” during the twenty-one months of Emergency rule now seems like her “Imaginary India,” as if her “New India” were only a dream, from which she was jolted awake by the unprecedented results of the elections that except as a somnambulist she would never have held. The effects of her sleep, however, may have political and moral lessons that reach far beyond the boundaries of her Wonderland. Just because a leader looks and acts like a champion of humane values, as Mrs. Gandhi did, doesn’t mean that he (or she) is imbued with their spirit. Just because a leader is brought up on the pre-war *New Statesman*’s democratic Socialist ideology, as Mrs. Gandhi was, doesn’t necessarily mean that he (or she) will believe in it. A leader cannot confuse his (or her) survival and well-being with that of his (or her) country, as Mrs. Gandhi did when, after being found guilty of electoral malpractices, she proclaimed the Emergency, for to the people of the country the distinction remains unmistakably clear. A leader needs to be wary of repeatedly crying wolf, as Mrs. Gandhi did when she constantly conjured up “anarchy,” “mob rule,” and threats to “the integrity and unity of the country,” for the people will then cease to believe anything the leader says. A leader cannot safely reject the counsel of an elderly, experienced relative in favor of a young, inexperienced one, as Mrs. Gandhi did during the Emergency, when she all but broke relations with Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit, her aunt, who was in her seventies, and all but enthroned her son Sanjay, who was nearly half a century younger. A leader in a position of high power (except in the few extant hereditary monarchies) must refrain from the temptation to groom—or even appear to groom—his (or her) child as a successor, for any such action stirs widespread uneasiness about dynastic ambitions. If a son of a woman who is head of state tells his mother to seize all power and teach her opponents “a lesson they’ll never forget”—as Sanjay told Mrs. Gandhi—instead of listening to him, she would do well to box his ears. But if she does listen, and follow his counsel, then later on, when he tells her, “Mummy, don’t hold elections”—as Sanjay is reported to have told Mrs. Gandhi—she needs to be consistent, and follow that counsel, too, if she is to keep her power. Whatever the sex of the parent and the sex of the child, this lesson obtains. A leader cannot arrest political opponents, gag the press, and take away civil liberties, as Mrs. Gandhi did during the Emergency, and then expect to be honored and revered; such measures inevitably provoke a backlash all the stronger the longer it is suppressed. A leader who sets about creating an Orwellian state, as Mrs. Gandhi did during the Emergency, with a steady diet of official good news, runs the risk of believing his (or her) own propaganda. (Mrs. Gandhi’s Emergency government directly or indirectly controlled all sources of news except, as it turned out, the one that counted—word of mouth.) A leader must take care not to avoid friends and enemies and retreat to the bosom of his (or her) family, as Mrs. Gandhi did, for then the leader is cut off from the very sources of information which are essential in making a sound judgment.



A leader, even in the most democratic of countries, must try to accept the idea that he (or she) may be hated as well as adored; Mrs. Gandhi (like Winston Churchill in 1945 and Clement Attlee in 1951) was unprepared for defeat. A politician—leader or not—should not underestimate voters’ capacity for ingratitude; since the previous election, Mrs. Gandhi had lavished every conceivable government favor on her constituency of Rae Bareli, yet last week she was overwhelmingly defeated by her constituents. A politician—leader or not—should never underestimate an election opponent, even one who is acknowledged to be little more than a political gadfly, like Raj Narain, who defeated Mrs. Gandhi in this election. A leader who chooses the dictatorial route over the democratic one should never look back unless he (or she) takes care to rig any elections, as Communist countries do when they hold their “plebiscites” or as Prime Minister Zulfikar Ali Bhutto apparently did in Pakistan when he held his recent elections; otherwise, the leader risks a fate akin to that of Lot’s wife. Such a leader who decides to use trickery to influence election results should do it with finesse; it is said that the assassination attempt on Sanjay’s life on practically the last day of the campaign was a hoax, and an incident like that could have been used as an excuse to cancel the whole election had it been staged a few weeks earlier. Indeed, such a leader should check any impulse to hold an election (or, like Richard Nixon, to record evidence against himself on tape), because it may prove suicidal.

A leader always needs to be suspicious of his (or her) intelligence network, especially if it appears self-sufficient and self-confident; before Mrs. Gandhi decided to hold elections, she was told unequivocally by her intelligence network that she and the Congress Party would win by a thumping majority. A leader needs to be wary of caring too much about what is said about him (or her). No one can control what people say, least of all someone who has to take unpopular stands and make unpopular decisions; it has been reported that one of the impulses behind Mrs. Gandhi's decision to hold the elections was to improve her "image" with President Carter and her Western critics. A leader can never take his (or her) voters for granted just because they are poor, for the poor may be capable of articulating needs beyond a pot of rice and a roof over their heads. The poor may not be able to "vote their pocketbooks," since they have none, but when their interests are threatened they can vote their bodies; many of the Indian poor saw the Emergency only in terms of the government's sterilization policy, which they regarded as an attack not only on their bodies but also on their families and their religions. A leader who has unconscious contempt for the voters, and treats them like animals, slaves, or children—as Jaya Prakash Narayan charged that Mrs. Gandhi and Sanjay did when they set themselves up as authority figures who alone knew best what was good for the people—cannot expect a vote of thanks from those voters.

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The Unmanifest

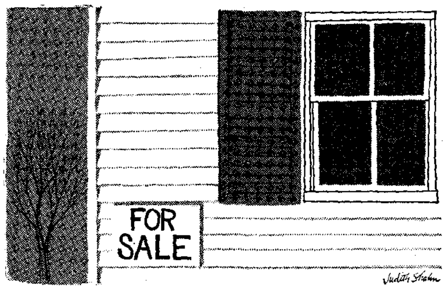
PROFESSOR DAVID BAKAN blew into town like one of those blasts of fresh air out of Canada. Some friends in Academe had informed us that Bakan, who teaches psychology at York University, in Toronto, is a hard-hitting critic of his fellow-psychologists, and that he is especially hard on people like B. F. Skinner, who insist that the only proper study of psychology is observable behavior. Since the behaviorist approach has achieved the status of orthodoxy in most university psychology departments, Bakan comes on like an anti-establishment figure. Sometimes, we were told, he is not very polite in his criticism—as when he asserts that behaviorists are suffering from an intellectual malady he calls "psychophobia," or fear of the mind. Statements like these have hardly endeared Bakan to the majority of his colleagues, so when we heard that Bakan had been invited to speak at a conference entitled "The Roots of American Psychology," sponsored by the New York Academy of Sciences, and held in the Grand Ballroom of the Roosevelt Hotel, we went over to see what kind of reception he would get from some six hundred psychologists and psychiatrists who were expected to attend.

We arrived early, so that we could chat with Bakan, before the lecture, about his own roots. He had told us on the phone to look for a rotund man wearing tennis sneakers, and we had no trouble finding him in the crowd. He was born in Manhattan in 1921, he said, went to public schools here, and graduated from Brooklyn College in 1942 with a major in psychology. He remembers exactly when he decided to become a psychologist. At the age of thirteen and a half, he read a book that changed his life. "I sat up all night finishing it," he told us. "When the sun came up, I said to myself, 'Whatever that man is, that's what I'm going to be.' " The book was "Psychology from the Standpoint of a Behaviorist," by John B. Watson, the Johns Hopkins professor who declared the goal of psychology to be the "prediction and control" of behavior.

We asked Bakan if he didn't think it was strange that a leading critic of behavioral psychology should have been an ardent childhood convert to it.

"Not at all," he said. "That's the best time to get involved with it. It appeals to the infantile mind."

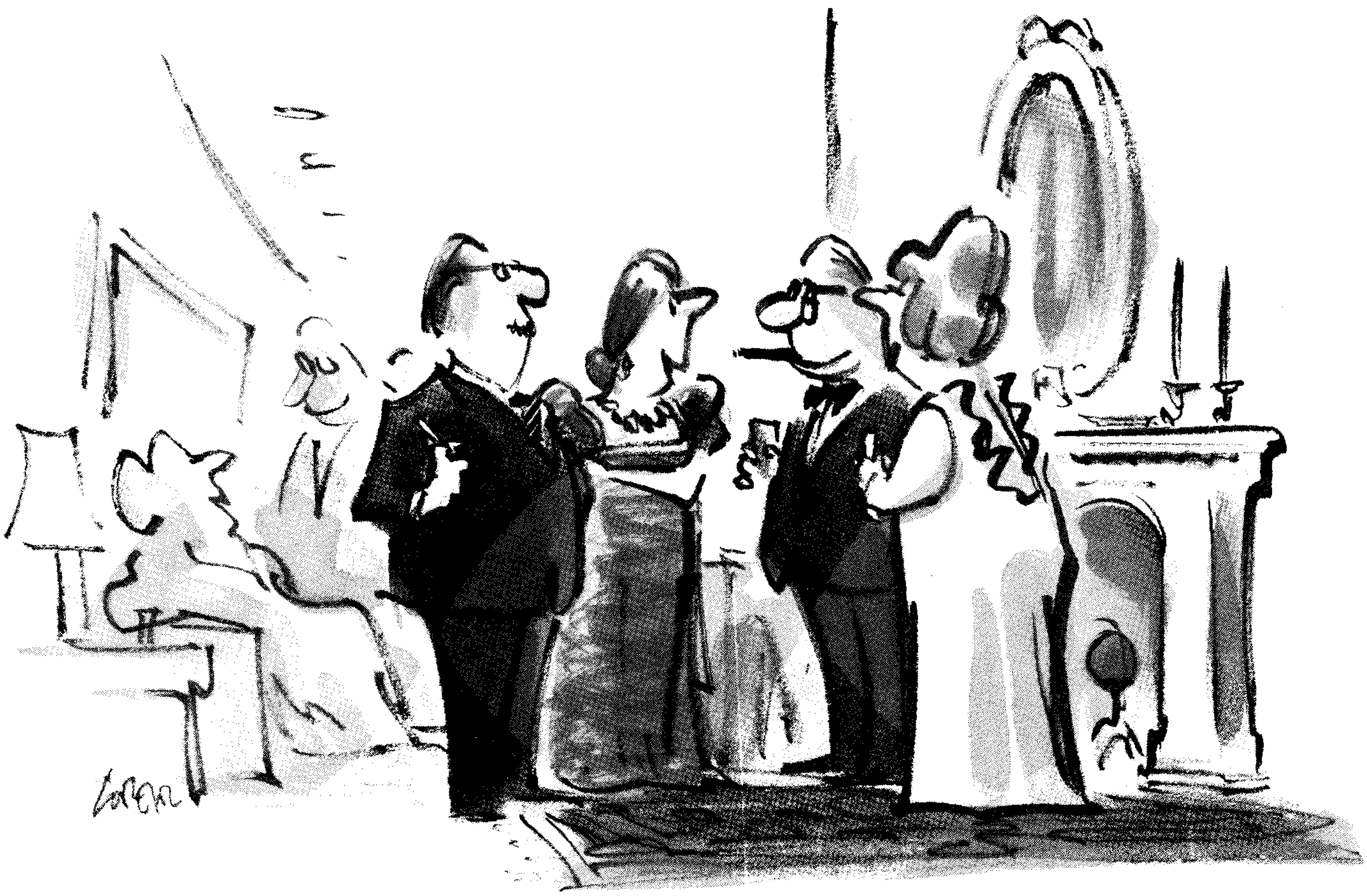
After college, Bakan went into aviation psychology, studying such problems as the effect of defective vision on the performance of pilots. He found that he had a knack for applied research of this type, and his skills in statistical analysis of data were increasingly sought after. But that kind of success left him unsatisfied. It struck him that most "scientific" studies of behavior ignored precisely those aspects of experience which people wanted to know about—the internal processes of "thinking, feeling, and willing." The only psychological investigators who dealt with those processes in a way that interested Bakan were Sigmund Freud and the other psychoanalysts. Bakan's interest in Freud was strictly theoretical. "I've never been psychoanalyzed—I've never spent a minute on the couch," he told us. "As far as I can see, the effectiveness of psychoanalysis *as therapy* has not yet been rigorously tested. But I'm very enthusiastic about psychoanalysis as a theory of personality. I believe that you have to make a severe distinction between the manifest and the unmanifest in nature. The manifest gives you just the barest hint of reality, but you can find out some important things about the unmanifest through a careful study of the manifest. That's what psychology should be doing."



In his address, Bakan offered an elaborate history of psychology and an explanation for the triumph of behaviorism over Freudian thought in American universities in the nineteen-twenties and thirties. He rejected the usual reason—that Freud's theories about repression and the id, ego, and superego were not subject to verification in the laboratory, and therefore were not considered rigorously scientific. Instead, he argued that behaviorism's "value-free" philosophy fitted in perfectly with the mood of a society that was just emerging from a period of rapid industrialization and was eager to reap the rewards. On a more personal level, he noted that "the recruits to psychology prior to World War II had come largely from rural areas, heavily conditioned by the successes of the mechanization of American agriculture." Naturally, these people were often more "comfortable" working with animals and machines than with people. The results of their work have not been "very consequential," Bakan contended, despite their repeated recourse to what he called "the rhetoric of imminent breakthrough." He added, "Perhaps one of the outstanding failures that might be mentioned is the negligible and sometimes even damaging transfer from the psychology of learning to the field of education."

In looking toward the future, Bakan said, "The definition of psychology as the study of behavior needs to be replaced with the more classical definition of psychology as the study of thinking, feeling, and willing. Certainly the psychologist should be interested in behavior. However, the critical linkages between thoughts, feelings, and wishes, on the one hand, and behavior, on the other, need to be carefully examined; and the strategy of concentrating largely on behavior alone is unlikely to reveal the complex nature of those linkages." Bakan went on to say that "the aim of 'prediction and control,' which has played such an important role in the culture of psychologists since its early formulation by John B. Watson, simply needs to be abandoned." He compared the psychologist's dream of predicting and controlling behavior with "the superman fantasy in a young boy, who is actually quite ineffective in making circumstances conform to his will."

When Bakan finished, there was



"Mr. Belson was with the F.B.I. and the C.I.A., but now he's with NBC and MCA."

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enthusiastic and sustained applause—presumably from the psychoanalysts present. Then there was a question period, during which each questioner was asked to come to a microphone at the front of the room and identify himself before speaking. A tall, thin man with wispy white hair made his way to the microphone and said, "I'm B. F. Skinner. I have been in this field for forty-eight years, and I just want to say that no one has ever told me what to do. I've never been aware of any academic, social, or political influence on my speech or publications. Criticism has not had much effect on my work. I avoid that by not reading my critics."

Skinner's comments did not seem to require an answer, and Bakan offered none. Later, we spoke with both men privately. Bakan said he had been surprised that Skinner had taken the criticism so personally while ignoring the substantive issues. Skinner admitted that he had been "burned up" by Bakan's disparaging remarks about the contributions of psychology to education, which now include various forms of "programmed instruction" and "teaching machines" derived from his own work. Skinner said he also resented Bakan's implication that he was part of some "intellectual establishment" engaged in suppressing freedom of investigation, for actually his own approach had often been under attack by colleagues. In general, though, he said that he had no complaint about the treatment that his work has received. "These things take hold slowly," he said. "We are challenging some very old ideas."

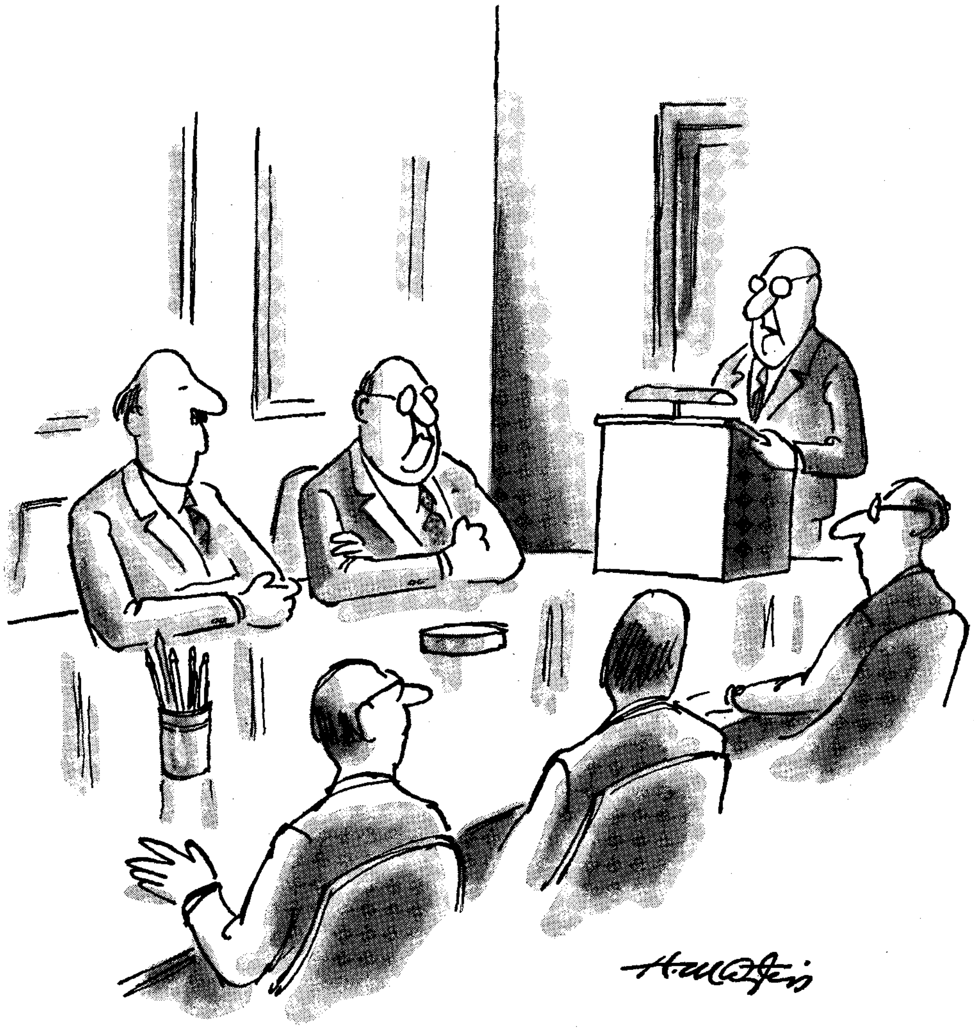
Free-ee-ee

WE have become interested in a young black woman singer named Deniece Williams. We have become interested in her because she sings in a soft, sexy voice. It is a voice we haven't heard from young black women singers since the early sixties, when young black women singers sang in groups. We first heard Deniece Williams on the car radio. She was singing a song called "Free." She sang, "But I just got to be me, free, free-ee-ee." She sang most of the song in a clear soprano. Then, when she got to the "free-ee-ee" part, she shifted her voice upward—way, way up. It seemed effortless, and completely cool.

We saw Deniece Williams the other day. She was in town performing in a concert at the Felt Forum, where she was billed third in a lineup of four acts. We visited her in her dressing room shortly before she went onstage. A few friends and aides were with her. She wore a tight-fitting aqua-blue satin jump suit and gray satin platform shoes. She told us that she is from Gary, Indiana; that she has been living in Los Angeles for the last four years; that she has been singing since she was five; that she started singing in church; that when she was seventeen years old she had a job as a salesgirl in a record store, would sing along with the records, and began to think of singing professionally; that years ago she recorded two singles for a label called Toddlin' Town; that she sang backup for Stevie Wonder for three years; and that she now writes all the songs she sings.

As she told us these things, she mixed some hot water, lemon juice, and honey in a cup. Then she went into the bathroom and closed the door. From where we were, we could hear her sing in her upper register, "God is truly amazing." She sang this over and over, sometimes stretching out and emphasizing the word "amazing." Then she sang some la-la-la-las in the upper register. When she came out of the bathroom, she said "Yuk."

Half an hour before she was due onstage, her road manager told her that, because of scheduling confusion, she



"Gentlemen, my talk today is entitled 'Corporate Responsibility, Sound Fiscal Policy, and Farrah Fawcett-Majors.'"

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would have to go on second and could do only a twenty-minute set, instead of thirty-five, as she had expected.

"Only twenty minutes?" she asked.

"Only twenty minutes," he said. "What are you going to drop?"

"I guess I'll drop 'Slip Away' and the encore," she said.

After he left, she said, "I only got twenty minutes. I don't care. I'm not going to feel bad about it. Nothing is going to make me feel bad tonight."

Her band—five young men and a young woman, who was the backup singer—came in, and she told them what songs they would be doing. She said, "We'll do 'It's Important to Me,' not stopping but straight into 'That's What Friends Are For,' and then I stop and talk a little, and then we do ''Cause You Love Me, Baby,' 'If You Don't Believe,' and 'Free,' and that's it." She asked all the people in the room except the members of the band to leave, so that she and the band could pray before they went onstage. The songs she sang onstage were not as familiar to us as "Free," but then she sang that, too, and it was even better than listening to it on the car radio.

Bytes and Chips

A Coast-to-Coast friend sends us this flash:

I'm sitting here in Mountain View (south of San Francisco on the way to San Jose), in the Silicon Valley—known to geographers as the Santa Clara Valley—in the rumpled but comfortable apartment of my forty-five-year-old friend Vern Crawford, an electronics man from east Texas, sipping coffee and leafing through a recent copy of the *Homebrew Computer Club Newsletter*, published monthly in Mountain View, while in the next room—the two rooms are divided by the masterpiece of Vern's old hobby, an eight-by-eight-foot macramé arch—Vern works on his new hobby: assembling his own personal computer, which he plans to program to play Super Star Trek, the favorite game of computer people the length and breadth of Silicon Valley, in which the human being at the computer keyboard is Captain James T. Kirk of the Starship Enterprise and the computer is both a fleet of Klingon warships menacing the galaxy and all the important officers of the Enterprise reporting to the Captain about the results of his strategy. (The Captain has a finite amount of firepower and will render himself helpless if he blasts off all his phasers too soon in a fit of pique.) Vern, who has named his computer Colossus II, may turn his unit into a robot as well; he's thinking of giving it a voice and a vacuum-cleaner body on wheels, with maybe an eggbeater antenna up top.

I'm also sitting on one of the big stories of the late seventies and early eighties: the personal computer—a full-sized computer (in function) available in kit form for less than two thousand dollars, which when completely assembled is about as big as a portable Olivetti typewriter. Hackers, as personal-computer constructors have dubbed themselves, are already building the machines by the thousand all over the country; they've formed clubs like the Homebrew, and they're serviced by a number of small retail computer stores and by national magazines, including one called *Byte*, which is published in Peterborough, New Hampshire, and which, after twenty monthly issues, has grown to a press run of eighty-eight thousand. Vern, a typical hacker, worked in electronics in the Air Force for fourteen years as a radio technician, following two years as a merchant seaman. He also has a degree in economics from San Jose State and is a former personnel officer for Lockheed, and likes to call himself a former merchant seaman and roughneck. The kits that Vern and his compeers are working on require a certain basic knowledge of digital electronics, but within six months, according to Carl Helmers, the editor of *Byte*, the field will be completely accessible to ignoramuses like me: Heathkit, the famous kit people, who already market a color-TV kit that an orangutan can assemble, will offer a computer kit next fall. And in just a matter of weeks a couple of men in their twenties from Los Altos, California, the next town over from Mountain View, will start selling Apple II, which Helmers calls the first appliance computer—a fully assembled briefcase-size unit, with a large memory and a keyboard, that can play any number of computer games, draw pictures on your color TV, and operate like any other computer, using the TV as its display. Cost of Apple II: thirteen hundred dollars.

In a couple of years, Vern predicts, similar units may be down in the two-to-three-hundred-dollar range, and kids will be able to do math problems at home which were impossible to mathematicians before J. Presper Eckert and John W. Mauchly invented the ENIAC thirty-one years ago—impossible because they would have required a couple of hundred man-years of calculations. "Of course, if the electricity fails, the kids will be in trouble," Vern says. He also says, "People will be able to do their home bookkeeping, they'll be able to program their home computer to maintain a constant temperature in the apartment, and to start the coffeepot in the morning—eggs over easy will still be a human function—and then they'll start hooking their machines in with their friends' machines, and people will get on nets of computers, which could mean you could vote or buy something while sitting at your own computer keyboard. Games are the big thing at the moment, but what's interesting to me is that people with little or no electronics background are getting into the field and, since they've never been instructed about what the computer *can't* do, they're already trying crazy things and coming up with completely unheard-of uses for computers."

Vern himself, with a computer background, has by swapping and bargain-hunting been able to put together his computer—now worth several thousand dollars—for an outlay of only about eight hundred. His computer is assembled but is still being debugged, so parts are spread out on a table like the components of a model-airplane kit.

What's behind this phenomenon in the making? The commercial development just a few years back, right in Silicon Valley, of complex microprocessors on silicon chips. A computer has three sections: input and output devices, which are ways for you to talk to it and for it to talk to you; a memory to store information and commands (usually eight units, or bits, of information is called a "byte," which explains that magazine title); and a central processing unit, the boss of the computer, which decides how to carry out a command—when to go to memory, where to go in memory, when to bring information back from memory. The breakthrough came when Intel, a Silicon Valley firm—it's an area with a heavy concentration of electronics companies—came up with significant improvements in the design of microcircuitry (circuits so small you need a microscope to see them). Intel started manufacturing silicon chips only two-tenths of an inch on a side which could contain up to twenty thousand transistors. When the chips first came out, in 1973, they were going for a hundred and fifty dollars apiece. Now they're available for fifteen dollars apiece.

New York already has some computer stores, and a small company that had opened a concession at the back of Polk's Hobbies, the famous Fifth Avenue toy store, a year ago last February has outgrown its space there and is moving to a store of its own on Madison Avenue. From San Jose to Peterborough, personal computers are starting to look like CB radios for adults.

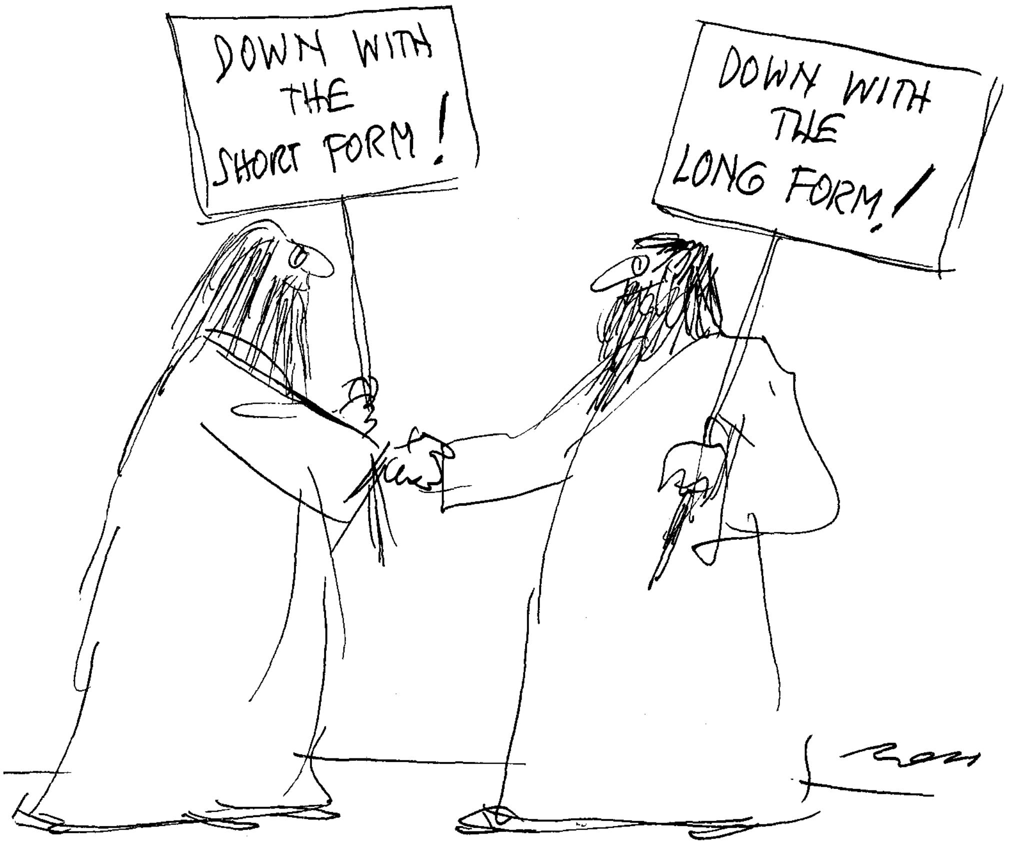
I'll sign off with a couple of items gleaned from a book Vern has, called "The Best of *Creative Computing*, Volume I": Those who play Atari's Pong, the Ping-Pong game played on a TV screen—it was invented two years ago by Nolan Bushnell, a Californian who was managing an amusement park to finance an electrical-engineering major in college (his company, Atari, is now worth over twenty million dollars)—can sharpen their game if they realize that the Pong paddle, the little white line that appears on their TV screen which repels the little white dot that is the Pong ball, is not an unbroken surface but eight segments jammed together, and only the two center segments return the ball horizontally. The six other segments return the ball at predetermined angles, and all eight segments will always return the ball at the angles set for them, no matter what angle the ball is coming from. So it's no use trying to put any English on the ball—it's strictly a California game. Also, the angles (except the horizontal) always narrow on the fourth and the eighth volleys, and so does the speed of the ball.

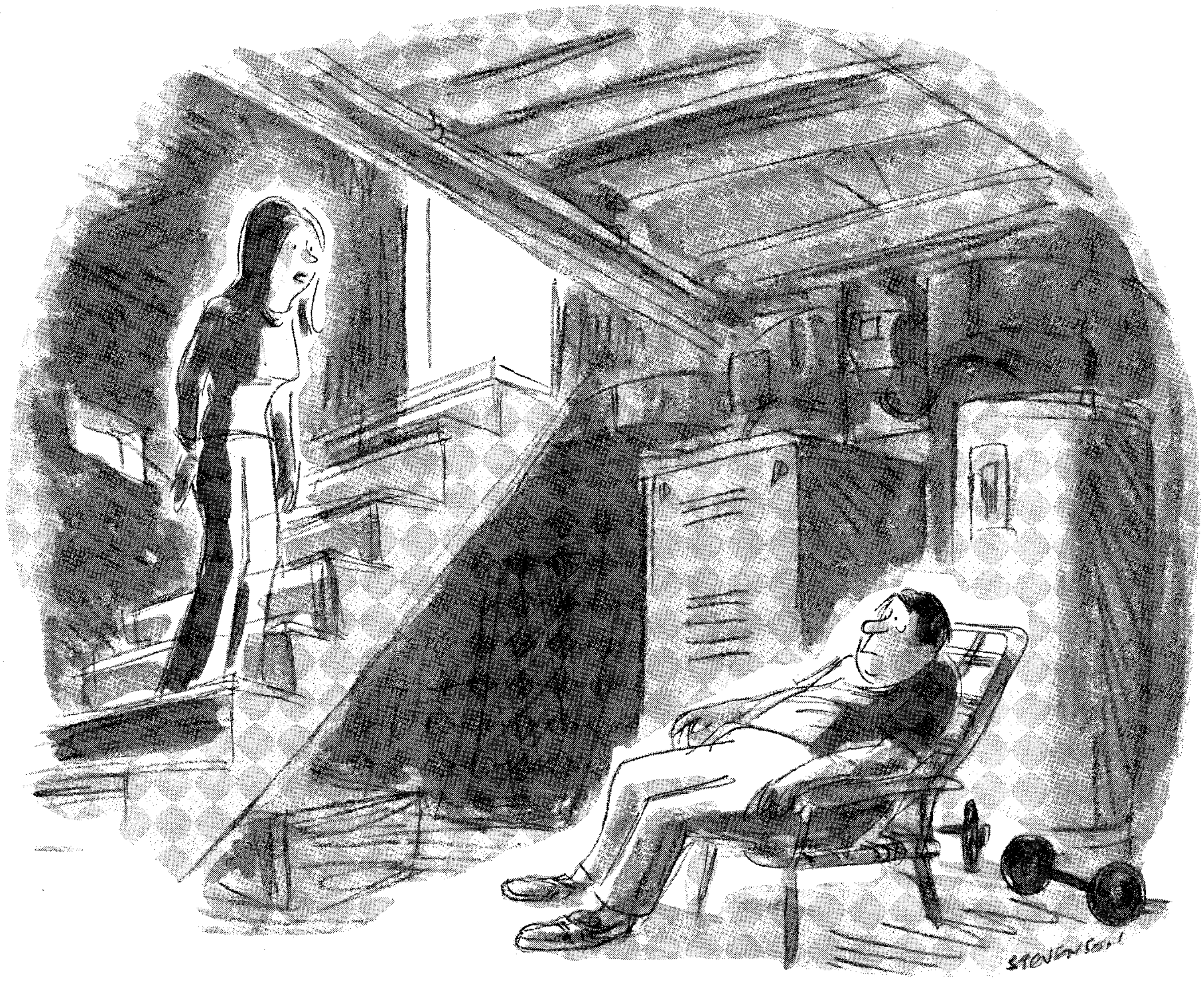
And, for those still qualmish about computer takeovers, the book offers a reassuring item, originally from the South Bend *Tribune:*

> Fred Finn Mazanek, a one-year-old guppy, died recently, leaving an estate of $5,000.
>
> Stan Mazanek, twenty-four, a student at the University of Arizona, had filled out an insurance form he received in his mail box marked "Occupant," entering the fish as the insured party. No fraud was involved in the policy. The guppy's age was listed as six months, his weight as thirty centigrams, and his height as three centimeters.
>
> The Globe Life and Accident Insurance Co. apparently issued Policy No. 3261057 in Fred Finn's name through a computer error. When Mazanek filed a claim following the guppy's demise, they sent a sales representative to see him to find out if he was the sort of person who would take advantage of a clerical error.
>
> He was. The company settled out of court for $650.

Rockaway

TWELVE miles southeast of Manhattan is the Park End Tavern restaurant, a swaybacked, spavined old


DOWN WITH THE SHORT FORM!
DOWN WITH THE LONG FORM!



"Maybe you're too old to be pumping iron."

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wooden structure half sunk in the sand in the middle of a bungalow colony called Roxbury, on Rockaway Point. If the bar had any windows, you could see the Verrazano Bridge, the World Trade Center, and the Coney Island parachute jump, but it doesn't. At nine-thirty one morning last week, Betty Moran, a genial woman, who is the wife of Park End's owner, was drinking coffee in the dark bar with us and John Barile, a stocky bartender, who used to manage a supermarket but didn't like the pressure. Mrs. Moran was wearing a flowered shirt, slacks, and pink curlers. "I love the ocean," she was saying. "That's my nature. I've lived out here fifty-four years. It was great when I was young. It was during the Depression, and there was a real closeness among people. Nobody had anything, so what we did have we shared. We made every minute count. Swimming, boating, and knock-down-drag-out parties. It's not a bungalow place anymore. Now everybody here has wall-to-wall carpeting. You have to use the side door now instead of the front door. 'Don't get sand on my carpet!' they say." She looked around the bar. There was a green pool table toward the back, paper shamrocks on the plywood walls, and a TV set with a screen that was dark. Near the front door were seven tables with white tablecloths, and some nice smells were drifting out of the kitchen. "This place is *so* old," said Mrs. Moran. "Last winter was unreal. All the pipes burst, and I had to use ice cubes to make the coffee, and go out and scoop up snow for the steam table. I felt like a pioneer. We're going to tear this place down at the end of the year. December 31, 1977. It will probably be used as a parking lot. But we're hoping to build a new one somewhere right around here, and I'm ecstatic about that."

A couple of young women with babies in strollers came in and settled down at the bar. John went to serve them. "I should be in the kitchen making the meatballs," said Mrs. Moran. "In the nineteen-thirties, this place was called Kaufmann's. It was a hotel and night club. There wasn't a bridge from Brooklyn in those days, so people would come over on ferryboats from Sheepshead Bay on Friday nights and stay until Sunday. Kaufmann's could handle about three hundred people then. It was kind of a hideaway, and people around here considered it sort of a den of iniquity. When I was growing up, my mother used to say to me, 'If you ever go in Kaufmann's, I'll break both your legs.' So as soon as I was old enough I used to sneak in here. It was just a nice place, full of soldiers and sailors during the war, and everybody was very friendly. Seventeen years ago, I came to work here, and four years ago I married one of the owners—James Moran. I called my mother in California to tell her the news. She was very happy." Mrs. Moran grinned. "She still doesn't know this is Kaufmann's."

ORIENTATION

GOOD afternoon, men. I am Technical Sergeant Stone, an on behalf of 145th Interstellar Field Operations, Alpha Company, let me welcome you to Way Station 15. I am one a the very few experts on the many strange floras an faunas of Telphinus 4, where you men are headed on this tour of duty. You're going to be uranium miners, men! Now pay attention to the slides an do not fall asleep, because if you fall asleep you will have to load ammo instead of getting a nice break like your buddies here.

The Night-Prowling Kipit

Let us turn our attention to the Night-Prowling Kipit. On the slide you see the Night-Prowling Kipit in its adult state. It somewhat resembles an overturned galvanized milk bucket which some a you farm boys probably used back on good old ferra tirma. Actually, we know now that the Kipit is nothing more than massed energy an has no intelligence, although the people of Telphinus 4 value them as pets. Men, do not turn on a light of any kind when you suspect the presence of a Kipit. The Kipit is attracted to light an will swallow you whole. If you think you are in the proximity of a Kipit, notify your commanding officer. He will provide diversionary light to clear the air of Kipits.

The Plant Woman

Men, I can hear you whistling at one a the strangest an most dangerous floras on Telphinus 4. Certain zoo-logical conditions have combined on this far-away planet to produce a plant that looks like a woman. But she is not a woman, an no matter how late the mail is, do not treat her as your sweetheart. For though she will cook you a meal like your mama once done, sooner or later she will try to turn you into a plant. You will glow like a flower an she will sing to you sweetly but men, do not forget the little daisy in the field that is trampled down in the mud. Do you want to be trampled down? Then listen to me, men, for there was a time when old Sergeant Stone himself nearly fell to temptation. Here is how you tell a Plant Woman from a real woman. When the Plant Woman rustles her hair, it will sound like cottonwood leaves.

The Air Bear

Men, we have a picture now of the Air Bear, one a the friendliest little fellas you'd ever want to meet. He is mischievous an will float up to the sky like a balloon or sometimes just disappear on you, but he will be your friend an is a good tracker in a pinch. Do not harm the Air Bear by pumping it up with an air compressor or puncturing it. The Air Bear lives on Moon Moss—

Moon Moss

Thank you—Moon Moss. Moon Moss grows down in yellow strings no thicker than spiderwebs from the clouds where the moonlight hits them. You can only see it at night. If you want to gather some for your Air Bear, take your standard-issue Spool (Gathering, Moon Moss, Telphinian, Model J) an just wind it up. You will have great fun watching your Air Bear rip the Moon Moss off a the spool at several metres per second. After feeding on Moon Moss the Air Bear will light up an bounce around your camp. For us humans, Moon Moss is used in R. and R. camps as a mild, nonaddictive stimulant, an I want to tell you, you ain't lived till you've got high on Moon Moss in the company of a couple dozen Air Bears.

The Spring Sylph

We do not have a picture of the Spring Sylph. Being a shy woodland creature, it will not allow itself to be filmed. However, Spring Sylphs are our guides to the people of Telphinus 4, so maintaining good relations with the Sylphs is a high-priority item. If while on recon you should see a Spring Sylph by a clear pool deep in the woods, do not alarm it but inform your company commander immediately. He will communicate to the Sylph four highly classified words an the Sylph will conduct you to a huge hollow tree, which is visible only when the Sylph wishes it an which leads to the mysterious caverns of Telphinus 4, where the Telphinian people live.

The People of Telphinus 4

As you can see, the Telphinian people look much like you an me, only they are a head taller, with very pale skin. They are slim an not very strong. They eat no food an their wine, though powerful, is for religious purposes only. They have great big white eyes that are a little sickening to look at at first, like egg whites on the morning after. But down in the caves the Telphinians are friendly an coöperative. They have let us study them an mine fuel for our ships. Live an let live is their motto, but there is one thing to remember when among the Telphinians. That is: Do not fool with the children. They hatch from eggs, an each child lives in a garden of several hunnert acres down below their parents' estates. Many times the Telphinian children do not realize who they are until they are forty or fifty years old, an this has puzzled Army scientists.

One day the child will climb a tree to the dome above his garden an squeeze a little red bulb. The bulb glows up above in the parents' living room, an the parents then ring some bells—which is the moment of adulthood. Special lights go on in all the Telphinian houses an temples an it is a great time in the caverns. Everything is so bright an pure you will have to stop your work. Strange birds will fly an the Air Bears will perform tricks an the Sylphs will dance until dawn. Everybody will drink Moon Moss tea, an before long you will not feel there is any difference between you an a Telphinian. If you look in a mirror, you will think you *are* a Telphinian, an want to take a Telphinian as your wife, an wait for the children to appear.

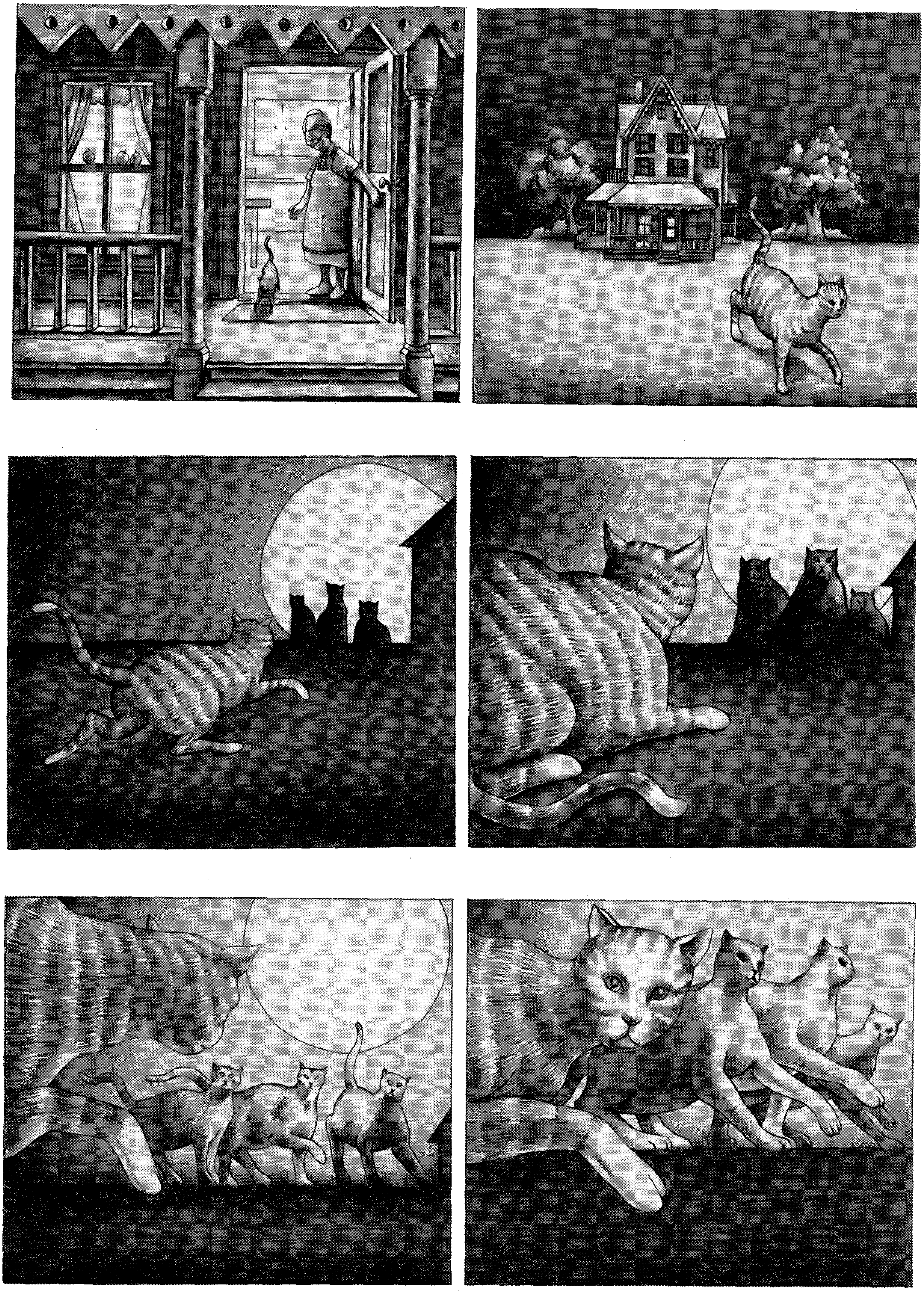
However, men, this state soon passes. You are men, you will be men, an men must work. You will see that the Telphinian is harmless an not ambitious like you an me. They do not talk much, being telepathic, though sometimes they will break into a song, which is real pretty.

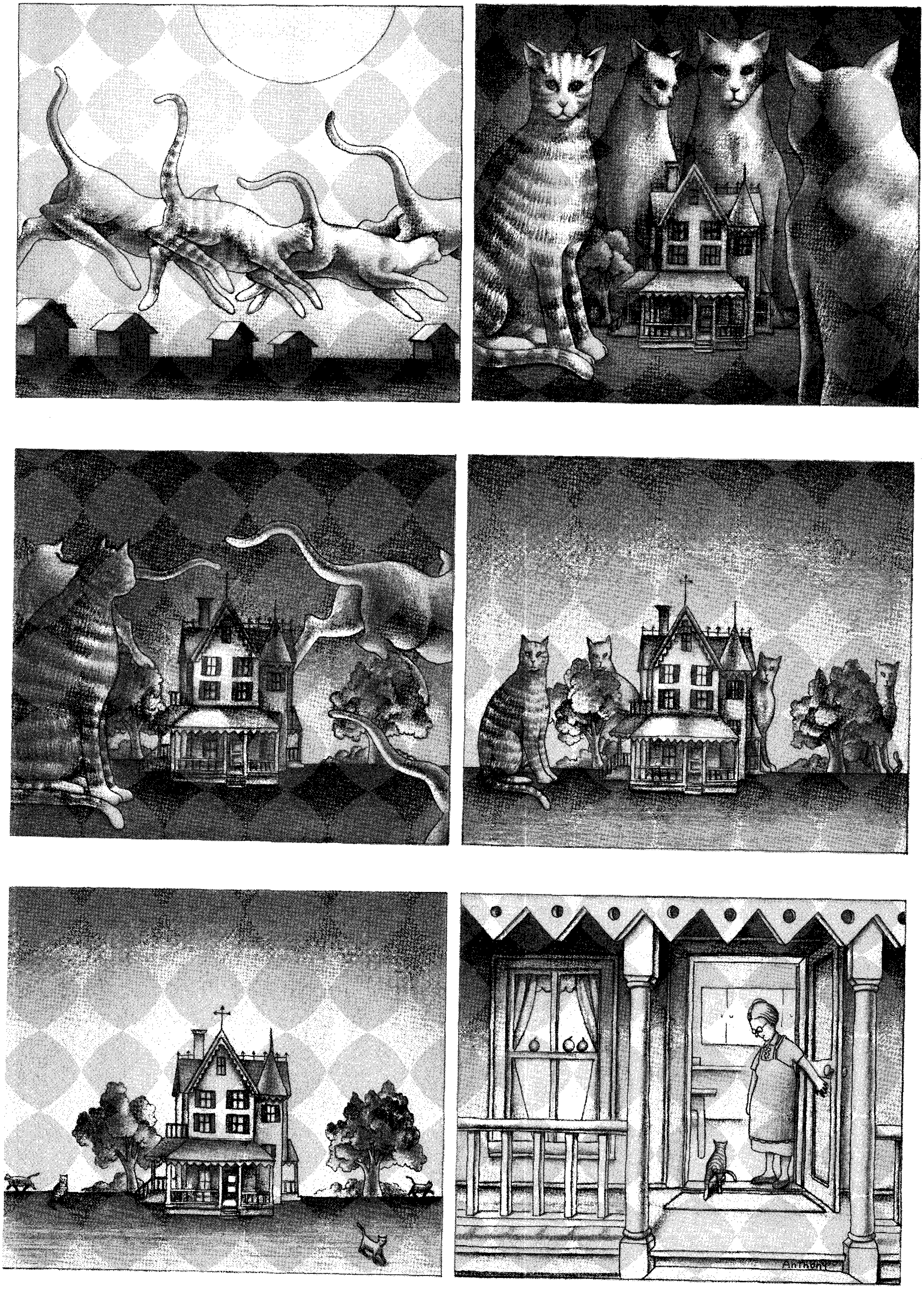
That's all for today, men. I will see you tomorrow at ten hunnert hours. Oh an by the way, men, there is no time on Telphinus 4, an you will not age while there.

Smoke if you have them.

—John Mort

THE VIGIL




ANTHONY

THE WINE BREATH

IF I were to die, I'd miss most the mornings and the evenings, he thought as he walked the narrow dirt track by the lake in the late evening, and then wondered if his mind was failing, for how could anybody think anything so stupid. Being a man he had no choice, he was doomed to die; and being dead he'd miss nothing, being nothing. And everything he saw and felt seemed to go against his life as a priest.

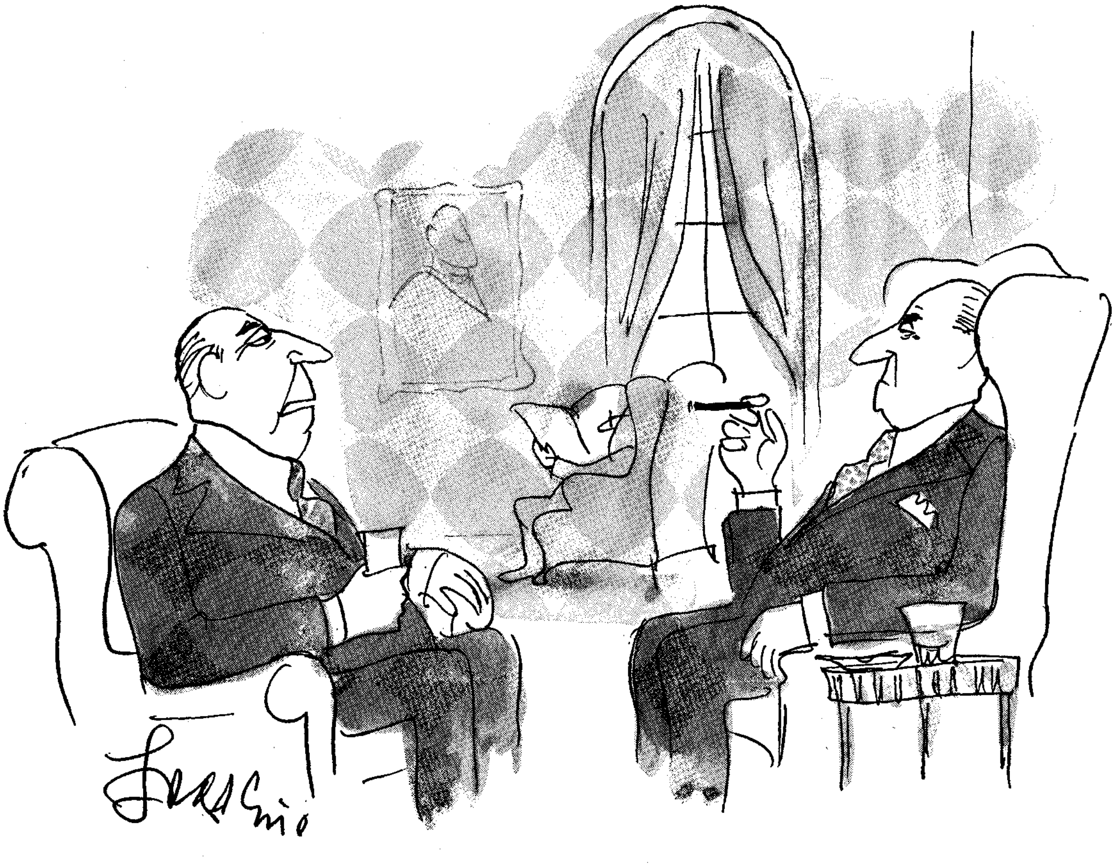
The solid world, though, was everywhere around him. There was the lake, the road, and he was going to call on Gillespie. Gillespie was sawing. Gillespie was always sawing. The roaring rise and fall of the two-stroke stayed like a rent in the evening. And when he got to the black gate there was Gillespie, his overalled bulk framed in the short avenue of alders, and he was sawing not alders but beech, four or five tractor loads dumped in the front of the house. The priest put a hand to the black gate bolted to the first of the alders, and was at once arrested by sudden sunlight falling down the avenue. It lit up the one boot holding the length of beech in place; it lit the arms moving the blade slowly up and down as the teeth tore through the beech, white chips milling out on the chain.

Suddenly, as he was about to rattle the gate loudly to see if this would penetrate the sawing, he felt himself (bathed as in a dream) in an incredible sweetness of light. It was the evening light on snow. The gate on which he had his hand vanished, the alders, Gillespie's formidable bulk, the roaring of the saw. He was in another day, the day of Michael Bruen's funeral nearly thirty years before. All was silent and still there. Slow feet crunched on the snow. Ahead, at the foot of the hill, the coffin rode slowly forward on shoulders, its brown varnish and metal trappings dull in the glittering snow, riding just below the long waste of snow eight or ten feet deep over the whole countryside. The long dark line of mourners following the coffin stretched away toward Oakport Wood in the pathway cut through the snow. High on Killeelan Hill the graveyard evergreens rose out of the snow. The graveyard wall was covered, the narrow path cut up the side of the hill stopping at the little gate deep in the snow. The coffin climbed with painful slowness, as if it might never reach the gate, often pausing for the bearers to be changed; someone started to pray, the prayer travelling down the whole mile-long line of mourners as they shuffled behind the coffin in the narrow tunnel cut in the snow.

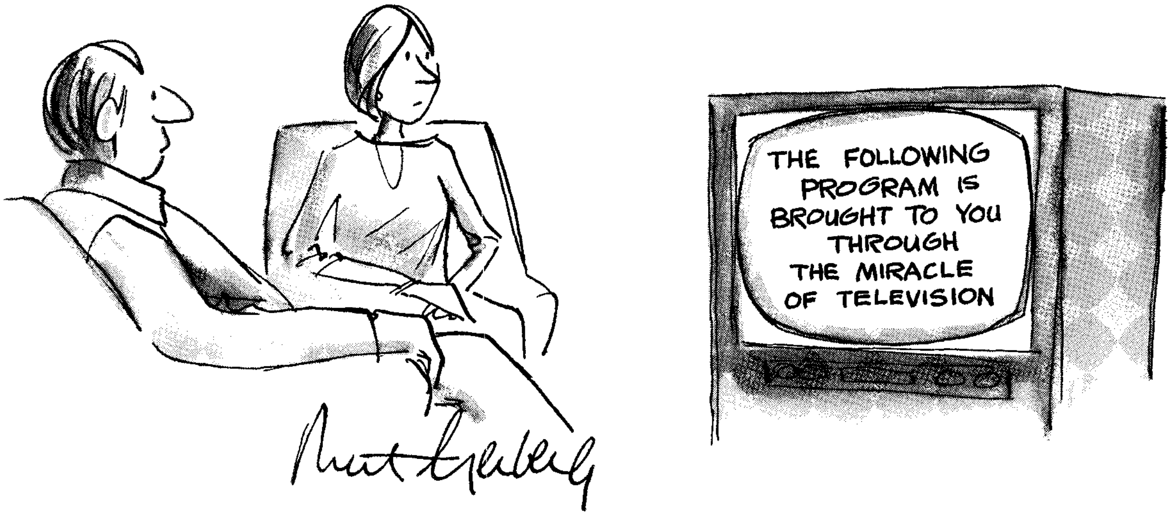
It was on a February day long years ago that they buried Michael Bruen. Never before or since had he experienced the Mystery in such awesomeness. Now as he stood at the gate there was no awe or terror, only the coffin moving slowly toward the dark trees on the hill, the long line of mourners, and everywhere the blinding white light, among the half-buried thornbushes, and beyond Killeelan on the covered waste of Gloria Bog, on the sides of the Iron Mountains.

He did not know how long he had stood in that lost day, in that white light—probably for no more than a moment. He could not have stood the intensity for any longer. When he woke out of it the gray light of the alders had reasserted itself. His hand was still on the bar of the gate. Gillespie was still sawing, bent over the sawhorse, his boot on the length of beechwood, completely enclosed in the roaring rise and fall of the saw. The priest felt as vulnerable as if he had suddenly wakened out of sleep, shaken and somewhat ashamed to have been caught asleep out-of-doors, without any protection of walls.

He was about to rattle the gate again, feeling a washed-out parody of a child or old man on what was after all nothing more than a poor errand—to tell the Gillespies that a bed had at long last been made available in the Regional Hospital for the operation on Mrs. Gillespie's piles—when his eye was caught again by the quality of the light. It was one of those late October days, small white clouds drifting about the sun, and the watery light was shining down the alder rows to fall on the white chips of the beechwood strewn all about Gillespie, some inches deep. It was the same white light as the light on snow. As he watched, the light went out on the beech chips, and it was the gray day again around Gillespie's sawing. It had been as simple as that. The suggestion of snow had been enough to plunge him into the lost day of Michael Bruen's funeral. Everything in that remembered day was so pure and perfect that he felt purged of all tiredness and bitter-



"I'm willing to give Jimmy Carter the benefit of the doubt for a while before I lower the boom."


THE FOLLOWING PROGRAM IS BROUGHT TO YOU THROUGH THE MIRACLE OF TELEVISION

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ness, and was, for a moment, eager to begin life again.

And making sure that Gillespie hadn't noticed him at the gate, he turned back on the road. The bed wouldn't be ready for another week. The news could wait a day or more. Before leaving, he stole a last look at the dull white ground about the sawhorse. The most difficult things seem always to lie closest to us, to lie always around our feet.

Ever since his mother's death, he'd found himself stumbling into these dead days. Once, crushed mint in the garden had given him back a day he'd spent with her at the sea in such vividness that he had been frightened, as if he'd suddenly fallen through time; it was as if the world of the dead was as available to him as the world of the living. It was also humiliating for him to realize that she must have been the mainspring of his days. And now that the mainspring was broken the hands were weakly falling here and falling there. Today there had been the sudden light on the bits of white beech. He would not have noticed the light if he hadn't been alone, if Gillespie had not been so absorbed in his sawing. Before, there must have been many such simple links which he'd been too ashamed or bewildered to notice.

Stealthily and quickly he went down the dirt track by the lake till he got to the main road. To the left was the church in a rookery of old trees, and, behind it, the house where he lived. Safe on the wide main road, he let his mind go back to the beech chips. They rested there around Gillespie's large bulk, and paler still was the line of mourners following the coffin through the snow—a picture you could believe or disbelieve but not be in. In idle exasperation he began to single out the individual trees in the hedge along the road as he walked—ash, green oak, whitethorn, ash. The last leaves were a vivid yellow on the wild cherry, and the empty October fields stood in dull wet light between their hedges. This, then, was the actual day, the only day that mattered, the day from which our salvation had to be won or lost: it stood solidly and impenetrably there, denying the weak life of the person, with nothing of the eternal other than that it would dully endure, while the day he'd stumbled into by way of the sudden light on the beech chips, though it had been nothing more than a funeral he had attended during a dramatic snowfall when a boy, seemed bathed in the eternal, seemed everything we had been taught and told of the world of God.

Dissatisfied, and feeling as tired again as he'd been on his way to Gillespie's, he did not go through the church gate with its circle and cross, nor did he call to the sexton locking the main door of the church, the wire bell rope dangling just above his head. To be certain of being left alone, he went by the circular path at the side, round to the house, for a high laurel hedge hid the path from the graveyard and church. There he made coffee without turning on the light.

Michael Bruen had been a big kindly, agreeable man, what was called a lovely man. His hair was a coarse gray. He wore loose-fitting tweeds with red cattleman's boots. When young he had been a policeman in Dublin. It was said he had either won or inherited money, and had come home to where he'd come from, to buy the big Crossna farm, to marry and grow rich.

He had a large family, and men were employed on the farm. The yard and its big outbuildings with the red roofs rang with work—cans, machinery, raillery, the sliding of hooves, someone whistling. And within the house, away from the yard, was the enormous cave of a kitchen, the long table down its center, the fireplace at its end, the plates and pots and presses along the walls, sides of bacon wrapped in gauze hanging from hooks in the ceiling, the whole room full of the excitement and bustle of women.

Often, as a boy the priest had driven cattle over to Michael Bruen's for his father, a far smaller farmer than Michael. Once the cattle were housed, Michael always took him into the kitchen.

He remembered the last evening he was to spend there well. As usual, he had driven cattle over. It was December and had started to freeze early. The huge fire of wood blazed all the brighter because of the frost.

"Give this man something," Michael had said. "Something solid that'll warm the life back into him."

"A cup of tea will do fine," he had protested, in the custom.

"Nonsense. Don't pay him the slightest attention. Empty bags can't stand."

Eileen, the prettiest of Michael's daughters, laughed as she took down the pan. Her arms were white to the elbows with a fine dusting of flour.

"He'll remember this was a good place to come to when he has to start thinking about a wife." Michael's words gave license to general hilarity.

Michael began to question him about his father. It was not easy to concentrate on the questions, so delicious was the smell of frying. The mug of steaming tea was put by his side. The butter melted on the fresh bread on the plate. There were sausages, liver, bacon, a slice of black pudding, and delicious pieces of sweet pork.

"Now set to," Michael said. "We don't want any empty bags leaving Bruen's." And he began to laugh.

Michael came with him to the gate when he left. "Tell your father it's ages since we had a drink in the Royal. And that if he doesn't search me out in the Royal the next Fair Day I'll have to go over and bate the lugs off him." When he shook Michael's hand in the half-light of the yard lamp, it was the last time he was to see Michael alive. Before the last flakes had stopped falling, when old people were already searching back as far as "the great snows when Count Plunkett was elected" to find another such snowfall, Michael Bruen had died, and his life was already another such poor watermark of memory.

THE snow lay eight feet deep on the roads, and dead cattle and sheep were found in drifts of fifteen feet in the fields. All of the people who hadn't lost sheep or cattle were in extraordinary good humor, their own ills buried for a time as deep as their envy of another's good fortune, in the general difficulty of the snow. It took days to cut a way out to the main road, the snow having to be cut in blocks breast-high out of a face of frozen snow. A wild cheer went up as the men at last cut through to the gang digging in from the main road. Another cheer greeted the first van to come in—Doherty's broad van—and it had hardly died when the hearse came with the coffin for Michael Bruen. That night, they cut the path up the side of Killeelan Hill and found the family headstone beside the big yew just inside the gate. They hadn't finished digging when the first funeral bell came clearly over the snow the next day, to tell them that the coffin had started on its way.

The priest hadn't thought of the day for years, or of Michael Bruen, till he had stumbled into it without warning, by way of the sudden light on the beech chips. It did not augur well. There were days, especially of late, when he seemed to be lost in dead days, to see time present as a flimsy accumulating tissue over all the time that was lost. Frequently, he saw himself as an old man that boys were helping down to the shore, restraining their need to laugh as they pointed out a rock in the path he seemed about to stumble over, and then having to lift their eyes and smile apologetically to the passersby, while he stood staring out to sea, having forgotten all about the rock in his path. "It's this way we're going." He felt the imaginary tug on his sleeve, and he was drawn again into the tortuous existence of the everyday, away from the eternal of the sea or the lost light on frozen snow across Killeelan Hill.

Never before, though, had he noticed anything like the beech chips. For him there was the joy of holding what had eluded him for so long, in its amazing simplicity; but mastered knowledge was soon no knowledge, unless it opened, became part of a greater knowledge, and what did the beech chips do but turn back to his own death.

FIRST DAWN LIGHT

By lines fainter gray than the faintest geometry
Of chalk on a wall like a blackboard, first light
Defines the window edges. Last dream, last owl-cry
Now past, now is the true emptiness of night.

For not yet first bird-stir, first bird-note, only
Your breath as you wonder what daylight will bring—and you try
To recall what the last dream was, and think how lonely
In sun-blaze you have seen the buzzard hang black in the sky.

For day has its loneliness, too, you think, even as
First bird-stir does come, first twitter, faithless and fearful
That new night, in the deep leaves, may lurk. So silence has
Returned. Then, sudden, the glory, heart-full and ear-full,

For triggered now is the mysterious mechanism
Of the forest's joy, and yours, by temperature or beam,
And until a sludge-thumb smears the sunset's prism,
You must wait to resume, in night's black hood, the reality of dream.

—ROBERT PENN WARREN

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Like the sudden snowfall and Michael Bruen's burial, his life had been the same as any other, except to himself, and then only in odd visions of it, as a lost life, without confidence and full of unbelief. When it had been agreeable and equitable, he had no vision of it at all.

The country childhood. His mother and father. The arrival at the shocking knowledge of birth and death. His attraction to the priesthood as a way of vanquishing death and avoiding birth. O hurry it, he thought: there is not much to a life. Many have it. There is not enough room. His father and mother were old when they married, and he was "the fruit of old things," he heard voices say derisively. His mother had been a seamstress. He could still see the needle flashing in her strong hands, that single needle flash composed of thousands of hours.

"His mother had the vocation for him," it was said. Perhaps she had; perhaps all the mothers of this country had. It had so passed into the speech of the country, in all the forms of both beatification and derision. And it was out of fear of death he became a priest, which becomes in its turn the fear of life, so wasn't it natural to turn back to the mother in this fear: she was older than fear, having given him his life, and who would give a life if they knew its end. There was then his father's death, the father accepting it as he had accepted all poor fortune all his life long, as his due, refusing to credit the good.

And afterward his mother sold the land to "Horse" McLaughlin and came to live with him, and was happy. She attended all the Masses and devotions, took messages, and continued to sew linen for the altar, soutanes and surplices, his shirts and all her own clothes. Sometimes her concern for him irritated him to exasperation, but he hardly ever let it show. He was busy with the many duties of a priest. The fences on the past and future were secure. He must have been what is called happy, and there was a whole part of his life that without his knowing had come to turn to her for its expression.

He discovered this when she began her death. He came home one summer evening to find all the lights in the house on. She was in the living room, in the usual chair. The table was piled high with dresses. Round the chair was a pile of rags. She did not look up when he entered, her strong hands tearing apart a herringbone skirt she had made only the year before.

"What on earth are you doing, Mother?" He caught her by the hands when she didn't answer.

"It's time you were up for Mass," she said.

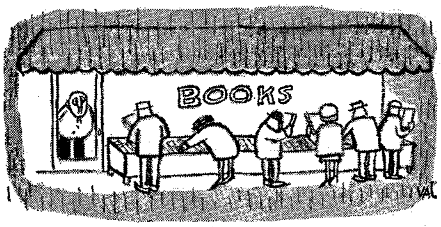
"What are you doing with all your dresses?"

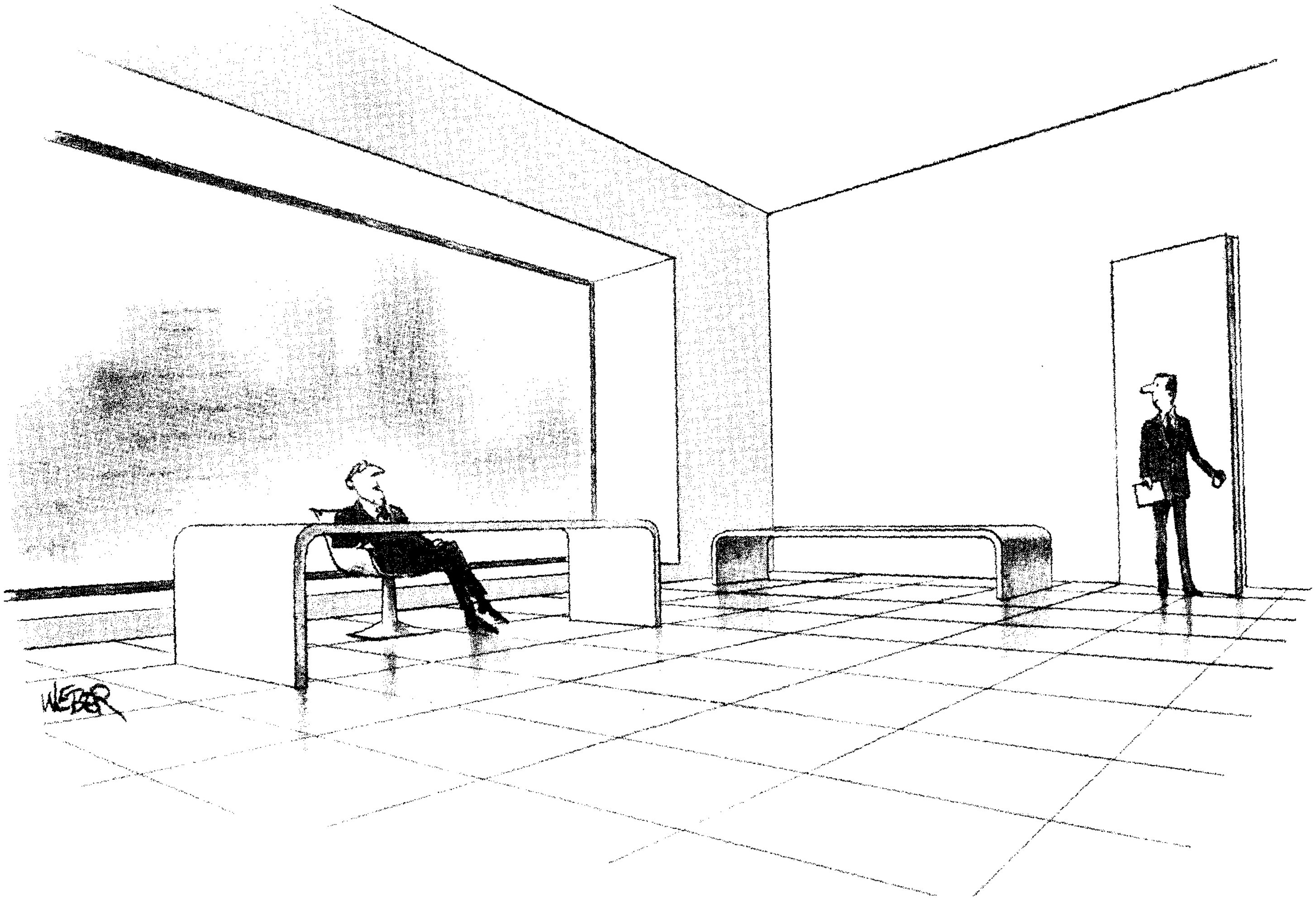
"What dresses?"

"All the dresses you've just been tearing up."

"I don't know anything about dresses."

And then he saw there was some-





"Don't hesitate to drop in anytime, Brackett. The welcome mat is always out—figuratively speaking, of course."

• •

thing wrong. She made no resistance when he led her up the stairs.

For some days, she seemed absent and confused but, though he watched her carefully, she was otherwise little different from her old self, and she did not appear ill. Then he came home one evening to find her standing like a child in the middle of the room, surrounded by an enormous pile of rags. She had taken up from where she'd been interrupted at the herringbone skirt, and had torn every article of clothing she had ever made. After his initial shock he did the usual and sent for the doctor.

"I'm afraid it's just the onset of senility," the doctor said.

"It's irreversible?"

The doctor nodded. "It very seldom takes such a violent form, but that's what it is. She'll have to be looked after." And with a sadness that part of his life was over, he took her to the Home and saw her settled there.

She recognized him when he visited her there the first year, but without excitement, as if he was already far away; and then the day came when he had to admit that she no longer knew who he was, had become like a dog kennelled out too long. He was with her when she died. She'd turned her face toward him. There came what seemed a light of recognition in the eyes, like a last glow of a match before it goes out, and then she died.

THERE was nothing left now but his own life. There had been nothing but that all along, but it had been obscured, comfortably obscured. He turned on the radio. A man had lost both legs in an explosion. There was violence on the night shift at the Ford factory in Dagenham. The pound had steadied toward the close but was still down on the day.

Letting his fingers linger on the knob, he turned the radio off. The disembodied voice on the air was not unlike the lost day he'd stumbled into through the light on the beech chips, except that it had nothing of its radiance. The funeral, during the years he must have carried it around with him, had lost the sheltered burden of the everyday, had become timeless, and seemed at the very least a promise of the eternal.

He went to draw the curtain. She had made the curtain, too, with its pale lining, but hadn't torn it. How often must she have watched the moonlight on the still headstones beyond the laurel, as it lay evenly on them at night. She had been afraid of ghosts: old priests who had lived in this house, who through whiskey or some other ill had neglected to say Mass for the dead. Because of this neglect, the soul for whom the Mass should have been offered was forced to linger beyond its time in Purgatory; and the priest guilty of the omission could himself not be released until the living priest had said the Mass, and was forced to come at midnight to the house in all his bondage until that Mass was said.

"They must have been all good priests, Mother. Good steady old fellows like myself. They never come back," he used to assure her. He remembered his own idle words as he drew the curtain, lingering as much over it as he had lingered over the turning off of the radio. He would be glad of a ghost tonight, be glad of any visitation from beyond the walls of sense.

He took up the battered and friendly missal, which had been with him all his adult life, to read the office of the day. On bad days he kept it till late, the familiar words that changed with the changing year, that he had grown to love, and were as well his duty. It must surely be the greatest grace of life, the greatest freedom, to have to do what we love because it is also our duty. But he wasn't able to read on this evening among the old familiar words for long. An annoyance came between him and the page, the Mass he had to repeat every day, the Mass in English. He wasn't sure whether he hated it or the guitar-playing priests more. It was humiliating to think that these had never been such a scourge when his mother had been alive. Was his life the calm vessel it had seemed, dully setting out and returning from the fishing grounds? Or had he been always what he seemed now? "Oh, yes. There you go again," he heard the familiar voice in the empty room. "Complaining about the Mass in the vernacular. When you prefer the common names of flowers to their proper names." And the sharp, energetic, almost brutal laugh. It was Peter Joyce; he was not dead. Peter Joyce had risen to become a bishop at the other end of the country, to become an old friend that he no longer saw.

"But they are more beautiful. Dog rose, wild woodbine, buttercup, daisy . . . "

He heard his own protest. They were in a hotel that they used to go to every summer on the Atlantic, a small hotel where you could read after dinner without fear of a rising roar from the bar beginning to outrival the Atlantic by ten o'clock.

"And, no doubt, the little rose of Scotland, sharp and sweet and breaks the heart," he heard his friend quote maliciously. "And it's not the point. The reason that names of flowers must be in Latin is that when flower lovers meet they know what they are talking about, no matter whether they're French or Greeks or Arabs. They have a universal language."

"I prefer the humble names, no matter what you say."

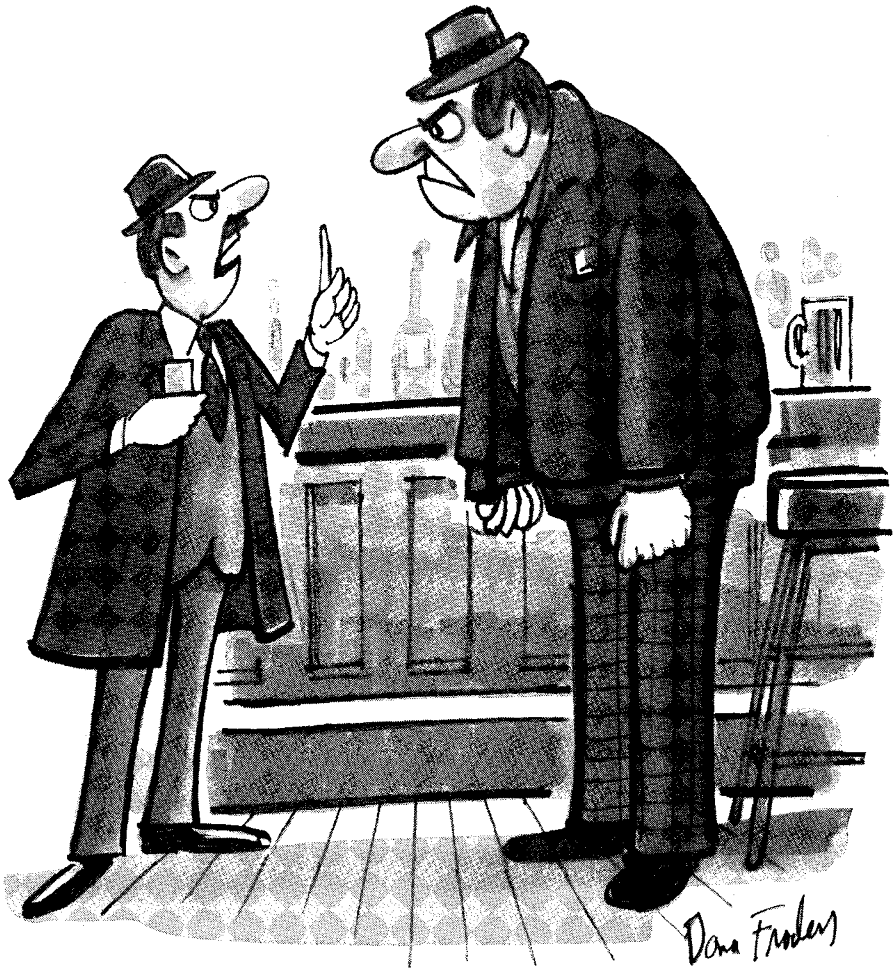
"Of course you do. And it's parochial sentimentalists like yourself who prefer the *smooth sow thistle* to *Sonchus oleraceus* that's the whole cause of your late-lamented Mass in Latin disappearing. I have no sympathy with you. You people tire me."

The memory of that truculent argument dispelled completely his annoyance, as its simple logic had once taken his breath away, but he was curiously tired after the recollection. It was only by a sheer act of will, sometimes having to count the words, that he was able to finish his office. "I know one thing, Peter Joyce. I know that I know nothing," he murmured when he finished. But when he looked at the room about him he could hardly believe it was so empty and dead and dry, the empty chair where she should be sewing, the oak table with the scattered books, the clock on the mantel. And wildly and aridly he wanted to curse. But his desire to curse was as unfair as life. He had not wanted any of this. It had been given, and he had fallen into it.

Then, quietly, he saw that he had a ghost, all right, one that he had been walking around with for a long time, a ghost he had not wanted to recognize, his own death. He might as well get to know him well; he would never leave now. He was in the room, and had no mortal shape: absence does not cast a shadow.

All there was was the white light of the lamp on the open book, on the white marble; the brief sun on beechwood, the sudden light of glistening snow, and the timeless mourners moving toward the yews on Killeelan Hill almost thirty years before. It was as good a day as any, if there ever could be a good day to go. And somewhere, outside this room that was an end, he knew that a young man, not unlike the young man he had been once, stood on a granite step and listened to the doorbell ring, smiled as he heard a woman's footsteps come down the hallway, ran his fingers through his hair, and turned the bottle of white wine he held in his hands completely around as he prepared to enter a pleasant and uncomplicated evening, feeling himself immersed in time without end.

—John McGahern



"Careful, Buster. You're talking to a man who has absolute command of the English language."

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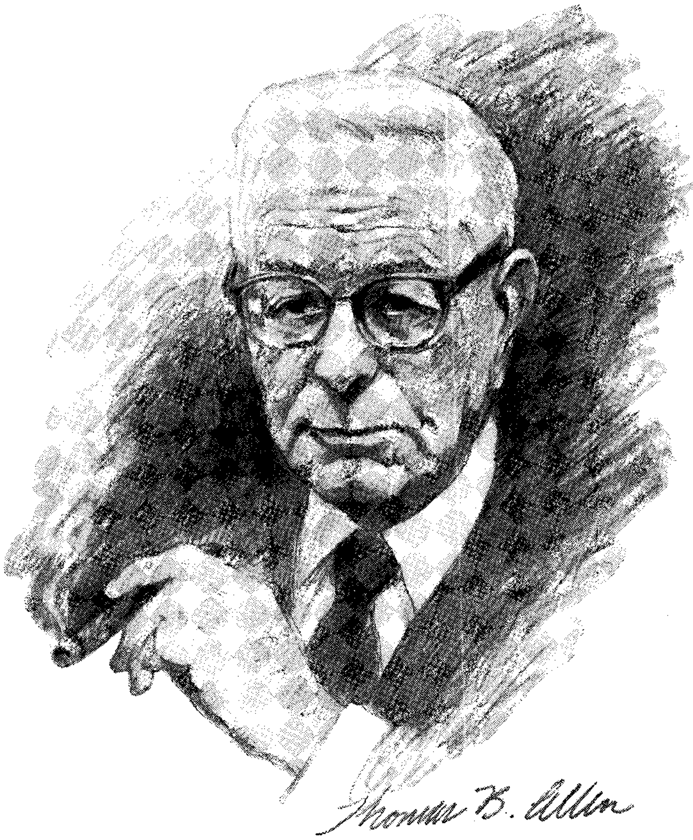
"They would bring in a little gift with them. They weren't large gifts, and I didn't pay much attention to them. Then one brought in a gift that was obviously quite expensive. I called the State Department to find out what to do about it. Their suggestion was that I should either keep it or give it back."—*Interview with Representative John Rhodes, of Arizona, in the Kansas City Star.*

Great little bunch of diplomats in State!

PROFILES

GOODY

SHARING Goodman Ace's company as he ambles through his seventy-ninth year of life, I often get the feeling that I'm watching a lucky and gifted veteran lion tamer work before a largely empty house. Risks ensue and minor mishaps sometimes threaten, but instinct prevails above all. Ace's primary instinct is to be funny, and he almost always is. He says funny things when he talks with his friends, when he rides in a taxi, when he orders lunch at the Friars Club, when he plays pinochle, when he buys cigars, when he goes to the doctor, and even, if his word is to be trusted, when he is all alone. Occasionally, he talks to inanimate objects—his mirror, his television set, his typewriter, his foot when it falls asleep—and because inanimate objects and most people never listen carefully enough, they miss a lot of humor. The accumulation of these missed opportunities creates the empty-house effect. The general public would benefit if at given moments Ace would slap his knee or laugh loudly or announce, "Joke there, folks," but such posturing would violate his principles. He remains, as his late wife, Jane, often said, a ragged individualist.



At other moments, when he isn't busy resembling a veteran lion tamer, Ace seems like a small sailboat listng nervously in the wind. He is six feet tall—or, as he claims, five feet twelve—and if he is feeling just normal he walks with a slight forward stoop, usually with his hands slouched n his pockets. A close friend of his, Jean Bach, is fond of saying that Ace has a tendency to back into airplane propellers, suggesting that he frequenty courts small-scale disaster. Not long ago, Ace had a dinner date with Mrs. Bach. When he arrived to pick her up, she wasn't ready to leave, so he sat down in her living room to wait. She owns a cat. At some point, the cat must have wandered into the living room, because the next day Mrs. Bach found a scrap of paper on her coffee table which gave evidence of some arcane duel that had taken place the previous evening. It said:

ACE	CAT
𝍸	𝍷𝍷𝍷

Mrs. Bach had the piece of paper framed.

While the existence of this *objet trouvé* doesn't firmly prove or disprove that Ace backs into airplane propellers, it does suggest that he appreciates the intrinsic value of a private victory. In this sense, the lesser similes—lion tamer, the small sailboat—fall away, and a more precise image of the man emerges: the human domino. This is a sterling Aceism that was coined sometime during the thirties or forties, when he wrote, directed, produced, and starred in, along with Jane, "Easy Aces," a seminal radio situation comedy. Many incidents in his life, as Ace recounts them, resemble sitcom. The careful listener realizes that he is hardly in the presence of a garden-variety jokesmith. Goodman Ace's jokes—or, as I like to think of them, "existential episodes"—always have proper contexts. He enjoys telling the best stories again and again, and they tend to improve with age. A fair example is his French-restaurant routine, which I have seen him execute several times, although never with any great success. At a certain moment in a French restaurant, Ace motions to a waiter and calls, "Uh, *gendarme, gendarme!*" In an ideal world, the waiter will come to the table and politely explain, "Excuse me, monsieur, but I believe you mean to say '*garçon.*' '*Gendarme*' is the French word for policeman." Ace, who lives in this ideal world, will then stare absently at the waiter for a moment and say, "Just the man I want. There seems to be some holdup in the kitchen." In the real world, unfortunately, few waiters listen closely enough to be able to tell Ace that he has said "*gendarme*" when he really means "*garçon*"—thus the empty-house effect.

Not long ago, a young woman who had just seen and heard Ace in action for the first time told him, by way of a compliment, that he was the only person she had ever met who "makes up his own jokes." According to his prescription, a worthy joke—which he prefers to call "a good story"—should be "elegantly phrased and elegantly delivered." Across the years, Ace has written countless jokes, gags, and good stories, which he and other people have brought to life on radio and television, but the best sort of Goodman Ace stories are delivered in person. Ace needs only a chair, a cigar, and, because he is inclined toward both shyness and garrulousness, a slight nudge. He goes to work like a slow-moving roller coaster. The cigar acts as a metronomic device, measuring phrases, coaxing his audience, often sending a loose flutter of ashes tumbling down his shirtfront. In a way, the ashes belong to the delivery. They make the listener suspect that Ace doesn't know where he is going with a story, but he always does. Eventually, one comes to suspect that the ashes fall on cue. Because he chews a cigar as much as he smokes it, moist shreds of tobacco occasionally fall with the ashes, staining his neckties—lovely silk neckties from Sulka and Alexander Shields. "Two experts told me that I absolutely have to give up cigars and ketchup," Ace said recently. "My doctor and my dry cleaner." He will obligingly tell Goody Ace stories to any attentive audience, but he prefers to work with groups of two or three listeners. In a clutch, of course, he will work completely alone, entertaining only himself—a tough audience but an earnest listener. A good story, elegantly phrased and elegantly delivered, ends with the cigar back in his mouth, tucked between cheek and jaw and rotating in a small circle, priming for the next go-round. Ace never runs out of good stories, because when his supply runs low he makes up another one.

Ace's timing is delicate, diffident, subtle, and smooth, and so is he. He has a soft, pale face with high cheekbones and light-blue eyes. In his sixties, when his face was rounder, he wore his gray hair in a crewcut and, with his thick-framed eyeglasses, looked very much like a country doctor. Now he has grown thinner, his hair is white and is long enough to be kept neatly parted and combed, and the roundness of his face has receded into folds, which disappear completely when he smiles. It is a lambent, ear-to-ear smile—he has impressively large ears—and the way it fills his face reminds me exactly of my grandmother's smile. This is more than a coincidence, because my grandmother is in fact Goodman Ace's sister May. To be more precise, my grandmother is actually my father's stepmother, which technically makes her my step-grandmother and makes Ace my step-great-uncle. Whatever. This fortuitous arrangement enables him at critical moments to deny any blood kinship with me. As it is, the most accurate description of our relationship would be to say that we are insufferable friends.

EDVARD MUNCH

We live in houses of ample weight,
Their windows a skin-colored light, pale and unfixable.
Our yards are large and windraked, their trees bent to the storm.
People we don't know are all around us.

Or else there is no one, and all day
We stand on a bridge, or a cliff's edge, looking down.
Our mothers stare at our shoes with their scorched eyes . . .

Hands to our ears, our mouths open, we're pulled on
By the flash black, flash black flash of the lighthouse
We can't see on the rock coast,
Notes in a bottle, our lines the ink from the full moon.

—CHARLES WRIGHT

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"EASY ACES," which hit the big-time radio circuits in Chicago in 1931, went off the air in 1945, and its sequel, "mr. ace and JANE," was last heard from more than twenty-five years ago. Today, a lot of people who, as the phrase goes, "remember radio" react with surprise when told that Goodman Ace is still alive and still making up his own jokes, many of which find their way into a monthly column he writes for the *Saturday Review*. In a way, Ace's radio career has come full circle. For the past five years, he has appeared several times a month on a National Public Radio network show called "All Things Considered"—at a pay scale, given inflation, slightly below what he earned when he first went on the air, in Kansas City, a half century ago. If Ace would consent to travel the television talk-show circuit, more people would realize that his sense of humor is as fertile as ever. For a number of reasons, however—a dash of vengeance, a dollop of vanity—he refuses to appear on television. "They used to call up and ask me to come on the talk shows, and I always told them no," says Ace. "Finally, one day the Carson show phoned, and I said, 'I'm sorry, but I don't go on television because I don't look like this.' The woman who had called said fine, thank you, and about a minute later she called back and asked, 'What was that you said about not being yourself? Is this Goodman Ace? Who are you?' I learned a long time ago from Groucho Marx: 'Don't complain and don't explain.' People don't listen to what you say anyway. It's all just noise."

Although Ace enjoyed great success writing for television—he is thought of as "the dean of television comedy writers"—he wistfully regards radio as a medium that died prematurely, without the chance to designate an appropriate heir. In his opinion, radio's greatest legacy—the imagination of the listening audience—was immediately forsaken by television. "The networks made a mistake thinking that anything that worked well on radio would be ten times as good on television," he says. "In radio, the best thing you had going for you was that little one-inch screen inside your brain, and when the mental picture flashed, you saw what you wanted to see. Radio demanded a lot more imagination, and it was cheaper. You could have a fellow in jeans and a dirty sweatshirt say to a girl in jeans and a sweatshirt—with a proper cue for music to the sound man—'You're the prettiest girl at the dance,' and the music played. Now, on television that scene would cost thousands of dollars. The Japanese lanterns alone would run into big money."

Darryl Shedden

With the exception of the work of Bob Elliott and Ray Goulding, and the recent exploits of the Firesign Theatre, American radio comedy since the early fifties has been not merely uninspired but virtually nonexistent. (As it is both "Bob and Ray" and the Firesign Theatre have succeeded in large part by satirizing the old forms.) Radio comedy actually lived a very short life—slightly more than a quarter century. It extended from the mid-twenties—when an influx of vaudeville performers coincided with the networks' willingness to offer listeners something more daring than potted-palm music—until the early fifties, when Tallulah Bankhead's "The Big Show" made a last-ditch effort to resist the inevitability of television's superior commercia appeal. Ace began his own radio career in 1928, and he was the head writer on the ill-fated Bankhead show. When this show died, in 1952, after two seasons on the air—with thirty thousand unfulfilled requests for seats in the studio audience—the natural next step for Ace was writing for television. The era that he left behind became perfunctorily known as "radio's golden years," an instant wellspring of nostalgia. (Television, of course, soon gave radio loyalists good reason to feel nostalgic abou what had been lost.)

Today, there's no particular reason for anyone under thirty to know or care much about the Cliquot Club

"Let's face it, Ron. The only time we meet each other's needs is when we fight."

• •

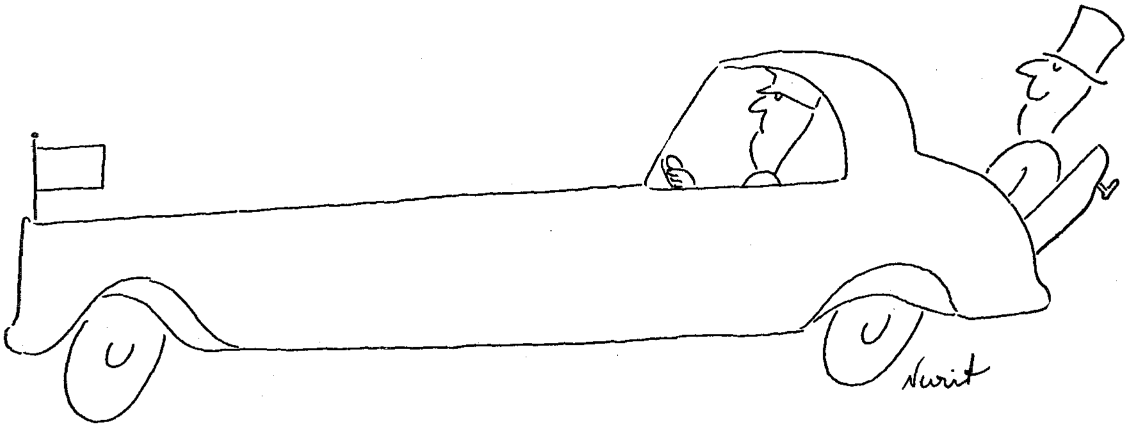
Eskimos, Jack Benny's underground vault, Fibber McGee and Molly's hall closet, Jane Ace's malaprops, Joe Penner's constant refrain "Wanna buy a duck?," Kay Kyser's Kollege of Musical Knowledge, Fred Allen and Jack Benny's "feud," what "I'se regusted" means, or why Henry Aldrich was always bleating "Comming, Mother!"—and very few of us do. I happen to know a bit about these things, because at a certain point in my life it made sense to find out. I was born in 1950. Seven years before that—the year that the thirteen-hundredth episode of "Easy Aces" was broadcast—my father's father, a widower, had married Ace's widowed sister, May. When my brothers and sisters and I were growing up, in Oklahoma, we regarded Grandma May's brother, Uncle Goody, and his wife, Aunt Jane, as an aloof, almost mythical show-biz couple who lived in New York City and allegedly palled around with people like Groucho Marx, Fred Allen, Jack Benny, Perry Como, George Burns, and Gracie Allen. My parents occasionally made trips to New York, and my father always returned with a fresh collection of Uncle Goody stories.

Perhaps because Jane Ace observed a policy of not straying far from home—except to go to Miami Beach or Yankee Stadium—the Aces never made guest appearances in Tulsa. Without ever having met her, I grew up with the correct impression that Jane Ace probably did not look or act like anyone's great-aunt. My idea of what an Uncle Goody might be like took shape over a period of years during the fifties and sixties as, week by week, I watched his name roll with the credits at the end of the "Kraft Music Hall," starring Perry Como. Ace wrote the Como show, along with Selma Diamond, Mort Green, Jay Burton, George Foster, and others, for a twelve-year stretch, during which he was the highest-paid writer in television. And the writing on the Como show was generally thought to be as graceful as any on the air.

Once, when neither of us knew what he was talking about, I bragged to a friend that my uncle wrote the Como show, and my friend told me right back that nobody *writes* a television show. Television, the unmagical magic of our lives, was just something, apparently, that was *beamed in* from *out there*. And so, in a way, was my distant great-uncle. Goody became palpably more real when, in later years, he sent birthday checks accompanied by warm, funny letters. I met him briefly in New York when I was twenty, and again a couple of years later, by which time we had become something like professional colleagues. When a piece he had written about Sid Caesar for *Esquire* appeared without his name in the table of contents, I wrote to ask him why. He sent back an ill-typed letter that said, in part, "As for your remark about my name not appearing in the table of contents: I don't care. I don't coo when I'm billed. In fact, I won't buy a magazine that will publish what I write. Besides, what's in a name? Particularly a name that doesn't appear in a table of contents? We'll have to be content to table this discussion until we meet again."

What I came to learn was that this short-order performance was typical of a gifted man who is, in a fragile way, a captive of his own comic imagination. In certain situations, humor functions as Ace's only truly reliable mode of expression. It can be gratuitous or it can be a serious elixir applied to serious subjects. This struck me most boldly the first time I heard him speak of his father, Harry, with whom he had a frustrating relationship. We were walking down Park Avenue toward the Friars Club, where we have lunch together once every couple of weeks. The time was early autumn, near the anniversary of Ace's father's death, and he remarked that he planned to light a memorial candle that evening to commemorate the event. Then he said, "You know, my father died of cancer when I was a teen-ager." We walked a bit farther, and he added, "He had it before it became popular."

IN 1919, at the age of twenty, Goodman Ace left the employ of the Wormser Hat Store to become the drama and movie critic of the Kansas City *Post*. In the process, he scuttled what probably would not have been a very satisfying career as a haberdasher. Although Harry Truman would later prove that haberdashery in Kansas City could serve nicely as a sort of playing fields of Eton, Ace suspected that Wormser's was not his own hot ticket. The pay wasn't bad—forty dollars a week, plus a twenty-five-cent commission on every out-of-style hat sold—but whatever excitement it offered was Ace's own invention. His friend Manny Shure, who years later joined him in New York as his secretary and sidekick, worked with him at the time. Whenever one of them had a customer trying on a hat before the mirror, he would



motion to the other, saying, "Uh, *Mr. Wormser*, could you please step over here for a moment to look at the hat on this gentleman? I'd say it fits very well, wouldn't you?" They sold a lot of hats that way.

The year before Ace went to work for the *Post*, his father died. This unhappy event had one lucky consequence: as the main source of support for his mother and his two sisters, May and Sally, he became exempt from the military draft, and that was just as well for someone who might back into an airplane propeller. Instead of fighting in the First World War, Ace joined the Civil Service. He did this perhaps out of a sense of patriotic duty or perhaps because he assumed that working the 4 P.M.-to-1 A.M. shift at the downtown post office in Kansas City would be more fulfilling than his previous job, as a roller-skating messenger boy for Montgomery Ward. Somehow Ace sandwiched the post-office job between classes at Kansas City Polytechnic Institute, where he was enrolled for a while in a journalism program. Given his previous school career, which was checkered, it's unclear why he went back for more. A decent formal education probably would have ruined him at this point, but he didn't have much patience with the liberal arts while he attended K.C. Poly. He wanted to be a writer. At this stage in his life, he had read most of Shakespeare and Ring Lardner, seen a lot of vaudeville, worshipfully studied Chaplin's early films, and admired the drama criticism of E. B. Garnett, the reviewer for the Kansas City *Star*. Armed with these standards, Ace began to write a column for the school paper. He called it "The Dyspeptic," a catchy title for the work of a nineteen-year-old. The columns, which were pastiches of acerbic observations of the life at K.C. Poly, have disappeared. The last time Ace remembers seeing them was during his interview for the job at the *Post*, when he showed them to the paper's young managing editor, a fellow with the remarkable name of Dick Smith.

"I had no reason to think they were going to hire me, but my cousin Hy White told me to go over there to talk to Dick Smith, so I did," Ace says. "He took one look at me and said, 'You're kind of young to be a drama critic, aren't you?' And I said, 'You're kind of young to be a managing editor, aren't you?' And then we both laughed—except him."

Before taking the job, Ace discussed it with his mother, explaining that he was reluctant to leave Wormser's, because it would mean taking a cut in pay. "But she understood that I would be happier doing something that I liked," Ace recalls. "She said, 'Don't worry, May's working now, and I know you like to write, and we'll get along fine.' That's the attitude she always had. If I liked what I was doing, that was good enough for her. She was a beautiful, soft-spoken lady. I was close to her all through the years, even after I moved to New York and she stayed in Kansas City. One time, when she came to visit us in New York, she had been suffering some bad headaches. I took her over to my eye-ear-nose man, Dr. Milton Reder. He made me leave the room while he examined her. Afterward, as we walked home, I asked her what the doctor had told her. Very quietly, she said, 'He says all my teeth have to come out.' I asked, 'What did you say to that?' And she said, 'I took out both plates and handed them to him.' And my mother never even wrote for radio."

Once he was satisfied that his mother was satisfied, Ace decided to go to work for the Kansas City *Post*—twenty-five dollars a week, no commissions. In those days, the Kansas City *Post* was a rather surly—one might even say yellow—sheet. In this respect, it accurately reflected the personality of one of its co-owners, Harry H. Tammen; the other was Frederick G. Bonfils, and the two men also owned the Denver *Post*. Bonfils had cultivated the stern mien of a tight-lipped riverboat gambler, in contrast to Tammen, a boisterous man with a squat, hammered-down look. Wherever Tammen went, he carried the threat of minor catastrophe. Once, during a meeting with Woodrow Wilson at the White House, he accidentally started a fire in a wastebasket. Another time, he was knocked down by an automobile in San Francisco, and became the first auto-pedestrian casualty in that city's history to claim that the mishap had been his own fault. Tammen, however, was hardly as solicitous when it came to business. The *Post* always seemed to be offending someone, and Tammen loved that. At one point, after Ace had been on the paper for a couple of years, his pan of a certain movie prompted a man who owned three movie houses in Kansas City to retaliate by pulling his ads out of the *Post*. When Tammen heard about it, he phoned the man and said, "If we don't have your ads back by the home edition, we've got a boy with smallpox who's going to take a walk through all your theatres." The ads came back.

Actually, an imbroglio had arisen over one of the first reviews that Ace wrote for the *Post*, and Tammen had helped out then as well. "The play starred Raymond Hitchcock," says Ace, "and was advertised as a great scenic musical extravaganza, with the accent on 'extravaganza.' In fact, it turned out to be a third-rate road-company tour production, so I gave it short shrift. I thought that's what critics were supposed to do, so I said things like 'The sets were beautiful—both of them.' The day after the review appeared, the theatre manager came up to the paper to complain. He was a great big guy, name of Gray, and he stood in the middle of this big and crowded city room shouting things like 'How can you send this *boy* down to review this show when you've got a roomful of reporters here?' I started quietly packing the things from my desk, figuring I was through. Fortunately, Tammen happened to wander through the city room at the time, and he walked over to the manager and said, 'Hello there, Mr.

Gray, I'm Harry Tammen. Glad to see that you're paying attention to our paper.' Then he turned to the city editor and said, 'Give that boy a five-dollar raise!' This story doesn't have a completely happy ending, though, because the following week Bonfils came to town. When he walked past my desk, he said, 'Live and let live, young man,' and he rescinded the raise."

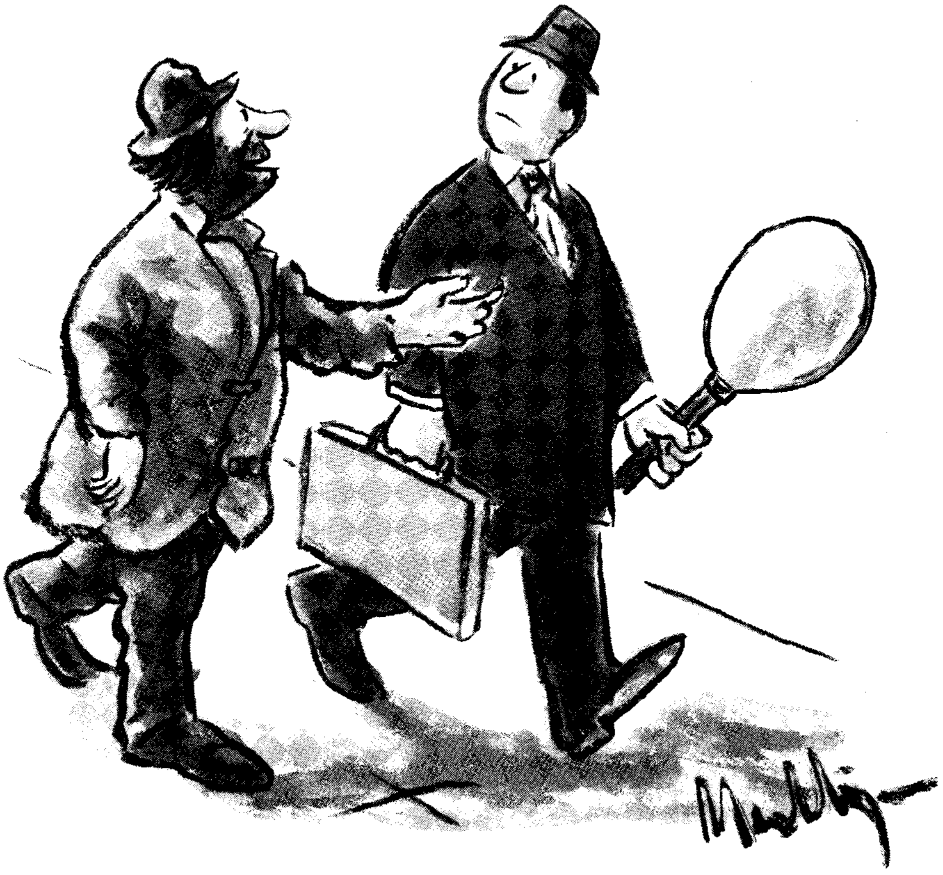
In a way, the incident flattered Ace, who had been forewarned that only the *Star*, the city's largest newspaper, and not the *Post*, could make or break a show in Kansas City. But the loss of the five-dollar raise depressed him. To avoid further accusations of egregious boyishness, he decided to grow a mustache and take up cigars. That Ace couldn't really afford cigars didn't prove to be an obstacle. It was his habit in later years, when he earned a great deal of money, to spend a great deal. Likewise, in the early years, when he was making very little, he simply spent more than he had.

When Ace began his reviewing chores for the *Post*, Kansas City had two legitimate theatres, three vaudeville showcases, and two burlesque houses, all of which Ace covered, some more diligently than others. The main vaudeville showcases and the legits usually changed shows every Sunday, and Ace soon found that after busy Sundays spent running back and forth between the Orpheum and the Shubert and the Gaiety, and Mondays spent reviewing what he had seen, his work week was finished. To balance things out, he began to augment his criticism with a daily column called "Lobbying." It started out ostensibly as a collection of amusing things that he had overheard in theatre lobbies, and soon expanded to include interviews with visiting actors. When, inevitably, it turned out that neither actors nor the people who hung around theatre lobbies consistently said funny things, Ace was forced to make up the jokes that found their way into the column. By default, he had become a humorist.

At some point during his early years at the *Post*, Ace abandoned his family's surname, Aiskowitz. In 1896, at the age of twenty-one, Ace's father, Harry, had come to the United States from Riga, in Latvia, stopping briefly in New York before moving on to Missouri, where a few of his relatives had already settled. Within a year, he married a first cousin, Anna Katzen, who had accompanied him on the boat over, and eventually they had four children, one of whom died as an infant. The eldest child and only son was born January 15, 1899, and named Goodman, in honor of his maternal grandfather, Gutman Katzen, who had been a rabbi in Riga. Ace says that he can remember certain details of his own birth—"The doctor picked me up and slapped me once, and lo and behold, there I was, one minute old, with a strangulated hernia and no Blue Cross"—but he manages only a highly selective recall of the rest of his childhood and adolescence. As periods of childhood and adolescence go, his didn't really last very long, abbreviated by the imperative to earn a living and support his mother and sisters. Anglicizing one's last name has meant different things to different people. In Ace's case, it meant placing at a safe distance certain less-than-soothing memories. "As far as the family name was concerned, I liked the fact that it ran from 'A' to 'Z,'" he says, but the decision to make the change didn't require much deliberation. His colleagues on the newspaper had already found it convenient to diminish Aiskowitz to Ais, and from there it was only a short orthographic segue to Ace—one that deprived posterity of a radio show called "Easy Aiskowitzes."

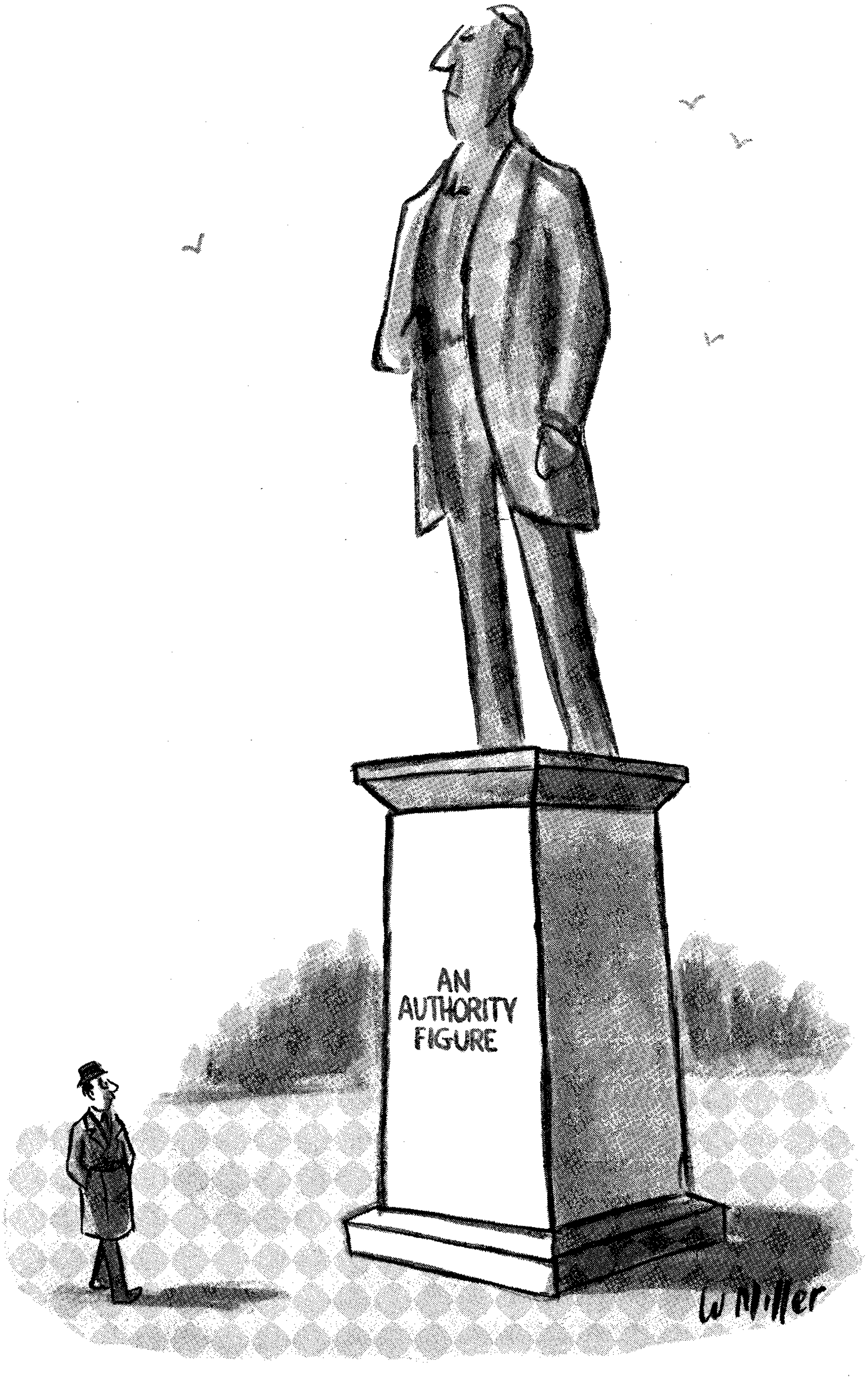
RADIO came to Kansas City in 1921. During its first few years, Ace stayed too busy with his reviewing chores to pay much attention, but when vaudeville performers began to turn up on the air and, conversely, when radio performers like Freeman Gosden (Amos) and Charles Correll (Andy) began to show up in Kansas City with vaudeville adaptations of their radio routines, it became his business to pay attention. He wrestled briefly with the problem of where to get the money to buy a good radio, and solved it when an obliging theatre owner rigged a lottery drawing that enabled him to win a nice Atwater Kent.

Curious as it may now seem, even as late as 1930 an apparently serious debate existed over whether radio ought to become a medium for commercial advertising. That year, Merlin Aylesworth, the president of NBC, told Congress that radio should not resort to "direct advertising," which actually meant only that a sponsor should refrain from mentioning the price of his product, and soon, of course, the disingenuousness disappeared altogether. For a while during the mid-twenties, however, the direct-advertising stricture meant that sponsors simply lent their company names to programs—titles like "The General Motors Family Party," "The A. & P. Gypsies," and "The Voice of Firestone" proliferated—and many small stations enjoyed the luxury of not worrying about advertising revenues, because the stations existed in the first place merely to pub-


"Could you spare a twenty to restring my tennis racquet?"

licize the well-established enterprises that owned them.

In 1922, Bonfils and Tammen sold the *Post* to Walter S. Dickey, a manufacturer of clay sewer pipes, who already owned a morning paper, the Kansas City *Journal*. As a publisher, Dickey could be as eccentric as Bonfils or Tammen. One of his edicts forbade the use of the word "concrete" in his papers—as in, for instance, "concrete example"—concrete being a looming threat to his clay-sewer-pipe empire. Dickey eventually merged his papers into one, the *Journal-Post*, and not long afterward the paper set aside a small warren adjacent to the city room, covered the walls with burlap, and established a radio-transmission line to KMBC, a local radio station. A *Journal-Post* staff member read the news over the line every day at noon—an arrangement that provided the paper with publicity and the station with a news service. The station was managed and partly owned by a man named Arthur Church. Church knew a few things about radio, but mainly he knew a two-word phrase that he uttered any time someone suggested an idea for a fifteen-minute program. The phrase was "Ten dollars." When Ace recommended two weekly programs—a chatty movie and theatre guide called "Ace Goes to the Movies" and then a Sunday-morning show in which he prefigured Fiorello LaGuardia's later leap to stardom by reading the funnies to children—Church came across with a perfunctory twenty bucks.



At this point, Ace was living in marginal debt at the lavish and fabled Bellerive Hotel, and he had no trouble finding ways to spend an extra twenty per week. Although he initially became involved in radio to earn more money, the chore soon turned into pleasure, and so was to be mildly mistrusted. Ace had been careful to respect a distinction between business and pleasure. During his early years at the *Post*, he made it a policy to know actors well enough to write about them in "Lobbying" but not so well that a presumption of friendship existed. There were occasional exceptions—among them Jack Benny, Groucho Marx, Fred Allen, Portland Hoffa, George Burns, and Gracie Allen, people whose talents impressed him greatly. In the autumn of 1927, Benny sent Ace a note that said, "Opening next week in New York. Please send jokes. Will pay." Ace had never seen New York, but he did some digging and learned that Benny, the m.c., would appear second on the bill, preceded by a Chinese magician. Benny's opening gag, as Ace wrote it, called for him to saunter onstage and, arms folded against his chest, chin resting in the palm of his hand, mutter, "My, how vaudeville's changed—it used to take Japs or better to open." The joke was in character for Benny and apparently went over well the first night, because he sent fifty dollars, along with the message "Your joke got lots of laughs. If you have any more, send them along." Ace returned the check, accompanied by his own message: "Your check got lots of laughs. If you have any more, send them along." "I definitely could have used the fifty," says Ace, "but I didn't want to ruin my amateur status with my friend Jack. And through our long years of friendship we maintained that nonprofit relationship."

NOTWITHSTANDING the low-budget limitations of early radio, the medium loomed as Ace's deus ex machina. In 1922, he had precipitated minor guerrilla warfare with a retail clothing merchant named Jacob Epstein by marrying his daughter Jane. She was wispy, pretty, blond, and blue-eyed—a fairly frivolous young woman with a sophisticated sense of humor and an as yet undiscovered gift

IMPORTED
FROM ENGLAND
BEEFEATER
London
1873·1911·1924
Produced & Bottled in England
LONDON DISTILLED
DRY GIN
JAMES BURROUGH LIMITED LONDON ENGLAND
94° PROOF
4/5 QUART
KOBRAND
Wines
Spirits
KOBRAND CORPORATION
NEW YORK, N.Y.
Sole United States Importers
DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
The first name for the martini.
The last word in gin.

IT'S NO COINCIDENCE AMERICA'S HOT NEW SPORT COUPE IS A PONTIAC SUNBIRD.

Because Sunbird is one very sophisticated little car.

In America. Or anyplace else in the world.

With the Rally RTS Handling Package available, Sunbird's cornering and maneuverability can whittle even the Alps down to size.

Sunbird's standard contoured bucket seats, cut-pile carpeting and new cushioned steering wheel are decidedly un-Teutonic. If you order the luxury interior, its comfort rivals some cushy Americans.

Sunbird's also running with a new cast-iron four this year. Exclusively from the Wide-Track people. 2.5 litres (151 CID) of Pontiac persuasion.

So efficient, EPA estimates rate a Sunbird with the 2.5 four, available 5-speed manual transmission,* 2.73 axle and no air conditioning at *28 mpg in the city test... 41 mpg in the highway test.* Your mileage may vary depending on how you drive, your car's condition and available equipment.

So responsive, you'll have a tough time deciding between it and the great V-6 we make available.

But that kind of choice is just one more reason why you should buy or lease a new 1977 Pontiac Sunbird.

GM

*Not available in California.

PONTIAC THE MARK OF GREAT CARS

for reading overlapping dialogue. The wedding was by common standards a low-profile affair: the guest list consisted of the bride and groom, a rabbi, and Ace's friend Manny Shure. Jacob Epstein managed to conceal any pleasure that his daughter's marriage may have brought him. He had done reasonably well in the clothing business, and apparently hoped for a son-in-law who would care enough about the difference between gabardine and worsted to accept a small store as a dowry. When Epstein first heard that Ace had a job with the Kansas City *Post*, he said, "Oh, really? Where's your newsstand?" The marriage successfully withstood Epstein's assaults and lasted fifty-two years, until Jane died, although Ace now concedes that his relationship with his wife wasn't without its tribulations. "Oh, we occasionally disagreed," he says. "For instance, I don't think Jane's admiration of 'Kukla, Fran and Ollie' was as enthusiastic as mine." Whenever anyone greeted Ace in public and asked, "How's Jane?," his standard response was, "Fine—if you like Jane."

In 1929, after seven years of marriage, Ace still hadn't checked into the clothing business, but Jane was on the verge of breaking into radio. It happened, as such things will, pretty much by accident. One Friday evening, "Ace Goes to the Movies" was supposed to be followed by a CBS network show with Heywood Broun. Goody was at the microphone and Jane was seated in the studio waiting for him to finish his show, and when it came time to switch to the network, Broun was nowhere to be heard. The only thing to do was to keep talking, and since Ace had already exhausted what he had to say about the movies in town that week, he began to improvise. "I'd like for all of you to meet my roommate," he said, and motioned to Jane to join him at the microphone. Then he steered the conversation toward their bridge game of the previous evening—auction bridge, the predecessor of contract bridge, being the local rage at the time. A few days earlier, a Kansas City housewife had killed her husband during an argument over a bridge game, and the Aces were able to milk that for a few laughs. The jokes were all quite droll. "Would you care to shoot a game of bridge, dear?" Jane asked, and Ace remarked that the dead man had been buried "with simple honors." When Ace accused Jane of not playing a hand correctly, she said, "I notice that whenever we lose, you're always my partner." She added that she didn't really like bridge, because she thought it was unlucky to hold thirteen cards. When Ace asked her why she didn't finesse, she said, "I hate to finesse. It makes me nervous." The Aces did this for fifteen minutes without a script, and somehow the dialogue managed to flow spontaneously, and fortunately someone was listening. Don Davis, a local advertising man, called and offered the Aces a contract for a thirteen-week show, to be sponsored by a chain of drugstores. The figures sounded reasonable: twenty-five dollars a week for Goody, fifteen for Jane. They signed.

To earn ten dollars per week more than his wife, Ace had to write the stuff that they broadcast. A precedent was established. "Easy Aces" grew out of Goody's imagination, but Jane was indisputably the star of the show. She delivered the laugh lines; his were the straight setups and the softly muttered "Isn't that awful?" that trailed in the wake of her malaprops and misquotations ("Time wounds all heels"). Her radio persona thrived upon logical illogic; he matched that with a sort of tolerant plaintiveness. The Aces certainly didn't "own" the wise-husband/goofy-housewife shtick—George Burns and Gracie Allen, among others, operated a variation on the theme in their vaudeville acts—but the Aces were the first to make it work on radio, because they made it work in a special way: through the ear. Their success had almost as much to do with their limitations as with their abilities. Gracie Allen, for example, who had the instincts of a dramatic actress, felt comfortable on the vaudeville stage, and managed to adapt first to radio and then to television. Jane Ace bore no pretensions as an actress. She had a natural gift for reading comic dialogue, and she felt most comfortable displaying it within the cozy confines of a broadcasting studio, with a microphone and other radio actors as her only companions. When "mr. ace and JANE" went off the air, in 1949, she didn't leap for television stardom, as she certainly could have if she had wanted to. Radio had been her métier, and, rather than undermine her success in that medium, she more or less retired.

When the Aces' first thirteen-week contract with the drugstore chain ran out, so did the drugstore chain. Arthur Church, who had become the Aces' manager, helped them find an interim sponsor. About this time, the Aces got a call from John Rich, an account executive with Blackett-Sample-Hummert, a large advertising agency that was based in Chicago. Rich had heard "Easy Aces" a couple of times while passing through Kansas City on business, and he believed that "Easy Aces" belonged in the Blackett-Sample-Hummert repertoire. In the radio era, before the networks understood quite what they could do or how they wanted to do it, advertising agencies performed many functions that the networks now perform for themselves. The agency operated, in effect, as an independent production company—first "creating" a show, then writing it, then engaging a sponsor, and, finally, delivering the finished package to the network. The deal that Rich offered the Aces—a thirteen-week tryout in Chicago, with all expenses paid but no salary included—struck them as less than persuasive. "I had heard that Jack Benny and Burns & Allen were getting five hundred dollars per week in vaudeville, so I asked for that, too," says Ace. "Rich said that sounded O.K. So, just like that, we went from nothing to five hundred a week, which I thought was pretty good."

Ace took a leave of absence from the *Journal-Post*, at no pay, but continued to write "Lobbying" on a daily basis. Meanwhile, John Rich sold "Easy Aces" to Lavoris, the mouthwash people, who were entitled to a standard renewal option if they liked the initial thirteen-week segment of the program. When Lavoris renewed "Easy Aces" after thirteen weeks on the air, Ace celebrated by cutting his column-from-abroad from seven times a week to three. Goody and Jane had initially decided that when they had saved twenty-five thousand dollars they would return to Kansas City and he would resume his job at the newspaper. But now the Kansas City tie was weakening, and when Lavoris renewed a second option Ace decided to write "Lobbying" only once a week. By the end of their first year in Chicago—the 1931-32 broadcasting season—Ace had settled his debts in Kansas City, put some money in the bank, and concluded that it was time to break his contract with Arthur Church. The day after he did it, the Aces signed for another year with Lavoris, for sixteen

GORDON® OF PHILADELPHIA

STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER, Philadelphia;
O'NEY'S, Timonium, Md.;
TWEEDS 'N TEES, Farmington, Conn.;
or for the store nearest you,
write Gordon Sales Associates,
1410 Broadway, New York 10018.

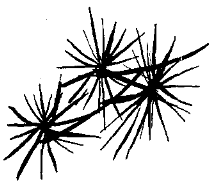
GORDON MAKES THE DIFFERENCE

. . . in a Summer duet for relaxed living. A crisply handsome front-pleated skirt in Summer duck. 65% polyester/35% cotton, about $28. Its neat little tee shirt mate . . . in a bold tri-color stripe knit. 50% polyester/50% cotton, about $15. Both fully washable.

SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

hundred and fifty dollars per week. The seductive charm of money began to take hold, and there went the twenty-five-thousand-dollar goal. Now the goal was unlimited.

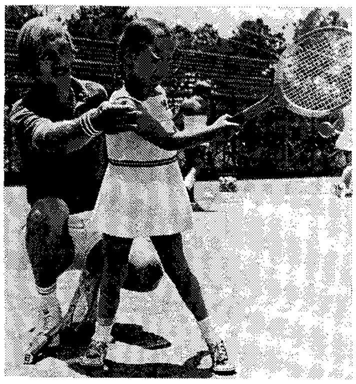
Apparently, word of this prosperity quickly filtered back to Kansas City, because Ace started hearing from some of his hometown cronies, including a fellow drama critic with whom he had shared the services of the political boss Tom Pendergast's private bookmaker. The bookie operated out of an office on the twenty-second floor of the Kansas City Athletic Club, so Ace immediately understood a cryptic note he received one spring day in Chicago. It said, "Please send five hundred dollars or I'm going to jump off the twenty-second floor of the Kansas City Athletic Club." Today, when he tells this story, Ace pauses to let a few cigar ashes fall, and then he says, "So I sent my friend a check for two-fifty and told him to jump from the eleventh."

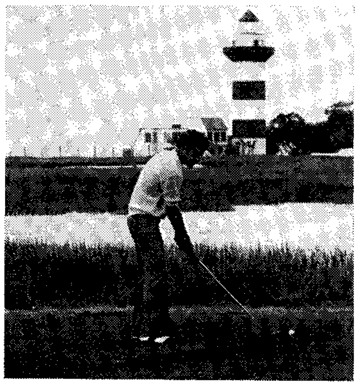


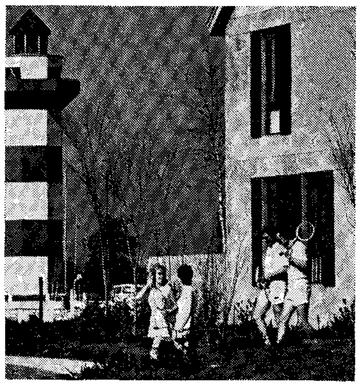
Everything went well with Lavoris until the middle of the second season, when the sponsor phoned one morning to complain that "Easy Aces" had gone on the air five minutes late the previous evening. "It caught me by surprise," says Ace. "I told the guy, 'But that can't be. This station *always* goes on on time.' And the Lavoris man said, 'I have a grandfather clock that hasn't lost a minute in fifty years.' At the end of the year, they decided not to pick up the program again. I don't know what they were mad about, other than our disagreement about that fellow's grandfather clock. Anyway, now we really were out of a job. So in the summer of 1933, along with Mary Hunter, who had become one of the mainstays of 'Easy Aces,' we went to New York, where we expected to be met with open arms, and weren't."

In other words, there were apparently no sponsors available for radio shows. After Ace had checked fruitlessly with several agencies, an acquaintance told him to try Blackett-Sample-Hummert, whose New York office was run by Frank Hummert. "My response to that was that Blackett and Sample must be angry because we had lost the Lavoris account," says Ace, "but I was told to go see Hummert, who was supposed to be different." In time, Ace discovered that "different" described Frank Hummert with some accuracy, but "tall," "quiet," "laconic," "gentle," "intelligent," and, above all, "imaginative" described him more precisely. In the late twenties, Hummert had left Chicago and opened the New York office, where his copywriting skills and his reputation as a topnotch "idea man" flourished. Together with his wife, Anne Ashenhurst, who had originally been hired as his assistant at B.S.H., Hummert became the most prolific and successful entrepreneur in radio. The Hummerts devised story lines, hired the writers, took a direct hand in the scriptwriting and casting, personally composed commercial copy, and became the mainstays of the burgeoning radio soap-opera industry. During the forties, the Hummerts had thirteen daytime soaps on the air, plus five half-hour evening shows. Their office was less an agency than a factory. Hiring the Aces in 1933 posed no special problems, because, unlike all the other Hummert shows, this cast came with the writer built in. The Aces agreed to go on the air fifteen minutes a day, four days a week, for thirteen hundred dollars a week. Meanwhile, Jane began to balk, reasoning that any act worth sixteen-fifty in Chicago shouldn't go for less in New York. Ace won that argument by telling her, "Now, say this aloud: 'I do not want to work for one thousand three hundred dollars a week.' "

HAVING literally and figuratively arrived in New York, Ace began to write scripts to fit the cultural setting. A word that frequently came up in descriptions of the "Easy Aces" brand of humor was "urbanity," and urbanity was a quality that the critics failed to detect in—regardless of their virtues—"Clara, Lu and Em," "Just Plain Bill," "Buck Rogers in the Twenty-Fifth Century," "The Story of Myrt and Marge," and most of the other programs that shared the airwaves in 1933. As radio characters, the Aces were "white bread;" the name of the show certainly contained no trace of identifiable ethnicity, and the subject matter conveyed a general ambience of blue-eyed blondness. Jane was a housewife named Jane; Goody was "Dear" or "Mr. Ace," a toiler in a Manhattan advertising agency. A broad assortment of radio actors drifted in and out of the scripts, depending upon who happened to be in town, was underemployed at the time, or had been dragged into the studio by one of the regular members of the cast. The regulars included Mary Hunter, their co-star, who played Marge, Jane's best friend, and whose greatest attribute was a hearty, resonant laugh—a live and welcome laugh track







Take a vacation from ordinary vacations at the finest resort in America.

Think back for a minute about your vacations.

You packed your bags, packed the kids into the car...and packed yourself off to the same old place that you've been to over and over again.

A vacation should be a vacation, not a habit.

Come to Sea Pines.

Come to our 5,000 acres at the tip of Hilton Head Island, South Carolina.

Come play on our four and a half miles of beach, our four fine golf courses, our tennis courts—there are 42 of them in immaculate condition. Come play in our sailboats.

Or just sink into a chair on the porch of your villa or vacation house. And snooze the lazy day away under the warm Carolina sun.

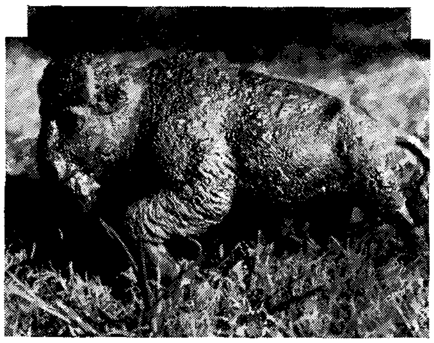
A vacation at the finest resort in America will spoil you for the rest of your life.

For reservations and information, call your Travel Agent or 800-845-6131, toll free. Or write us at Dept. NY2, Hilton Head Island, SC 29948.

The finest resort in America

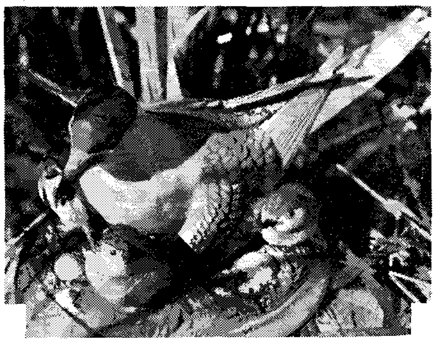
SEA PINES at Hilton Head

The Porcelain Jungle



Bison (6½"x3½" h.) $85.

Common Seal (7½"x2½" h.) $55.

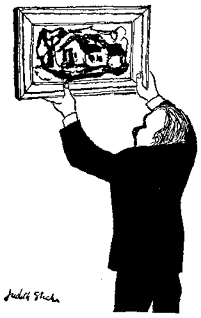


Roseate Tern (10"x4½" h.) $230.

It adds something to your
life to possess these
beauties of nature.
Aynsley's porcelain jungle
of animals & birds.
Colourful brochure.
Aynsley, 225 Fifth Ave.,
New York 10010.
(The English
member of the
Waterford Crystal family.)

by Aynsley®

in the days before phony laugh tracks lulled radio and television audiences into inattention. As Marge laughed, Ace muttered whatever it was he was inclined to mutter. The other cast members included, at various times, Leon Janney, as Jane's brother, Paul Sherwood; Helene Dumas, as Laura, the Aces' housemaid; Pert Kelton, as Mrs. Bell, another maid; Martin Gabel, as Neal, Marge's boyfriend; Ann Thomas, as Miss Thomas, Mr. Ace's Jane-brained secretary; Everett Sloane, who played many characters, from an old judge to a psychiatrist to an auctioneer; and Ken Roberts, who played the Aces' adopted twenty-one-year-old son, Cokey. Later on, when "Easy Aces" had become a half-hour show, Ken Roberts was the program's announcer and also portrayed the Aces' next-door neighbor, a radio announcer named Ken Roberts.



This whimsical blurring of the distinctions between real people and show-biz artifice must have pleased Ace greatly. It gave the program a tone of amusingly transparent disingenuousness—the sort of disingenuousness reflected in Mr. Ace's contention that he and his wife lived in "a typical little Eastern town called New York City."

The stuff of "Easy Aces" was classic sitcom, each show presenting an agon that proceeded toward a reasonably tidy resolution by the end of the broadcast. Three nights each week, Jane provoked some comic misadventure in the Ace household, and Goody—or, rather, Dear—padded softly through the background, hoping that it would all go away. In real life, the Aces were living in high style—first at the Essex House, later at the Ritz Tower—but they managed to avoid garishness. There was something fundamentally self-effacing about Ace, in both his radio and his real-life embodiment. Certainly the radio Aces were relatively well-to-do and sophisticated, but when the critics mentioned the show's urbanity, they were actually applauding its literariness—its attempt to transcend average sitcom by focussing less upon gags and pratfalls than upon words themselves. This didn't mean that, assured of a sponsor and the attention of the listening public, Ace would have preferred to abandon the strain of writing to go on the air with dramatic readings of "Wuthering Heights." What it did mean, I think, was that he wanted to show just how, as Jane often malapropped when she was at a temporary loss, "words fool me."

This helps to explain the abrupt demise of a syndicated "Easy Aces" television series that flickered briefly in the late sixties. Ace had agreed to write a pilot for the series, which was produced in Canada. After he had seen several completed episodes, however, he was eager, to the point of litigiousness, for the show to be cancelled. The actors didn't look right to him, and he couldn't stand the direction. Whenever the script called for a malaprop, the camera clumsily zeroed in on the actress who portrayed Jane. The spontaneity and delicacy of the humor had been sacrificed. Although this happened at a time when commercial television was about twenty-five years old, it echoed many of the mistakes that had characterized the medium in its infancy. By the early fifties, the broadcasting business had, in a brief time span, completed a strange cycle. Fred Allen, whose style of radio humor came as close as anybody's to resembling Ace's, described the phenomenon in "Treadmill to Oblivion," his wonderful radio memoir. In the thirties, a group of Texaco executives decided that Ed Wynn would do well as the star of a show to be called "The Fire Chief," but they needed some reassurance that he was the right man for the job. At the time, Wynn was appearing in a Broadway play called "The Laugh Parade." The Texaco people finally agreed that the best way to predict Wynn's suitability for radio was to sit through his entire Broadway performance with their eyes closed. So they did. "When they opened their eyes," Allen wrote, "Ed got the job." With the advent of television, the same philosophy (with a bit of interpolation) still applied: anything that could work on Broadway could move to radio, and, conversely, anything that succeeded on radio could shift to the visual medium of television. As far as Ace was concerned, this sort of reasoning was entirely wrong. To convert a program from radio to television meant, in many instances, to equip it with the sort of buffoonery that had characterized much of vaudeville. Consequently, humor that was rooted in words rather than in sight gags was bound to lose a bit in the visual translation. The radio microphone, abetted by the imagination of the audience, could actually "lie" much more effectively than the television camera, and that was fine with Ace. So much of what he saw and

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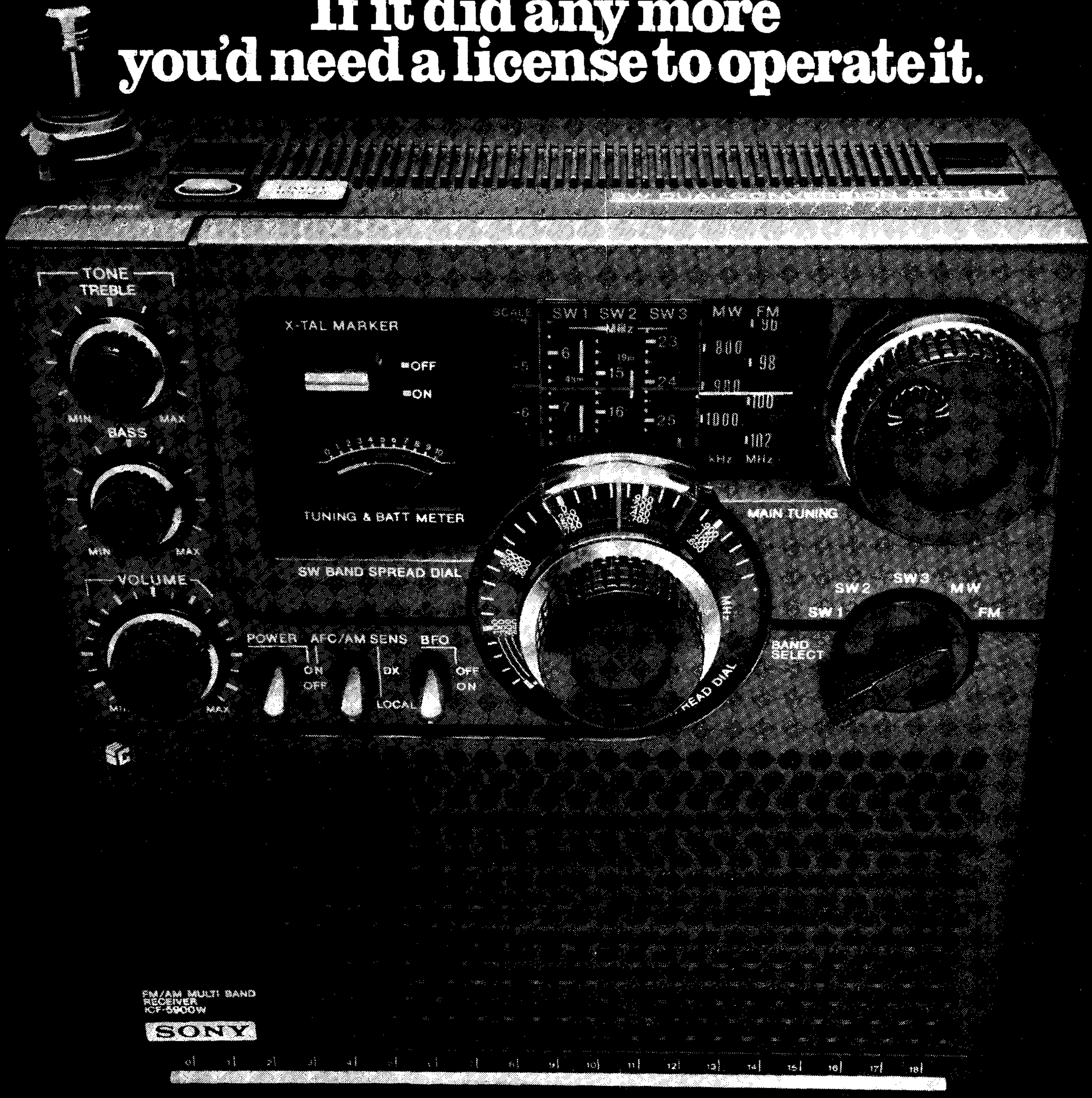
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heard in the world around him seemed slightly muddled, and he was happy, after a fashion, to muddle right back.

"When we were doing 'Easy Aces,' the dialogue had to be made to overlap," says Ace. "On television or the stage, the pauses between two actors' lines could be filled with physical gestures. But on radio we had to fill these pauses with 'Well, I—uh' and 'Oh, well, I was going to . . .' It took a while for Jane to learn how to time and read those lines. In fact, I wrote a lot of 'I—uh's and 'Oh, well, uh's into her scripts. These pauses, with the background muttering, were very important. I even built it into the show. Jane would say, 'Don't just sit there muttering to yourself.' And I would say, 'A man's best friend is his mutter.' And Jane would follow that with 'Now, let's not drag *her* into this.' That 'mutter' joke is a malaprop, although someone might claim that it's really a lapsus comicus. A lot of people mix up the two. A true malaprop is an actual word with a meaning of its own, even though the meaning is out of context. A lapsus comicus is a verbal boner that confuses things that don't contain similar-sounding words. Sam Goldwyn once said, 'A verbal contract isn't worth the paper it's written on,' or Jane said, 'Love makes the world go round together.' Lapsus comicus there. When Andy used to say, 'I'se regusted,' that wasn't a malaprop *or* a lapsus comicus, because there's no such word as 'regusted.' I finally eliminated the distinction between a malaprop and a lapsus comicus by thinking of them both as janeaceisms. Making up these things was easy, because wherever we went we heard people saying weird things. Jane's father actually used to say, 'You're getting my ghost.' I guess it ran in the family. Jane's sister Eva once sent us a letter that ended, 'P. S. Guess who died.'

"The best malaprops are those that make a point, such as 'Be it ever so hovel, there's no place like home.' . . . 'I was down on the lower East Side today and saw those old testament houses.' . . . 'I got up at the crank of dawn.' . . . 'Living in squander.' . . . 'Absinthe makes the heart grow fonder.' . . . 'Familiarity breeds attempt.' . . . 'We're all cremated equal.' . . . 'I refused to tell him who I was, I used a facetious name.' . . . 'The food in that restaurant was abdominal.' . . . 'Just explain it to me in words of one cylinder.' . . . 'Congress is still in season.' . . . 'In all my bored days.' . . . 'Every picture I see of Abraham Lincoln makes

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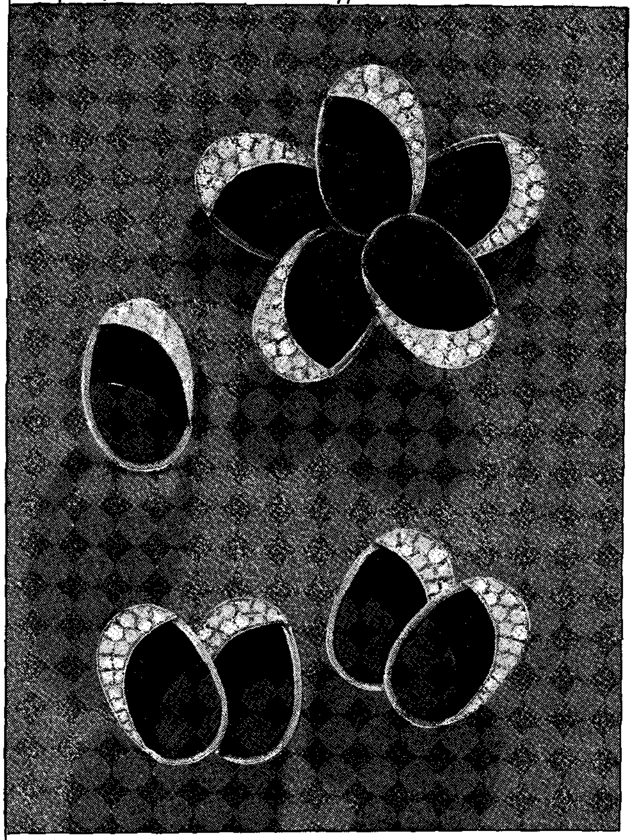

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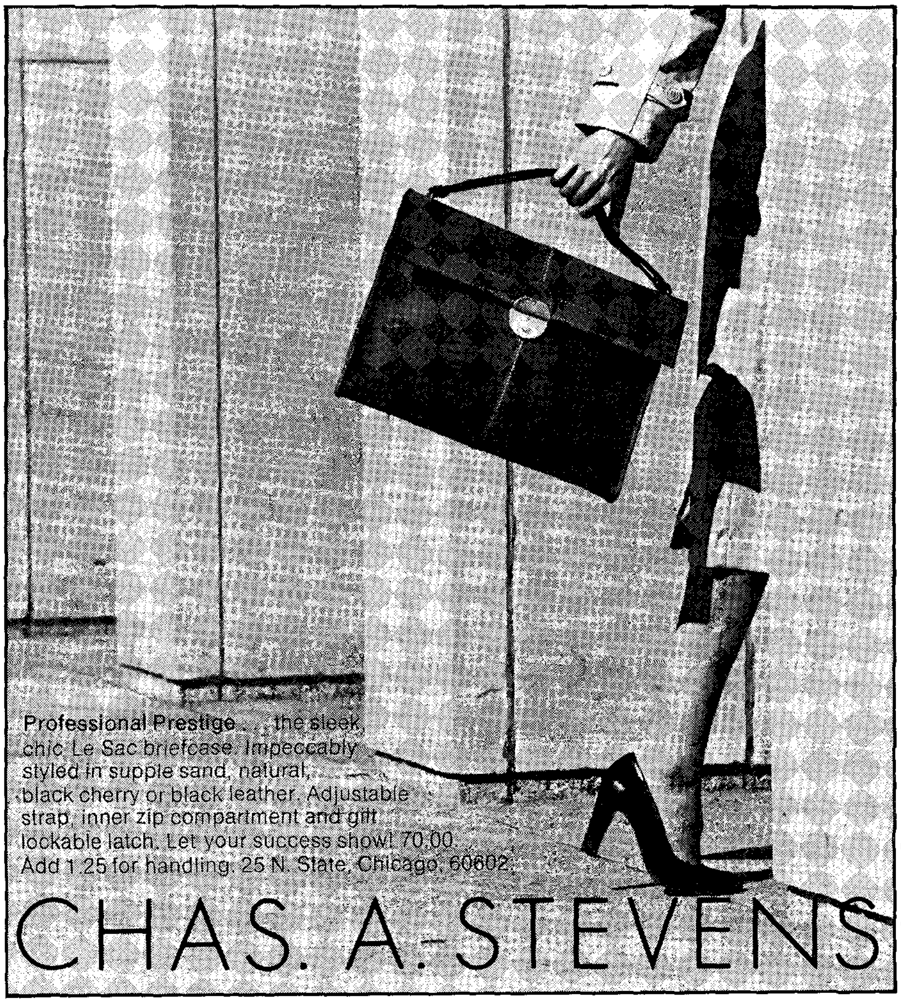

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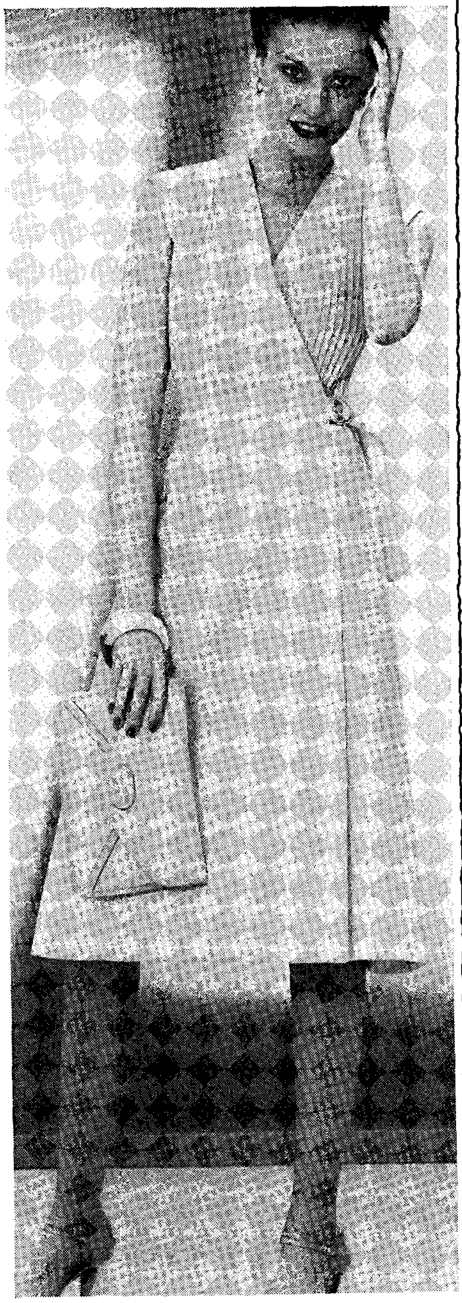
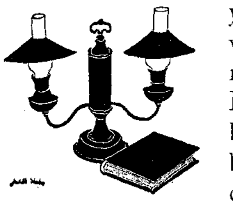


him look so thin and emancipated.' After saying these things enough times on radio, Jane would get a little confused. We'd be sitting at home and she would come up with a remark like something was 'the fly in the oatmeal—or is it ointment?' "

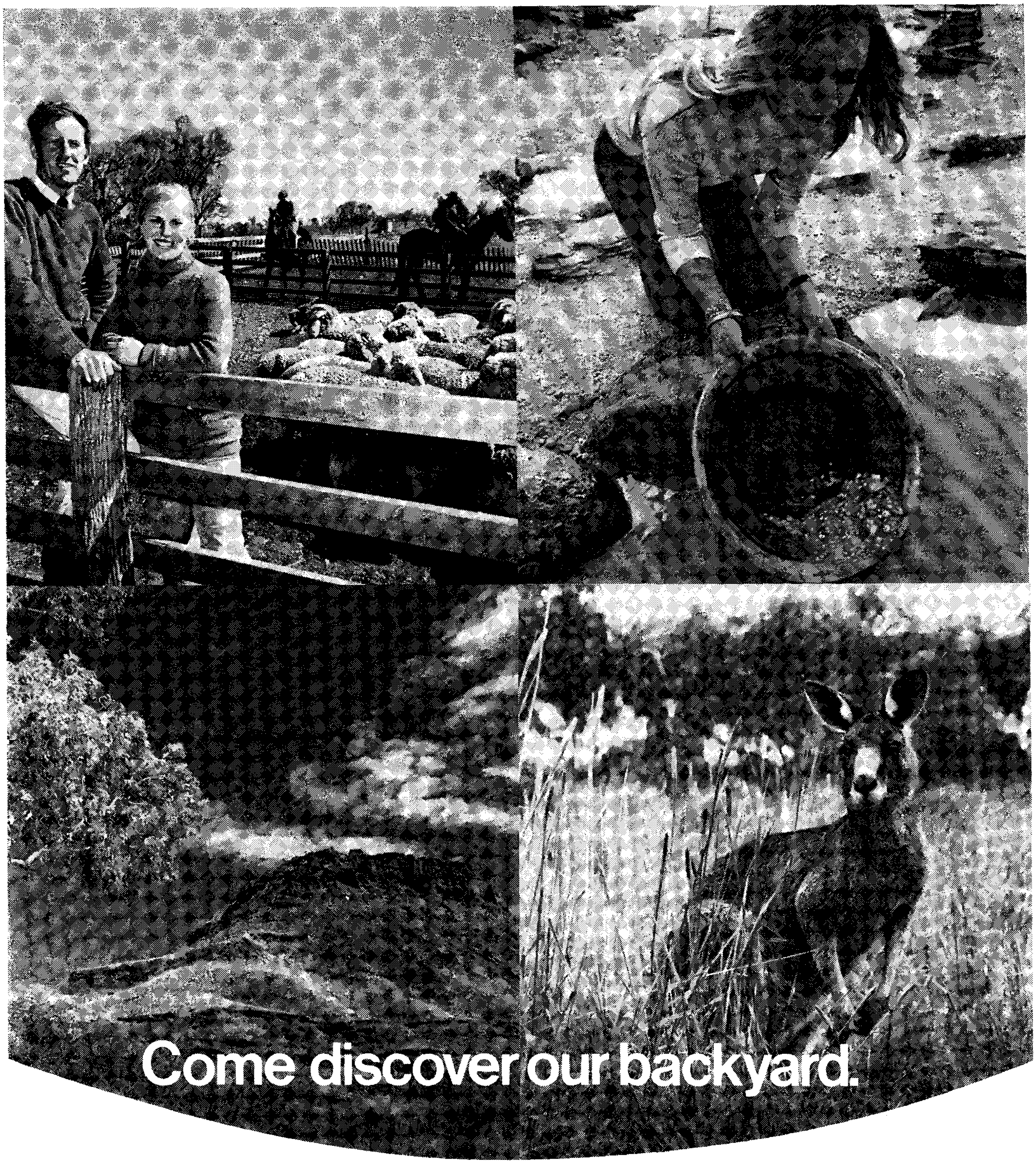
Eventually, "Easy Aces" left its mark on common parlance, and the malaprop that proves a point invariably seems more appropriate than the original phrase. Often, janeaceisms—which are, in the first place, goodmanaceisms—creep into Ace's own everyday conversation. Rather than take for granite that Ace talks straight, a listener must be on guard for an occasional entre nous and me, or a long face no see. In a roustabout way, he will maneuver until he selects the ideal phrase for the situation, hitting the nail right on the thumb. The careful conversationalist might try to mix it up with him in a baffle of wits. In quest of this pinochle of success, I have often wrecked my brain for a clowning achievement, but Ace's chickens always come home to roast. From time to time, Ace will, in a jerksome way, monotonize the conversation with witticisms too humorous to mention. It's high noon someone beat him at his own game, but I have never done it; cross my eyes and hope to die, he always wins thumbs down.



THREE times a week, working a week ahead, Ace churned out the stuff of "Easy Aces." He gauged the quality of an episode by the number of cigars he smoked while he wrote it. (According to this standard, a two-cigar script rated higher than a five-cigar one, which was often too labored.) Burdensome as Ace's work load seems, it was actually much lighter than that of some of Frank Hummert's drones. At the going rate of twenty-five dollars per script, each writer, working at three different typewriters, would manage to write five episodes of three different shows each week. With so many loose threads dangling, it was inevitable that story lines occasionally unravelled. Often, however, a story line could be abandoned *in medias res* with virtually no ill consequences.

"The plot mattered to me, but the most important thing was developing good characters," says Ace. "The malaprops were Jane's character lines, and she was the star of the show. I used to get a lot of letters from men who would say, 'My wife is as dum as your wife'—they usually spelled it d-u-m. Jane's character was not dumb. She was someone who viewed the world with a certain pristine literalness. When it came to a story line, after two shows we'd know whether we had something interesting. I once asked Amos and Andy—Gosden and Correll—what they did if they started a story line and realized that it wasn't going anywhere. I wanted to know if they just quickly dropped the plot or explained it away, and they said, 'No, we forget we ever said it.' You could get away with that, because you had a lot of things that worked consistently—running gags—to fill the breach. Like the hall closet in 'Fibber McGee and Molly.' Fibber was always promising to clean it out, and every time he opened the door you heard the most awful crash. Or Jack Benny's vault in the basement. You would hear Jack walking down a long corridor, and gates and locks and chains were clanging. Those things just worked best on radio. When they tried them on television, I thought a great deal was lost."

The casualness with which things appeared to happen at times in radio should not suggest that the Aces were tinkering carelessly with the medium. Like any serious humorist, Ace was curious to explore the uses of wit. He isolated a special style of humor and proceeded to exploit it, catching the sight and sound of the world with a rare set of eyes and ears. Although Ace's own political sympathies flowed generally along the Roosevelt mainstream, his success formula for "Easy Aces" did not call for heavy doses of social realism. (Jane seems not to have harbored any well-articulated political convictions, although she did once accuse Groucho Marx of being a Communist because of some derogatory remarks he made about the New York Yankees.) At one point during the thirties, a group of right-minded performers and writers suggested that radio was failing in its obligation to promote the civil rights of blacks. To correct the situation, it was felt, more blacks should be hired for radio acting roles, and the public should be introduced to greater numbers of black doctors and lawyers and fewer sleeping-car porters. Invoking the near-obvious, Ace wanted to know precisely how—shy of encouraging actors to speak in unflattering dialects—to inform a radio audience that a certain character was black or white. (One obvious irony was that Gosden



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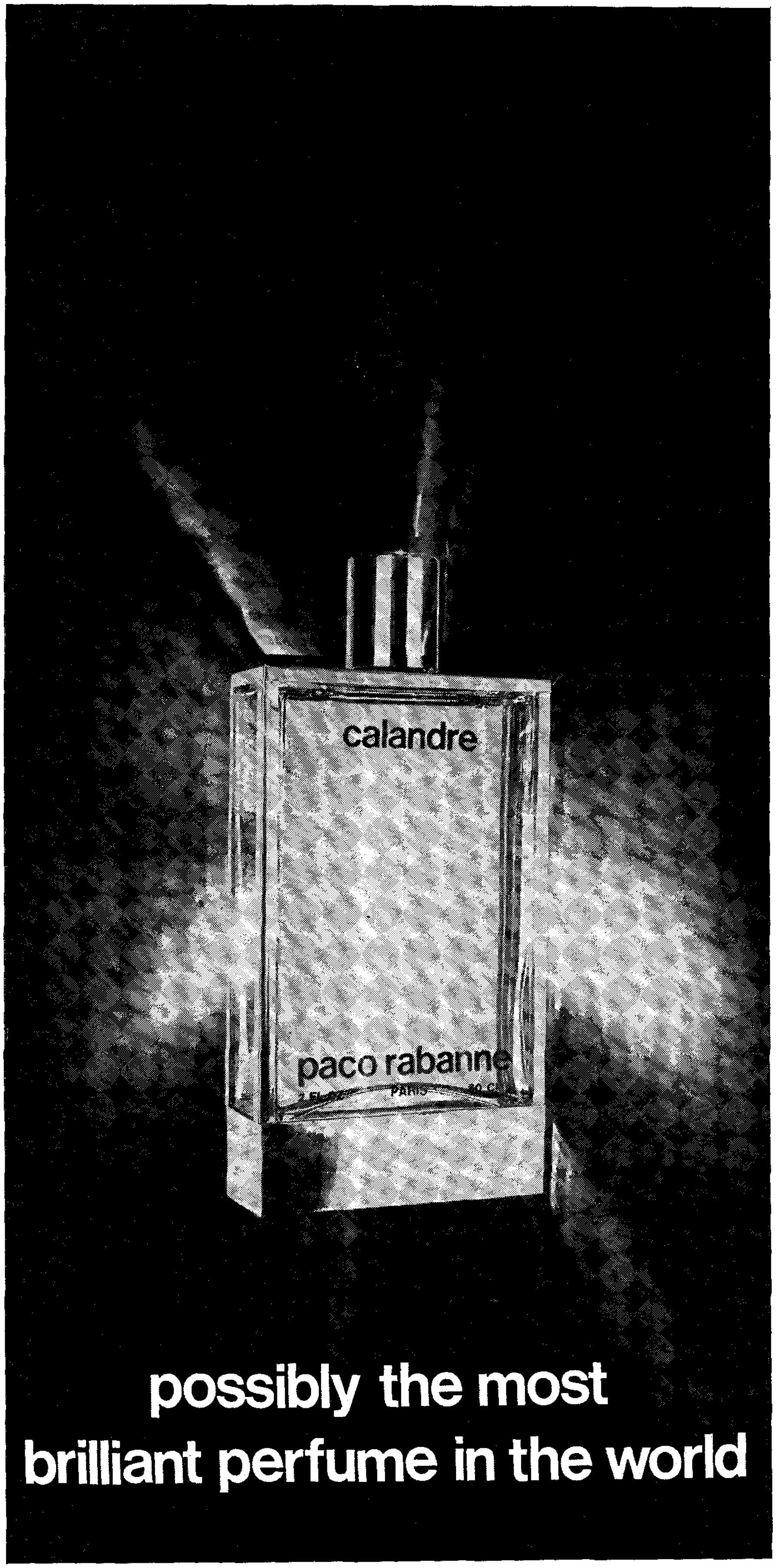
and Correll, the actors who portrayed Amos and Andy, were themselves white.) Ace's oblique and sardonic answer to the dilemma was to make certain that all ostensible menials on "Easy Aces" sounded distinctly Caucasian. This led to the creation of Pert Kelton's character—a housemaid who addressed everyone by his first name, while she was universally deferred to as "Mrs. Bell." Earlier in the life of "Easy Aces," Helene Dumas portrayed a housemaid named Laura. In one episode, she struck for higher wages and picketed the Aces' home, chanting "Mrs. Ace is unfair!" When it came time for her to prepare dinner, Laura insisted that Jane carry the picket sign and maintain the litany. Jane complied, while Laura leaned out of a window and shouted, "Louder, Mrs. Ace! Louder, Mrs. Ace!"

If this sort of byplay was an attempt to redress gross social injustices, it would have to be regarded as an awfully shallow one. It should be remembered, however, that during this era few people seriously presumed that radio comedy should become a forum for political or social crusading. Because of its ability to attract an enormous audience, radio was the most democratic instrument of mass communication that the world had seen. The process of determining program content, however, was anything but democratic. The people who had the power wished to exploit radio primarily as an anodyne. There was very little argument over this point. For one thing, commercial radio's so-called golden years coincided with the Depression and the Second World War, and the public badly needed an anodyne. The era of loyalty oaths and blacklists had not fully dawned, and it was well past television's infancy before broadcasters were willing to treat a subject like racism in a situation-comedy context. Even now, in our age of enlightenment, sitcom social significance is delivered with the sledgehammer strokes of programs like "All in the Family." Racial gags have finally gained respectability, but widespread verisimilitude waits in the wings. Ace cared far less about social realism than he did about the classic comic myths—the triumph of servant over master, or, as he presented it, almost allegorically, the victory of spontaneous and chaotic janeaceism over pompous Reason. When Jane descended the stairs to carry her housemaid's picket sign, Goody was not trying to disseminate subtle Marxist propaganda



LORD & TAYLOR ALL STORES

over the airwaves. He liked to be topical but wanted most to be comical.

THROUGHOUT the life of "Easy Aces," the Aces switched back and forth between the two major networks, NBC and CBS. Their working relationship with the Hummerts remained good, and the Aces made a lot of money, having graduated to forty-five hundred dollars a week by the time they went off the air. A small portion of this was spent at Belmont and Saratoga. "We were horseplaying addicts, albeit at very small sums, but we couldn't break the habit," Ace confesses. (The Aces also kept boxes at Yankee Stadium and the Polo Grounds, where Jane, who in later years cultivated a hobby that Goody called "collecting injustices," was once struck and hurt by a foul ball.) Christmastime usually meant a shower of silver ashtrays and gold cigarette lighters from appreciative bookmakers, until one day Goody simply quit betting on the horses. "I was hurrying to finish an 'Easy Aces' script, because I didn't want to miss the daily double. Then it occurred to me, What am I rushing for? I'm not under contract to the horses."

He was, however, under contract to the American Home Products Corporation, the manufacturer of Anacin and the sponsor of "Easy Aces" during most of its existence. "For the first fifteen months on the air with American Home Products, we were sponsored by a product that they had to discontinue—a laxative that had a tendency to cake in the boxes on the grocer's shelf, or something like that," says Ace. "I know that our maid used it and it made her disappear. Following that, they came up with a product called Anacin, which they had acquired from some small outfit in Missouri. The total sales of Anacin the previous year had been two hundred thousand dollars. During the first couple of years that they sponsored us on 'Easy Aces,' the sales went up nine hundred per cent." Ace likes to recite this statistic by way of demonstrating his contempt for the radio and television rating systems. Fortunately, Frank Hummert's mistrust of ratings matched Ace's. Hummert cared only whether a product sold well, and he once ran a full-page ad in *Variety* to make his feelings on the subject public.

It was not an argument over ratings, then, that provoked the ending of Ace's relationship with American Home Products during the 1944-45 broadcasting season. In 1943, the program schedule had changed from three fifteen-minute shows a week to one half-

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hour show a week, and Ace had decided to accompany this change with a musical innovation. Up to that point, "Manhattan Serenade," which was the "Easy Aces" theme song, had been the only music broadcast during the show. Now, however, Ace arranged to integrate music and plot by inserting brief musical bridges to pace the show through the half hour. "I even hired the musicians out of my own pocket," he says. "The way it worked was that, say, Jane and I were having a discussion about the family budget or something like that. When we reached the point where I had just run out of patience and she had said something about 'the end of the fiasco year,' the musical bridge that carried us to the next scene would be 'Side by Side.' You know the lyrics—'We ain't got a barrel of money,' and so on. I liked the way it worked, and I think most other people did, too. But some dentist wrote the Anacin people and told them that he didn't like the music. Being in the pain-reliever business, Anacin must have counted on the patronage of dentists everywhere, so they suggested that we go back to the old music. This kind of provoked me, because in all the years on the air Anacin hadn't sent us a single letter saying that they liked the show. So I wrote a letter to them saying, 'I don't like the way you package Anacin these days. Before the war, you used to sell it in those little tin boxes, and now you're using this cardboard stuff and it just doesn't seem as nice.' And they thought up a clever answer to that, which was 'You're fired.' "

ACE's leave-taking from prime-time radio became a protracted affair, made final when "The Big Show," waylaid by television, went off the air in April of 1952. In retrospect, one wonders what took him so long. His entire vaudeville career, for instance, had lasted one week. In Chicago, during the winter of 1932, he and Jane had played the Chicago Theatre on a bill that included the Albertina Rasch Dancers, Ukulele Ike, and a less than memorable stair-dancing act. Goody and Jane had been hired to do five shows a day, six days a week, for twenty-five hundred dollars, with an offer to move on to the Paramount Theatres on Broadway and in Brooklyn for even more money. By the end of the third show on the first day, however, Ace was ready to rewrite the act—not because it didn't get laughs but because, true to character, he had tired of the material. Years later, in both radio and television, he shifted among

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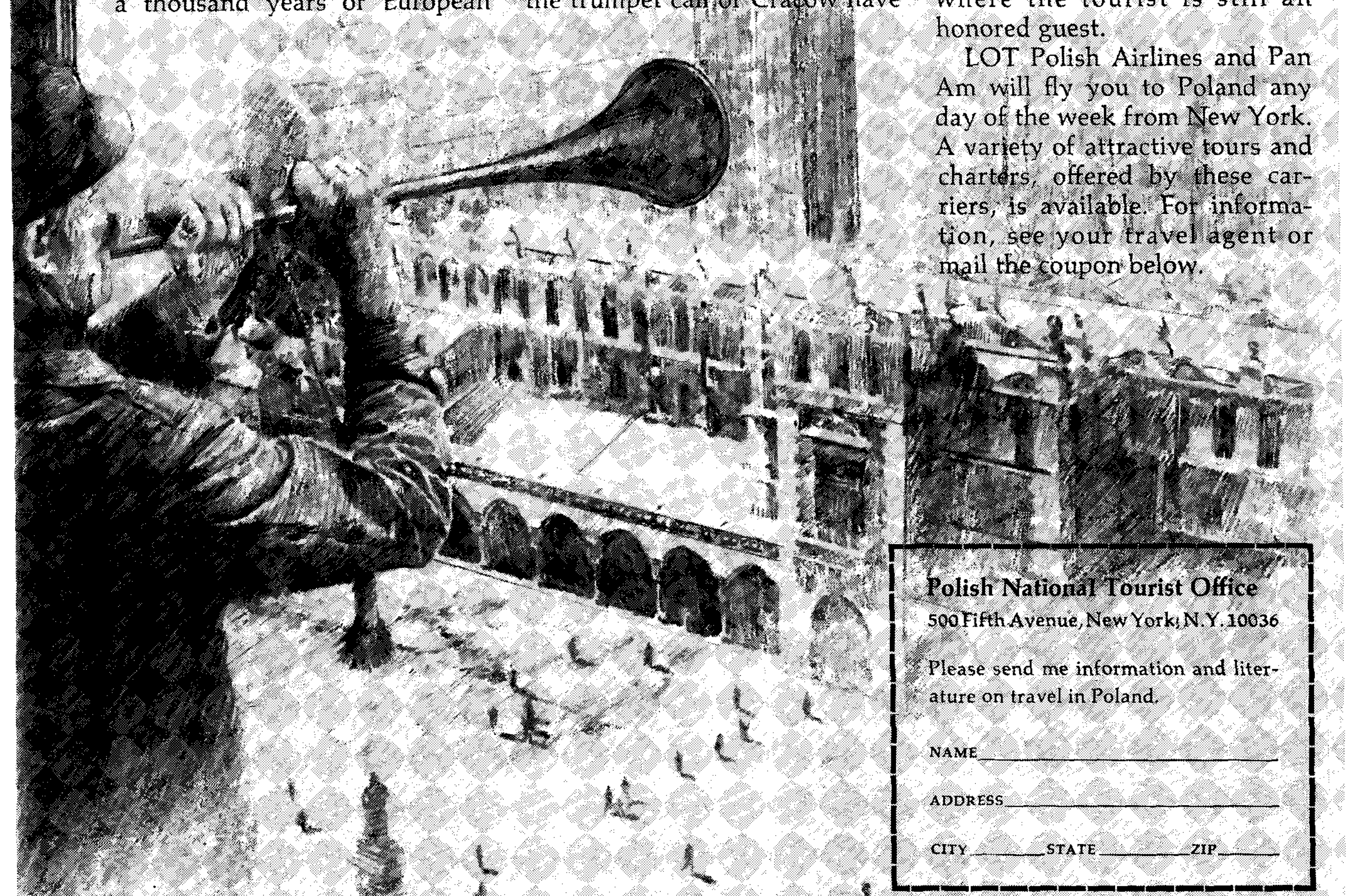

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various jobs as head writer—from Danny Kaye to Tallulah Bankhead to Milton Berle to Perry Como to Sid Caesar—with the apparent adaptability of a reliable journeyman relief pitcher. Looking back on "Easy Aces," Erik Barnouw, the broadcasting historian, detected a restless tone in the writing, which led him to say that Ace "appeared to be congenitally at odds with the form he was using." In many ways, Ace must have struck some people as congenitally at odds, period. In 1957, he wrote the screenplay for a movie called "I Married a Woman," a featherweight comedy that makes semiannual appearances on Late Shows. "It was the best thing I ever wrote and the worst thing I ever saw," he declared when the movie came out, and he never wrote another screenplay. At various times, he toyed with ideas for Broadway, and once outlined a play called "The Title," a romantic comedy about hypochondria, his favorite affliction. "The premise," says Ace, "was that the best cure for hypochondria is to forget about your own body and get interested in someone else's." Thus far, he has failed to carry through that project and has ignored a number of suggestions that he write for the stage. With Groucho Marx acting as middleman, he once had lunch at Toots Shor's with George Kaufman to discuss a Broadway adaptation of "Easy Aces"—Kaufman's idea. "If you write a play, I'll produce it," Kaufman said. "I'll make you the same offer," Ace responded. This congenial banter continued throughout the meal, and afterward the three stood outside the restaurant. Extending his hand, Kaufman said, "Goodbye, now. I'm going over to the Cavendish Club to play bridge, and as I'm sitting there I'd like to think that you've already started on Act One." As Kaufman walked away, Ace said to Groucho, "He shouldn't tell me what to do. I'm going over to the Friars to play some gin rummy."

Spoiled by the freedom he enjoyed as the writer-director-producer of "Easy Aces," Ace cherished his independence. Being fired by Anacin in 1945 hardly descended on him and Jane as an unacceptable shock. It offered them a respite, and it gave Ace, in particular, a chance to reflect and realize that as mass audience appeal drifted from radio to television his career would probably have to move with it. These ruminations were conducted in Florida, to which, accompanied by their all-white West Highland terrier, Blackie, the Aces had made it their habit to retreat when they weren't busy

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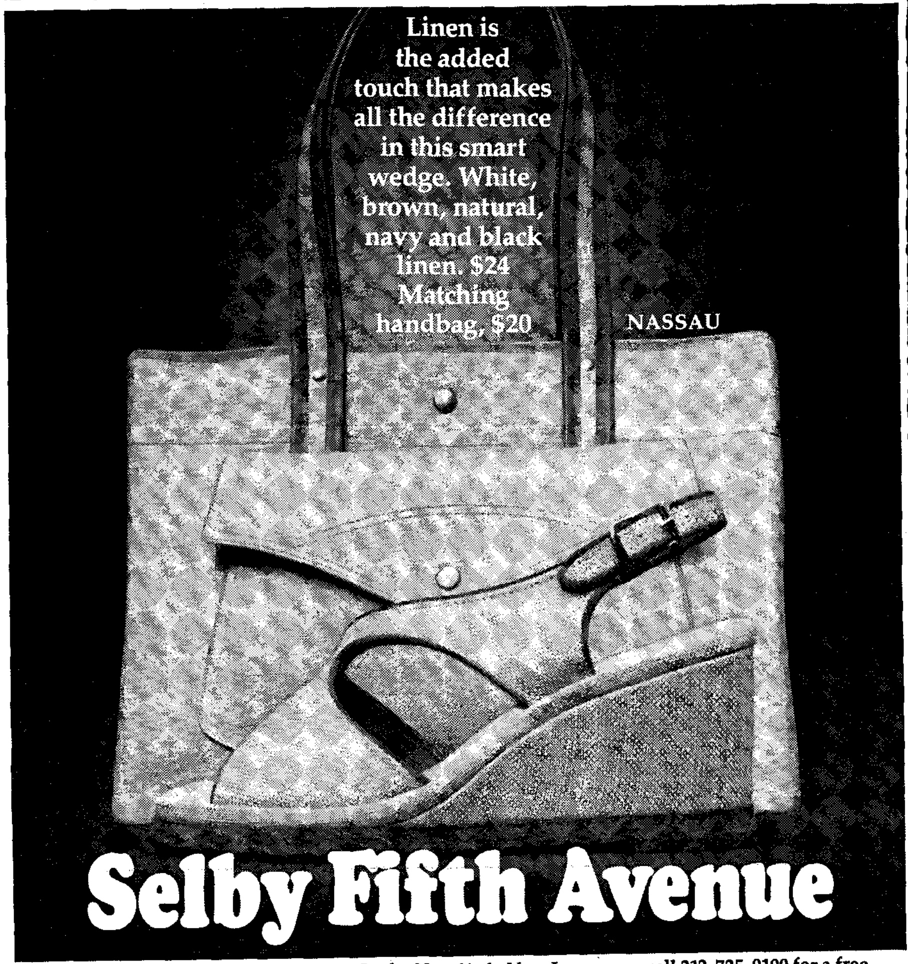

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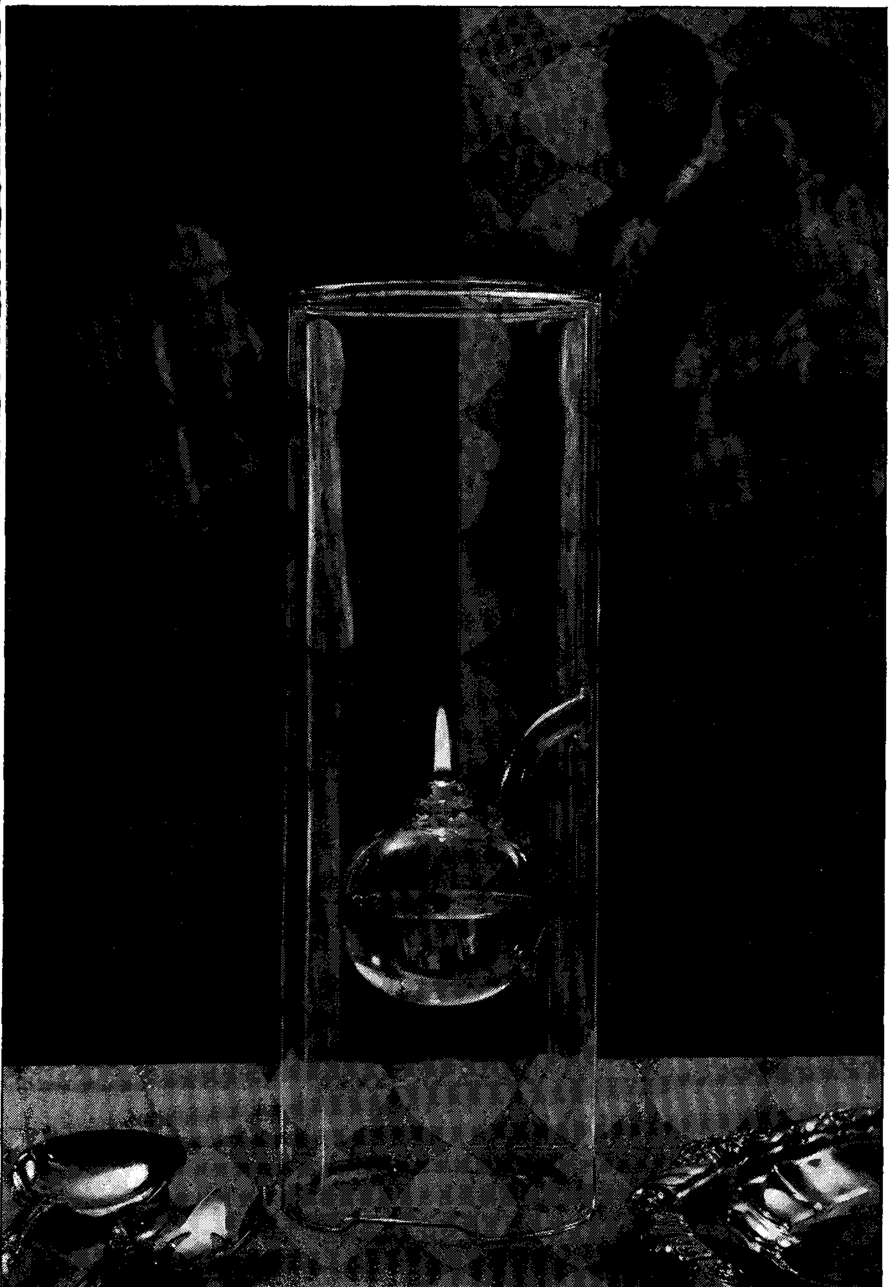
working. During the early years of "Easy Aces," before summer reruns, Goody and Jane managed to create vacations by writing themselves out of the scripts for several weeks. Once encamped in Miami Beach, Jane convened a court of loyal friends and sycophants who were attracted by the fact that her beach cabaña was equipped with one of the best-stocked bars on the Eastern seaboard. Goody, who never drank, stayed busy playing cards, reading, writing at leisure, and nursing a highly developed hypochondria. Ace did his best to salve the hypochondria with humor, but the symptoms that he suffered were quite real. A chronic shortness of breath and a rapid pulse convinced him, expert medical opinion notwithstanding, that he had a grave heart condition. When he was in New York, he alternated among several physicians, who supplied him with tranquillizers and placebos and were available to conduct annual checkups on a monthly basis. Eventually, one of his doctors obligingly gave the disease a name—neurocirculatory asthenia—prescribed breathing exercises, and somehow persuaded Ace that death was less than imminent. A strong indication that Ace had largely conquered his neuroses came in 1966, when he published a collection of short humorous pieces called "The Fine Art of Hypochondria, or How Are You?," which featured on the dust jacket a reproduction of one of his chest X-rays, autographed by his various doctors.

The sojourn in Florida in the winter of 1945 did not convince Ace that he was ready to work again. Upon his return to New York, however, he received an offer that, try as he might, he couldn't really refuse. "An agency man came to see me in New York and asked me to become the head writer for Danny Kaye, who had a radio show that he was unhappy with," says Ace. "I didn't really want to get involved in writing for other people—I wasn't sure what I wanted to do—so I mentioned what I thought was an impossible price: thirty-five hundred a week. The agency said fine. That put me on the spot, so I raised the price to forty-five hundred, insisting that I'd need to hire some co-writers. They agreed to that, too. I told them I'd stay with the show as long as they didn't take it to the West Coast, and after I'd been working for Kaye about four months they naturally decided to move to Hollywood—which, as I recall, is on the West Coast. So I announced that I was quitting. Kaye couldn't understand why. He said, 'I thought



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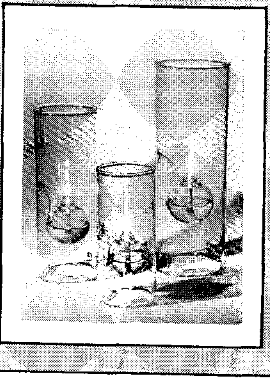

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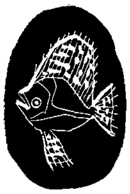
when we went together to buy you a new sport coat the other day that meant you'd agreed to go to the Coast.' I told him I'd bought the sport coat because I assumed the show was moving to Florida. Somehow, that didn't convince him, so I said the real reason I didn't want to go to the West Coast was that I'd heard it was three hours earlier there than in New York, and who wants to wake up three hours earlier?"

Despite its shortcomings, the Kaye interlude taught Ace that he could certainly write for other performers, and soon after he quit the program he took a job at CBS as the network's "supervisor of comedy," with responsibilities that were never clearly delineated. "I thought I was there to help produce new radio comedy shows," says Ace, "but then a vice-president would send me a script and ask what could be done to improve the show, which meant 'How can this get a bigger rating?' I didn't care a thing about ratings. I thought they'd hired me because they wanted my advice about writing. Part of my job was to find new talent, and the things that I liked were often disliked by the people in charge of programming. One day, when I was in a minority of one in several decisions, they played an audition recording of a new monologuist. The other people were all delighted, and they asked me what I thought. What I really thought was that the guy was awful. But what I said was, 'He's O.K., but when you use him on the air, at the finish of his monologue you should have the announcer say, "This is NBC—the National Broadcasting Company." ' "

Ace never learned to appreciate most broadcasting executives, but he maintained a fondness for William Paley, the chairman of the board at CBS. In Ace's opinion, Paley had a sincere desire to cultivate and encourage young comedy writers. In 1947, with Paley's blessing, CBS established a School for Comedy Writers, with Ace installed as the "dean." His students included, at one time or another, Neil Simon, Simon's brother Danny, George Axelrod, Ernie Lehman, Paddy Chayefsky, and six or seven other young funnymen-on-the-rise. The network gave Ace and his charges an office, a studio, a half-hour time slot, and the services of Robert Q. Lewis as the host of whatever weekly show they might produce. This noble experiment's most immediate dividend was "The Little Show"—prophetically named, because it lasted only six months and was destined to be little remembered, never enticed a commercial sponsor, and so did very little to brighten CBS's corporate balance sheet or standing in the ratings. Still, it offered bright satirical moments and, to a certain extent, prefigured such television programs as "That Was the Week That Was" and "Laugh-In." In keeping with Ace's belief that all successful radio or television comedy required the development of consistent characters, the writers of "The Little Show" managed to coin a number of innovative running gags—among them a studio audience that talked back—during the short time it was on the air. The stock characters included a chatty movie critic/gossip monger named Louella Pitkin, whose existence obviously owed a debt to Louella Parsons. Movie criticism was actually a sideline for Miss Pitkin—something she stumbled across in the course of her work as a theatre usherette.



Despite Mr. Paley's good intentions, there was obviously a limit to CBS's willingness to underwrite comedy that came packaged with no rating and no commercial interruptions. In February of 1948, three months after "The Little Show" folded, Ace returned to the air with "mr. ace and JANE." Though the basic ingredients of "Easy Aces" remained intact, the Aces performed, for the first time, before a live studio audience. The crowd consisted largely, Ace claims, of the overflow from "Winner Take All," a game show that was broadcast from an adjacent studio. "mr. ace and JANE" finally succumbed to a low rating in May of 1949.

WITH his career as a radio performer at an end, Ace parted company with CBS, and as he did so he realized that the network meant to shunt aside creative radio. "If an atomic bomb ever falls on New York City," he told a friend, "I want to be on the eighteenth floor of the CBS Building, because there's no radio activity there at all." The fault, of course, wasn't merely CBS's. Time was simply running out for radio, a reality that Ace confronted when he next went to work, at NBC, where "The Big Show"—the Little Bighorn, in effect, of radio activity—had its début November 5, 1950.

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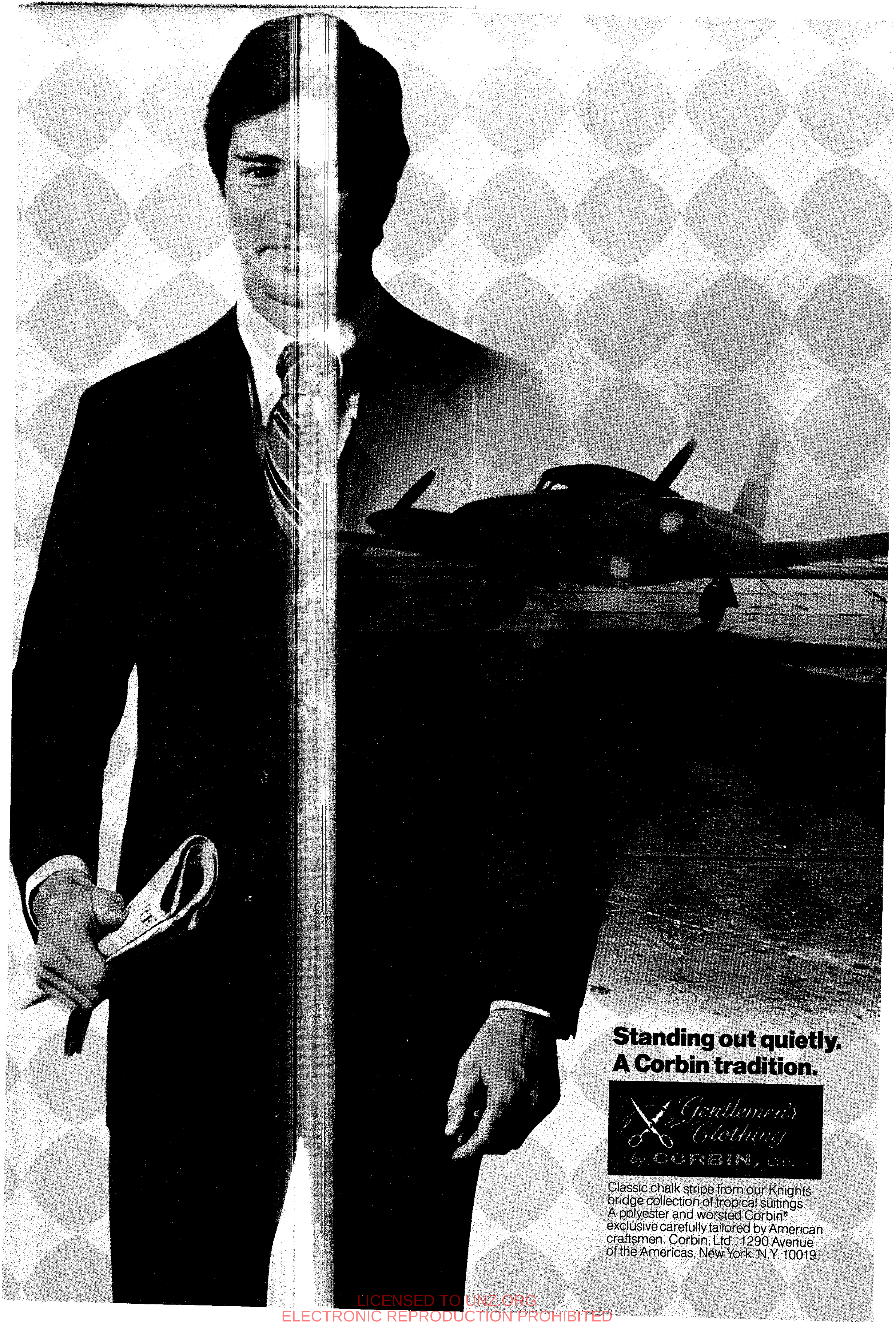
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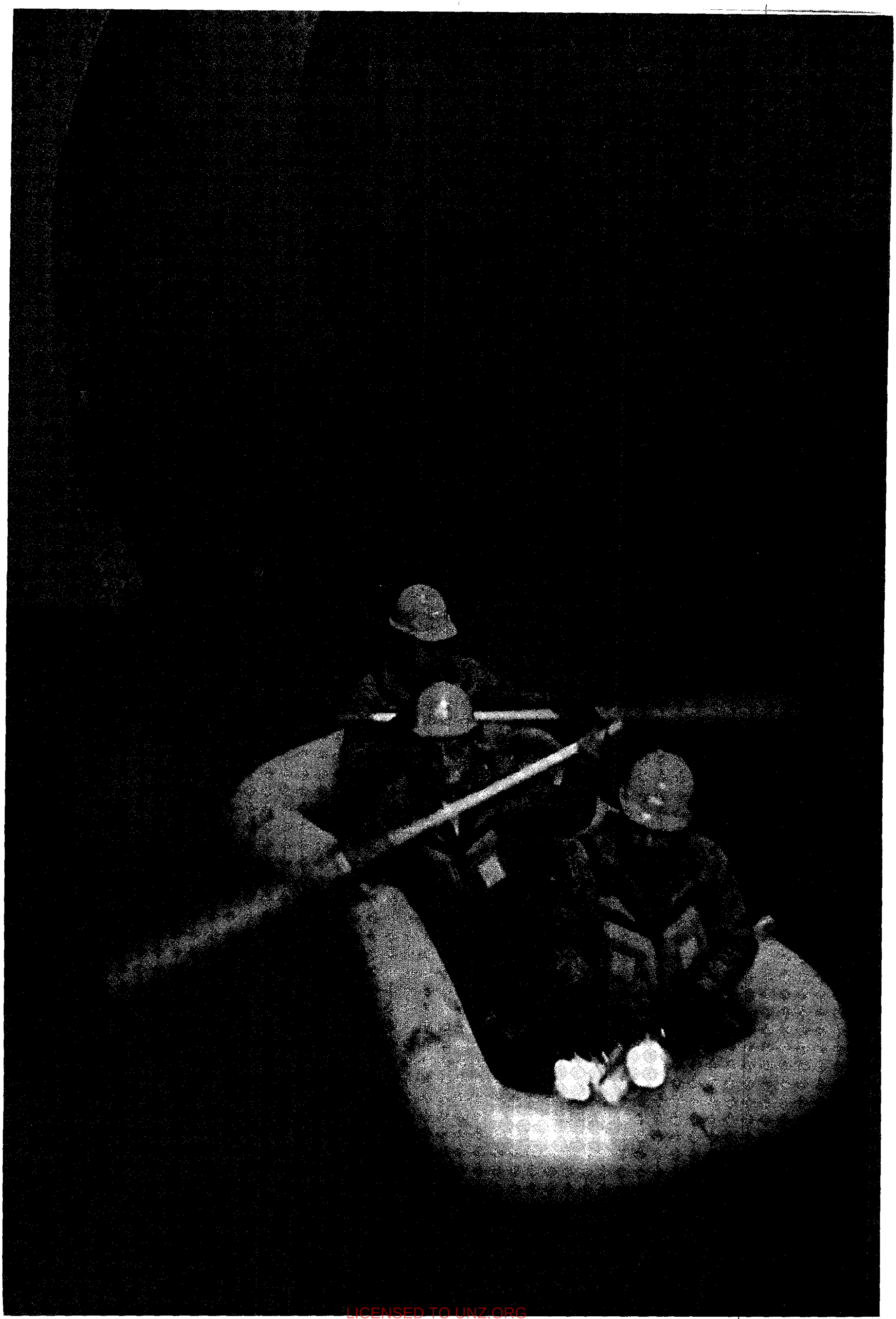

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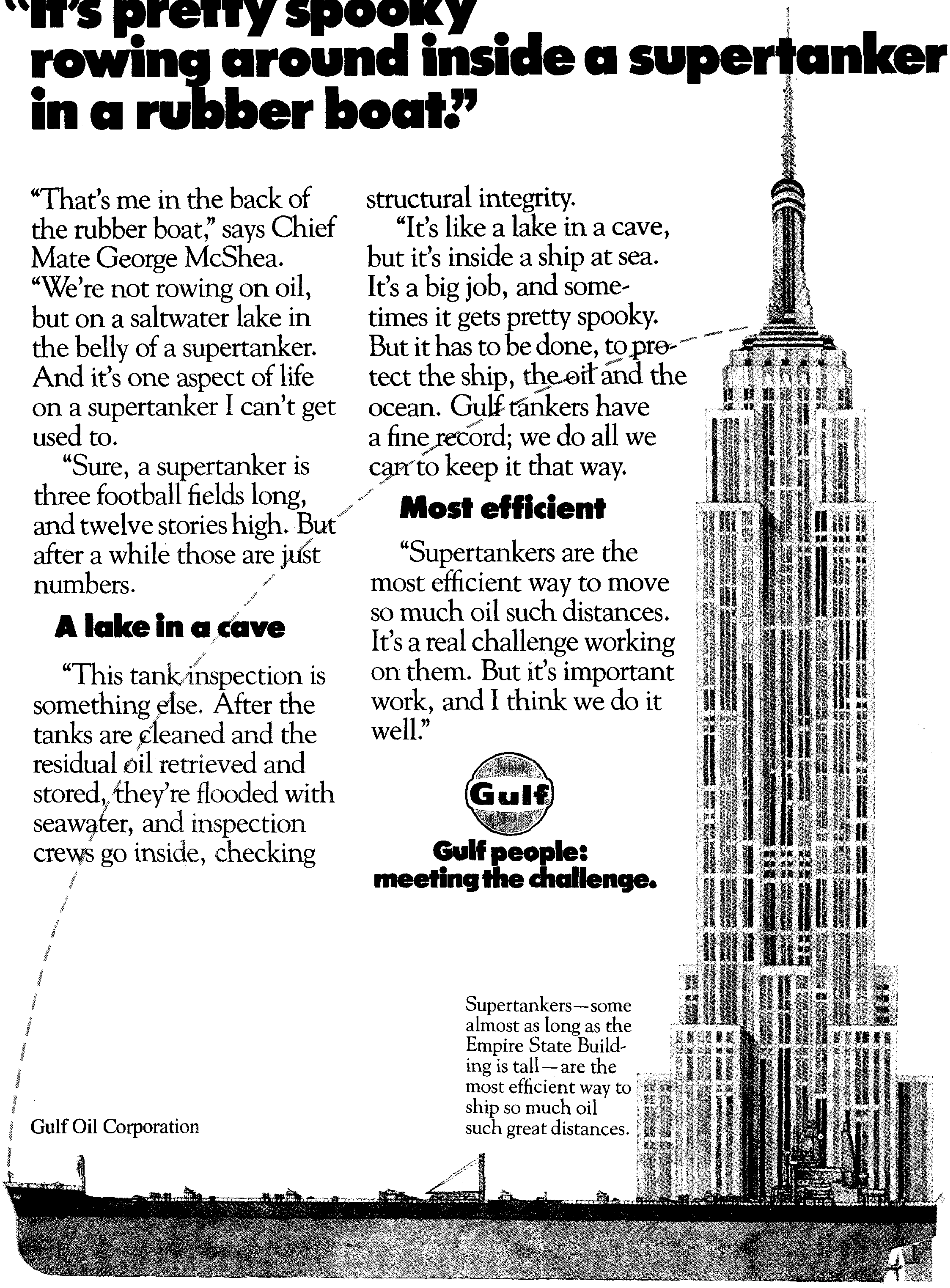

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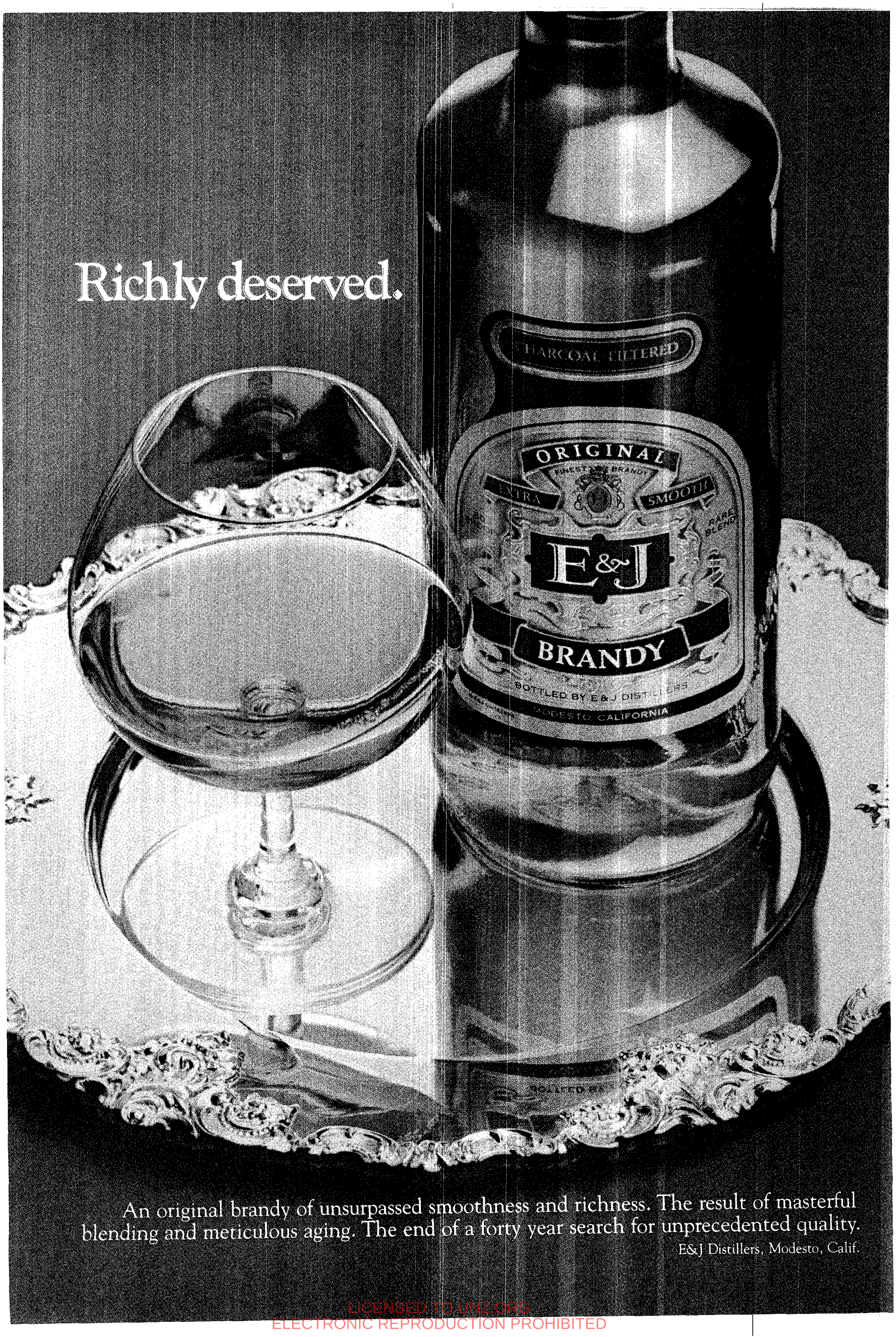

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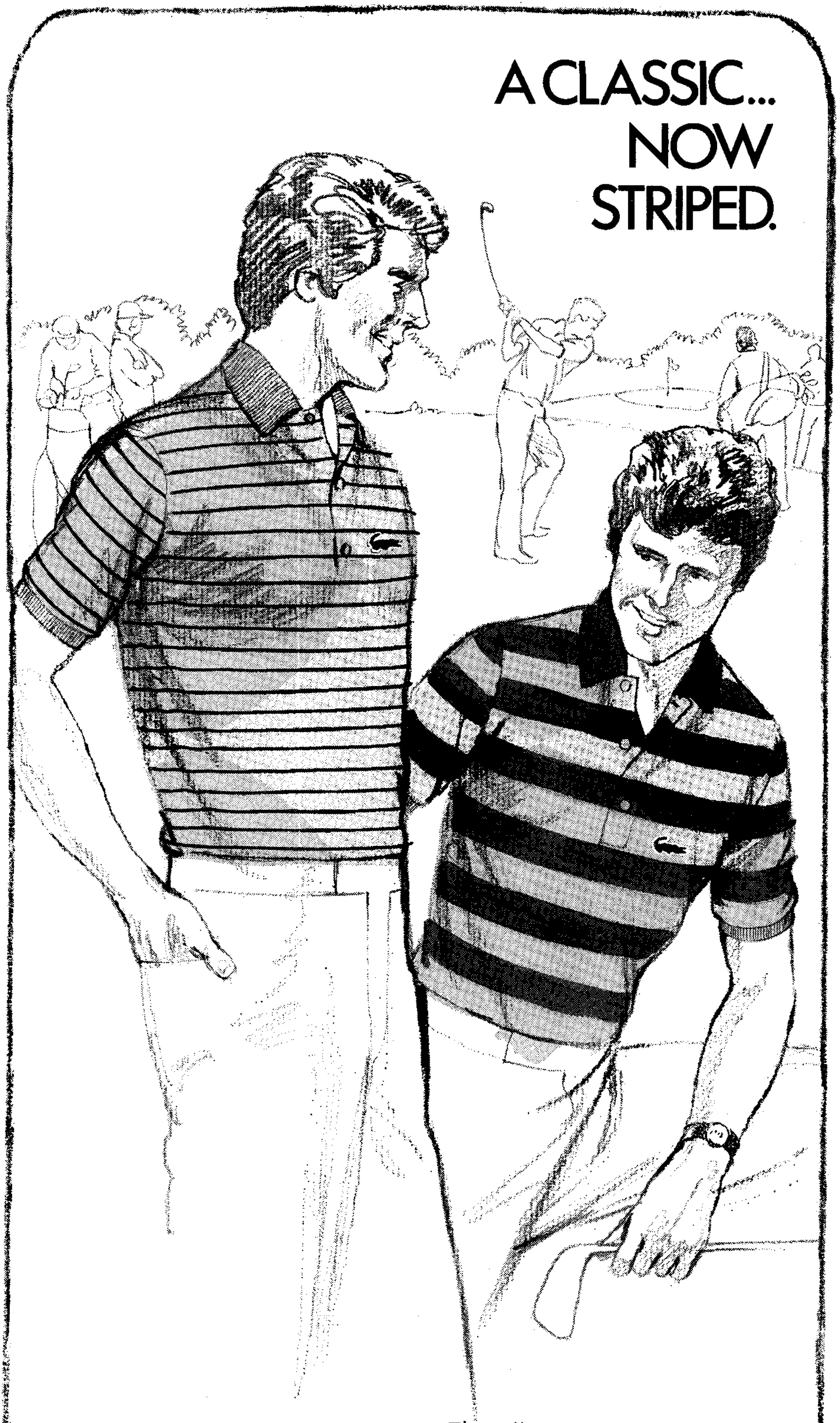
person, such bright stars as . . ." was the way that Tallulah Bankhead—breathlessly, earnestly, almost convincingly—began each Sunday-night program. The roll call the first week included Fred Allen, Portland Hoffa, Mindy Carson, Jimmy Durante, José Ferrer, Frankie Laine, Danny Thomas, and a triumvirate from the Broadway musical "Call Me Madam"—Ethel Merman, Russell Nype, and Paul Lukas. For Ace and his co-writers, it must have been an unwieldy crowd of talent, this herd of big-name egos, to fit into a ninety-minute format. The glitter of well-known guest stars made "The Big Show" a prestige enterprise, but, despite this aura, it had overtones of a swan song. Ace knew it, repressed the thought, and faced the challenge of writing for Bankhead. In taking the job, he had to absorb a significant cut in pay. "My friend Ben Griefer, who was also my manager, convinced me to take the job," says Ace. "He suspected it would be a winning enterprise. I thought Tallulah herself would be the biggest problem we'd have on 'The Big Show.' Before we had our first script meeting with her, I told the other writers that we had to be tough. 'Let's be firm,' I said. 'Let her know that we know what we're doing.' Naturally, she swept into the room, and her first words were 'Are you gentlemen the authors?' It so happened that none of us had ever been called an author before, so we ended up getting along very well."

Tallulah offered what Ace could work with best—a recognizable and distinctive popular image around which the program's humor could be molded. "Two other writers had been hired before I joined the program, and we had a dummy script for the first show," Ace says. "The script indicated that we were going to have Ethel Merman singing the score of 'Call Me Madam'—it seemed like the entire score—along with Russell Nype and Paul Lukas. Then, after the songs, Tallulah would say, 'Thank you, Ethel. That was wonderful.' And Ethel would say, 'Thank you, Tallulah, for having me on the show.' Then Tallulah: 'Oh, thank you, Ethel. It was our pleasure.' Ethel: 'Oh, thank you, Tallulah.' I asked, 'Why do we keep thanking Ethel? She's getting paid to do this show, isn't she? Why don't we do this in Tallulah's idiom?' So I rewrote it, and it came out quite different. After Ethel had finished singing for eight minutes, we made it clear that Tallulah was seething—you know, because *nobody* takes the stage



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away from her—so when the applause died down, Tallulah said, 'Thank you, Ethel, and better luck next time. No, actually, dahling, it looks as if you've got another hit show that's certain to run on Broadway two years. Let's see, now. You've had about *fifty* shows that have run two years each, haven't you, dahling?' " And the gentle gibes flowed on and on.

"Our motto was 'We write to order,' " says Ace. "On 'The Big Show,' the theory was that every star had a right to say whether he or she liked what we had written, and we had a right to disagree or compromise. Tallulah simply read a lot of lines in good faith and then, in the middle of a live broadcast, would say, 'Oh, dahlings, I just *got* that one.' Then, there were always a few people who thought that we were out to get them. Jack E. Leonard, himself one of the early insult comics, used to say every time he saw me, 'Who are you writing against this season?' On one of the early shows, we had Margaret Truman singing. Each week, we took out a morning or an afternoon to talk with our guest stars. Miss Truman had a long list of particulars. She didn't want any mention of her father, the President, or her mother or the Vice-President or anything about politics at all on the show. I said to her, 'Miss Truman, you realize that we have a singer on this show, Mindy Carson. If we wanted a girl singer, we'd just have a girl singer. We know that you're going to sing, but we think you ought to talk, too.' She said, 'It's all right as long as I don't have to do anything political.' I explained, 'Nobody's going to do anything bad. Tallulah is a Democrat, and you like her, don't you? And you like Fred Allen, don't you? And I'm from Kansas City.' She liked Tallulah and Fred, and she remembered me from when I wrote for the newspaper in Kansas City, so I told her she could come in the day before the show and we'd take out what she didn't want us to say on the air. She said, 'Well, you might have to rewrite the whole show.'

"On Friday, the day before the dress rehearsal, she came in with three Secret Service guys, who I think were going to shoot the stuff out if we didn't agree to take it out. The first joke she objected to was when we had Tallulah say, 'I'm very eager to meet Margaret Truman. She must be a very bright girl. She's only in her twenties and already she's the daughter of the President of the United States.' After some complaining, we got by with that one.

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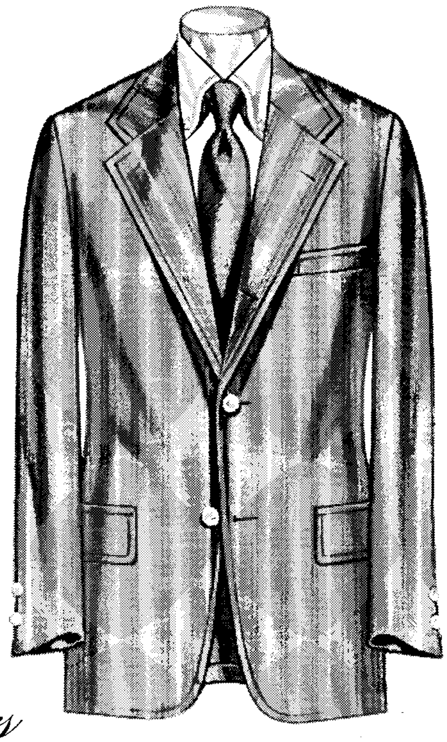

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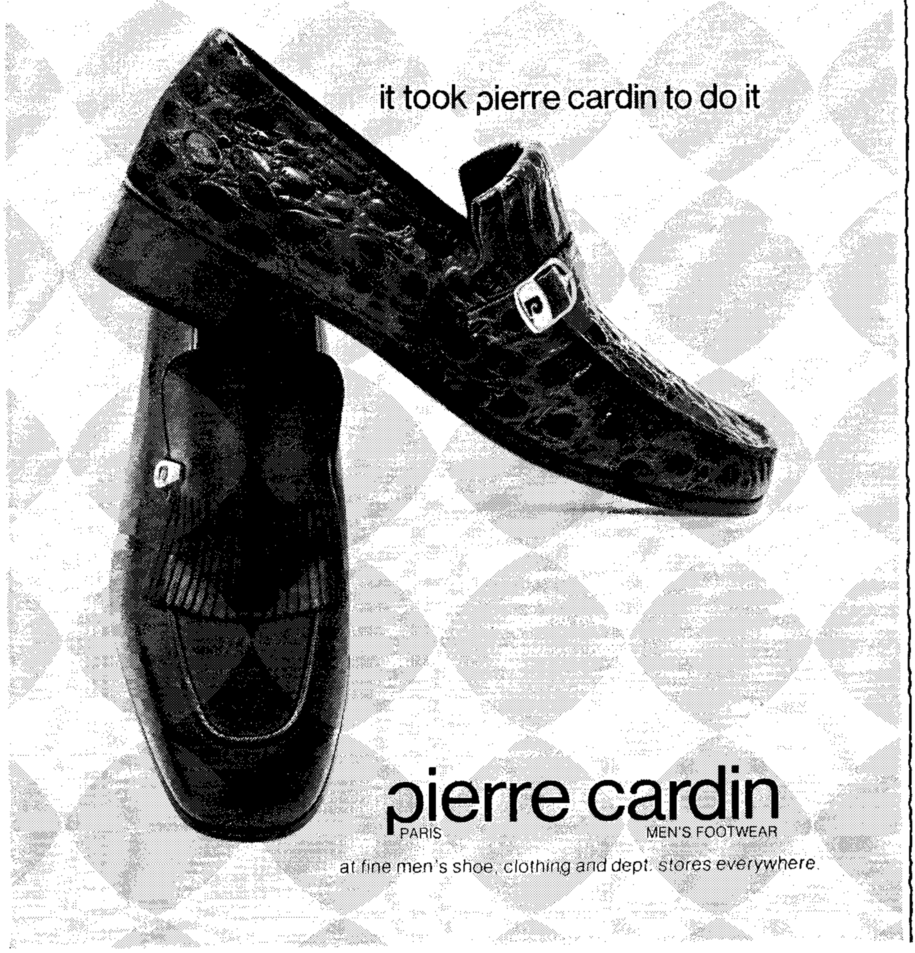
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She also complained about a couple of others, but eventually relented. The one she wouldn't let us use involved Phil Silvers, who was supposed to come out and pretend not to know who she was. Tallulah would tell Phil that Margaret wanted to break into show business, and Phil would offer to help get her into the chorus line at the Copacabana. Margaret was supposed to say, 'Oh, that would be wonderful!' Silvers would then say, 'What's your address?' She would tell him 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. And he would say, 'Is that an apartment house or a hotel?' And so on. Unfortunately, Margaret Truman vetoed the whole routine, because she didn't want us mentioning 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue on the air. When I asked her why, she said, 'I don't want any cranks knowing my address.' I should add that Margaret made a delightful guest, and her father, the President, called Tallulah to thank her 'for taking care of my baby.' "

LET'S assume, for the sake of argument, that Ace's recollection of his encounters with Miss Truman accords identically with the truth. Or let's assume that it doesn't. No matter. Either way, it is a Goody Ace original. "The Big Show" lasted two seasons on radio, and Ace spent the next fifteen years working as a head writer on television—an occupation that gave him a chance to collect many more such stories, raw nuggets of truth that he has refined and burnished until they shine with a comic lustre that beckons credulity. When television began, the best writers and many of the not so great ones earned salaries that now seem unsoundly generous. Ace spent most of the years from 1955 to 1967 as the head writer on Perry Como's variety show. At his high point, he earned ten thousand dollars a week—a figure that made him the best-paid writer in the business. Whenever he is asked to describe the differences between writing for radio and writing for television, Ace says, "Well, in television you only write halfway across the page. It doesn't mean much to anyone else, but it does double a writer's overhead." Having explained typewriter margins, Ace then enumerates the ways in which working in television for men like Milton Berle (1952-55) and Sid Caesar (1963-64) lacked the cozy ambience that "Easy Aces" had offered. Several years ago, in one of his columns for the *Saturday Review*, Ace contended that his ten-thousand-dollar salary carried with it a great number of "nondeductible tangible in-

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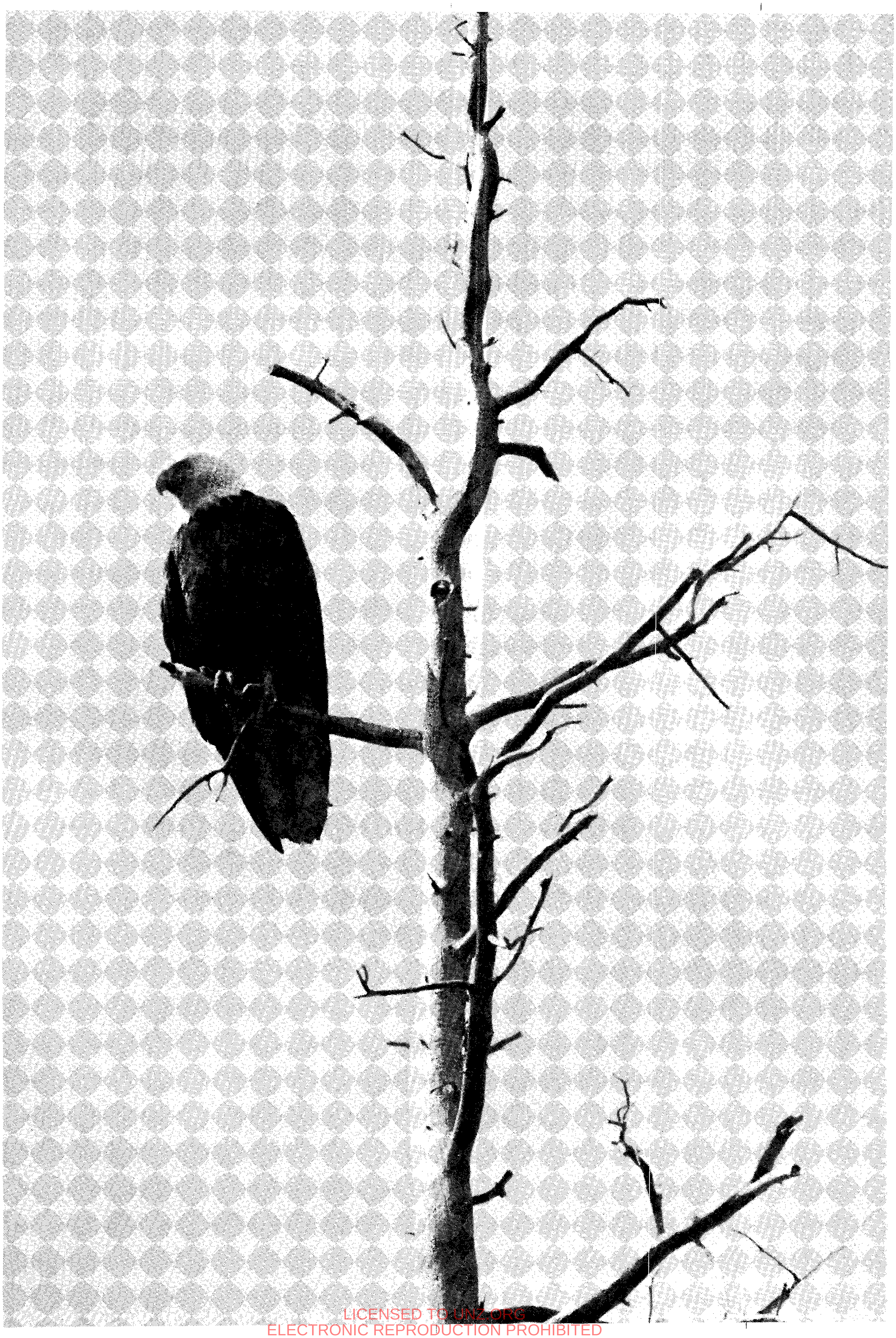

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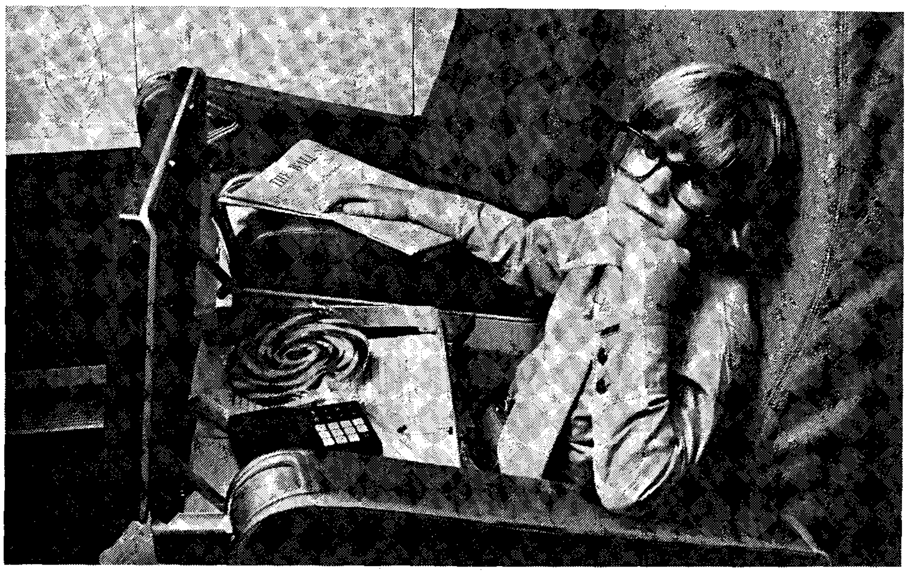

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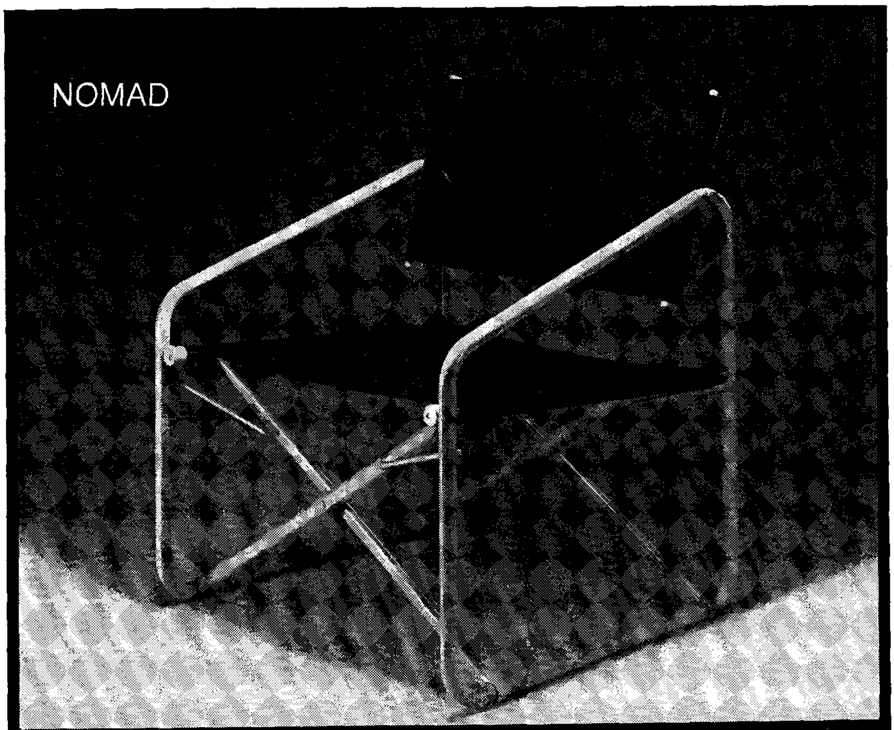

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tangibles." "First, writing for a medium in which 'Batman' could be No. 1, there is an immediate loss of dignity," he argued. After deducting items like dignity ($1,655), integrity ($22.80), coercing guests to read their lines as written ($1,225.30), mollifying the network ($1,190.25) and sponsor ($965.30), he calculated that he netted $16.40 each week.

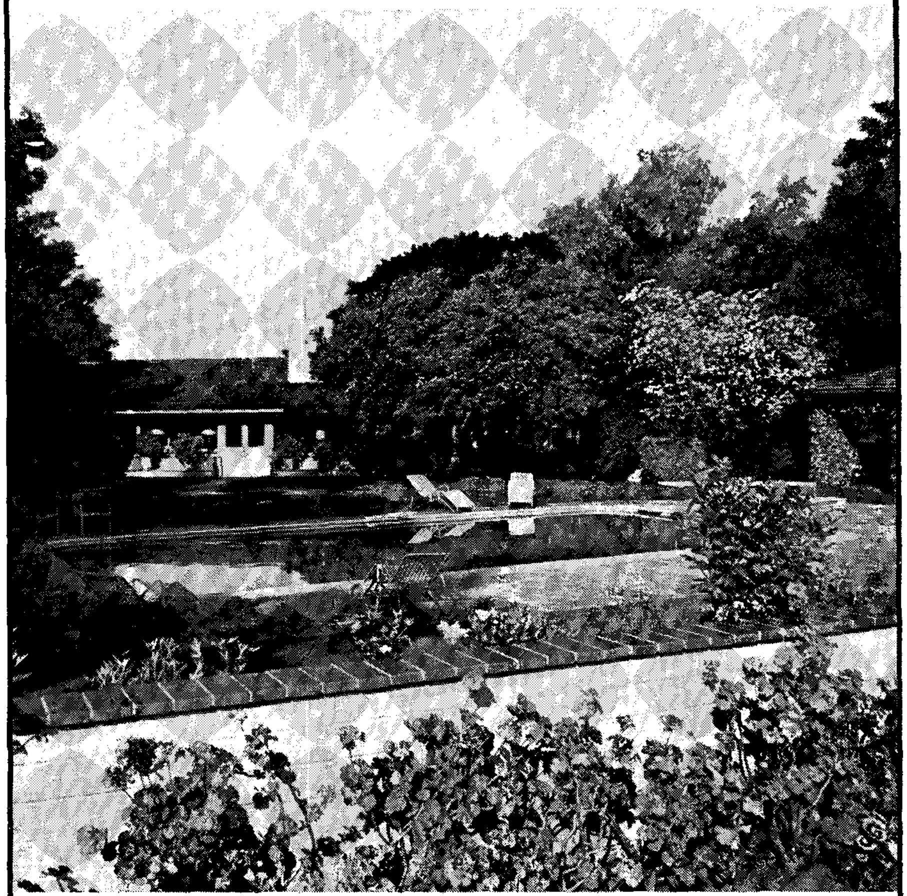
Ace was well paid during those years not simply because salaries were inflated but because he accomplished for Berle and Como and Caesar what he had for Tallulah Bankhead on radio: he imbued their comedy with a subtle flavor that matched their personas as performers. The comedy was far more delicate than random gags. Lester Gottlieb, a television producer who watched Ace work on "mr. ace and JANE" and, later, on the Como show, says, "Goody gave Perry a *tone*. It was an established fact that, man for man, Goody Ace was the best guy you could get to work on a comedy-variety show. If you wanted a writer who suggested hitting somebody with a pie, you hired someone else. Among all those television writers, Ace was the one who understood the English language and made it a habit to read something other than *Variety*."

Ace recalls the Como show with palpable fondness. "Working for Perry Como was the closest thing to not being in television at all," he says. "Perry was totally relaxed, utterly unflappable. Instead of a big monologue, he would tell three jokes, and you knew that whether a joke worked or not, immediately afterward Perry was going to sing 'Ave Maria' and the joke wouldn't matter. Most of the lines we wrote weren't for Perry but for the guests. Perry just wanted it all to go smoothly. I think I wrote a lot of things like 'And now, in a gayer mood, we take you to Latin America, where we hear the gentle rhythm of Perez Prado's orchestra.' No matter what the joke was, Perry assumed that the audience wouldn't get it. He was very nice about it, but he just had the feeling that most people who watched television were studying to be morons."

The idea that working with Perry Como was "the closest thing to not being in television at all" explains precisely why Ace stayed with Como for so many years. Ace wanted to be both part of and apart from the world of television. He convinced himself that he could justifiably earn ten thousand dollars every seven days if he tithed by writing pungent television criticism each week for the *Saturday Review*. The term "medium" struck Ace as a highly appropriate description of his place of business. He said at one point, "Television is called a 'medium' because most things on it are rarely well done."

In a situation comedy called "Himself," which he created in 1965, Ace set forth his proposals for the way television should ideally work. "Himself"—a pilot episode was written but never produced—recounted the tribulations of a weak-signal, one-camera television station in the basement of the Commerce Hotel on Main Street in the mythical town of Euphoria, Missouri. The proprietor of the station would have been named Alfred Benton Collins if the show had been sold to ABC, or Nathaniel Benton Collins if NBC had bought it, and so on. As a comic hero and highly independent station operator, Collins steadfastly refuses to align himself with the meganetwork that wants to swallow up his cottage industry. Naturally, he calls his station ABC or NBC or CBS, as the situation requires, and when the network begins to flex its muscles, Collins challenges his adversary: "How long you folks been using those initials? I've had mine for sixty-five years." Ace's version of ABC/NBC/CBS is a scaled-down parody of the networks. For instance, when Collins schedules public-affairs panel-discussion programs, he won't permit more than one panelist at a time. "We don't want any violence on this station. We run this station the way television should be run—like radio," he explains. "We have all the problems in Euphoria that the big cities have: pollution, unemployment, crime, high prices. The only thing we don't have is a race problem. Believe me, though, we're still working on it. We had a black couple from Three Forks who came and looked us over, and they finally said they wouldn't mind working here, but they didn't want to live here." In Euphoria, the late movie begins at six o'clock in the evening, and the test pattern comes on at eight. Whenever a caller or visitor asks, "Are you Mr. Collins?," he answers succinctly, "Himself." Collins, the hero of "Himself," bears more than a coincidental resemblance to Goodman Ace, himself. They are both single-minded entrepreneurs who believe that mass communications would work much better if the mass could be scaled down to the level of a room of one's own.

THESE days, the cottage of Ace's own cottage industry is his apartment in the Ritz Tower—four spacious



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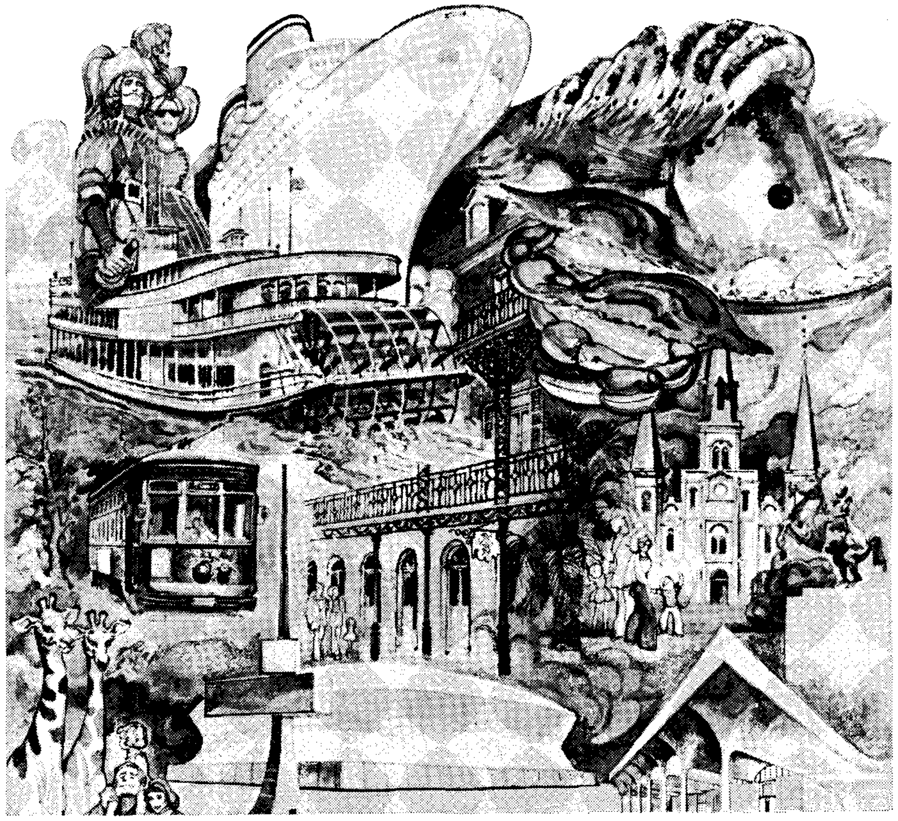

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rooms of white walls and black-and-white tiles. The living room leads to a terrace that offers a view of Park Avenue below and Central Park to the northwest. Ace often used to sit on the terrace to read and work—a habit that he sustained until a few years ago, when flocks of pigeons began to roost there. "Shoo, pigeons!" didn't get rid of the birds, nor did pigeon repellents, plastic windmills, or signs that said "No Pigeons Allowed," so he finally gave up and retreated indoors. The apartment contains the same furniture that it has had for twenty years—off-white leather upholstery, a vague flavor of Art-Deco-in-decline, the aura of a stage setting. On one of the armchairs, there is a green cushion with white lettering that says, "LAUGHTER IS THE MUSIC OF THE HEART." A white grand piano stands in one corner of the living room, and atop the piano are a ceramic vase filled with artificial roses, a thirty-year-old photograph of Jane Ace, an unframed photograph of Groucho inscribed "Dear Goody, Here Is Me. Groucho," and an ineluctably stubborn pile of unanswered mail. When Jane died, in 1974, an extraordinary flood of condolences arrived, and Ace somehow managed to respond to each one personally. Because he does some of his funniest writing in personal letters, it's encouraging that, although he can't answer all of his mail, he does maintain pet correspondences. My sister-in-law, for instance, for whom he has developed a fancy, often receives postcards from him marked "Confidential."

Ten years ago, Groucho Marx published a book called "The Groucho Letters," a compendium of his correspondence with, among others, T. S. Eliot ("Dear Tom . . ."), James Thurber, Fred Allen, E. B. White, and Goodman Ace. Not long after the book appeared, Groucho phoned Ace to say that the publisher had liked Ace's letters best—the book happened to contain more from Ace than from most of Groucho's other pen pals—and that he should consider compiling his own collection. For many reasons, not the least being Ace's failure to keep copies of his letters, he wasn't interested in the idea, and he became especially impatient when Groucho said, "No copies of your letters! Do you realize that I got a twenty-five-thousand-dollar advance for writing this book?" Ace said, "Groucho, if you think that publishing a book of letters that people have written to you makes you a man of letters, you're mistaken." At which point, Groucho hung up. When Groucho called again, several days later, Ace wouldn't let the matter rest. "And another thing, Groucho," he said. "I read your book 'Groucho and Me,' and I thought the writing in it was pedestrian." Groucho asked, "What does that mean?" Ace said, "It means that the author should have been hit by a truck." At which point, Groucho hung up again.

Ever since Ace began in radio, he has upheld the conviction that very few people write funny things after one o'clock in the afternoon. Each day now, after he finishes working in the morning, he leaves his apartment and walks two and a half blocks to the Friars Club for lunch. If the Friars Club was once a haven for the quickest, cleverest minds in show biz, it is not quite that today, and Ace likes to regard himself as the leading loyal dissident on the premises. During lunch, the Friars Club is always filled with people, but as far as Ace is concerned the empty-house effect prevails much of the time. One day not long ago, when he and I were seated at a large table in the center of the main dining room, Ace heard a fellow-Friar, a retired judge, say that someone was "as honest as the day is long."

"Excuse me, Judge," Ace said. "I just heard you say that, and I write for a magazine, and I was wondering if I could use that line. I just wanted to know, though, did you make that up?"

"I don't think so. Why?" asked the judge.

"Because I'd like to credit you with it," said Ace.

"Well, I've been saying it a long time. Would that be all right?"

"I don't see why not," said Ace. "By the same token, Judge, would you say a man is as crooked as the day is short?"

"Well, I never heard of that."

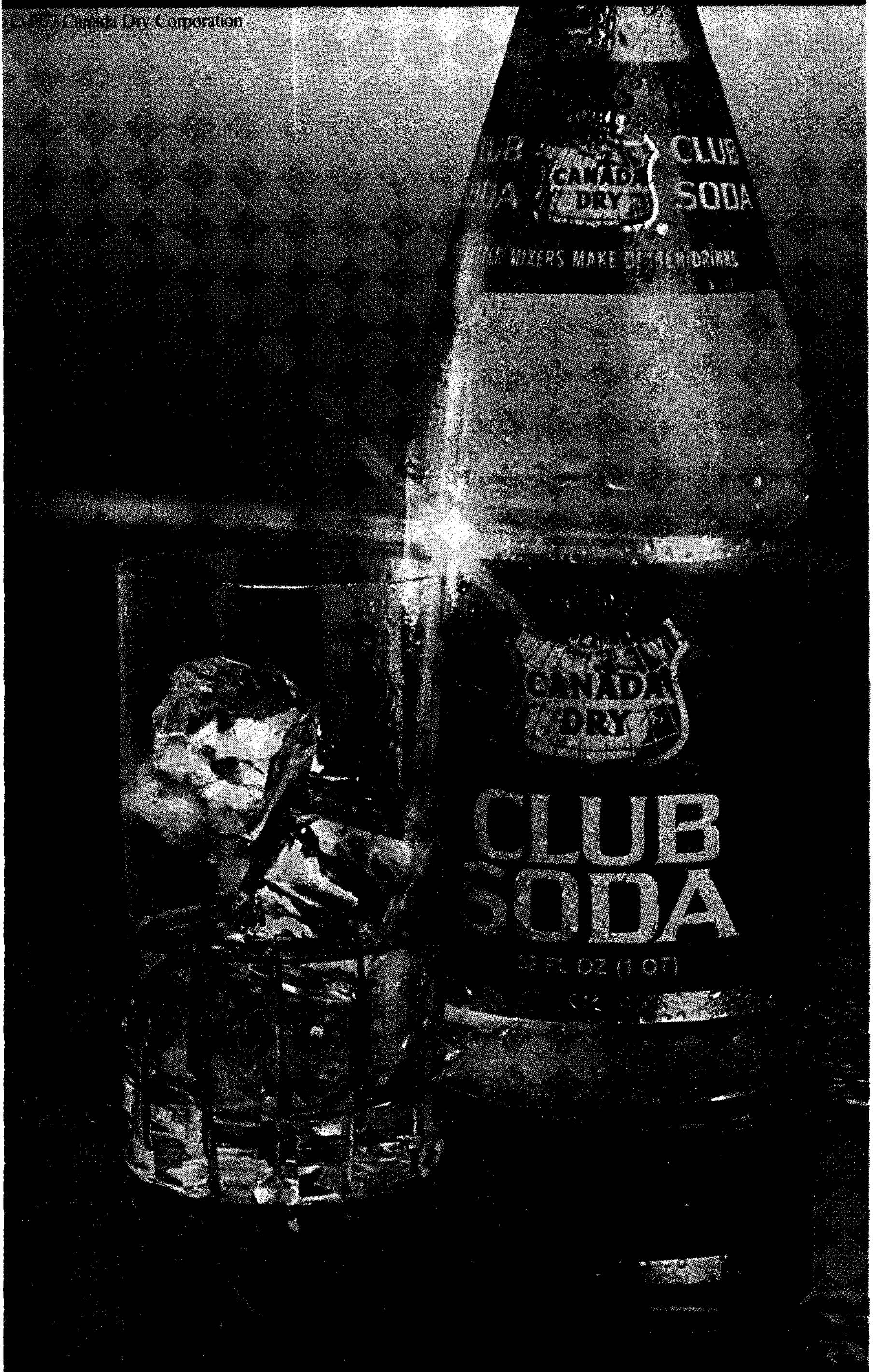
"But you could say it?"

"Yeah, I suppose so."

"But you wouldn't be able to say it after December 21st, when the days start getting longer?"

"No, I guess not," said the judge, completely baffled.

There was a bit more of this interrogation, but before I was obliged to spill my water glass on my dear great-uncle he realized that he had filled his camaraderie quotient for the day and that it was time to go upstairs for a cutthroat game of pinochle. After he plays cards, Ace usually hangs around the Friars a while longer. If he allows himself to be caught off guard, members approach to ask semi-profes-



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The room you see on the right is where Jenny, my daughter, holds telephone marathons, sleeps, studies and writes her poetry. She used "Cho" for lots of bedthings. And more of the same fragile, feminine patter for a screen which hides: her ironing board, tennis racket and 10-speed bike.

From Martex's "Open House" collection: "Cho" ©Hanae Mori, 1976. "Magical Kingdom" ©Inger McCabe Elliot, 1976. For "All About Your Home," volume II, a magazine on decoratin with sheets and towels, send $1.50 to Martex, P.O. Box 1951D, Birmingham, Ala. 35201.

Here. I can tumble out of bed, onto my piano bench and rip off a few sonatas. (I confess I have never done that, but it's nice to know I could.) We entertain in this room, too. So I dressed it up with "Singing Blossoms." It looks so fresh. Like all my Martex sheets. That blend of Dacron® polyester and cotton keeps them looking spanking new, washing after washing.

"Magical Kingdom" (far left) is perfectly practical for the buffet suppers I serve in our third living room. Nobody feels they're eating in someone's bedroom. But they are.

Recently, somebody asked me, "How many bedrooms do you have in your house?"

I said, "None. But I've got eight living rooms."

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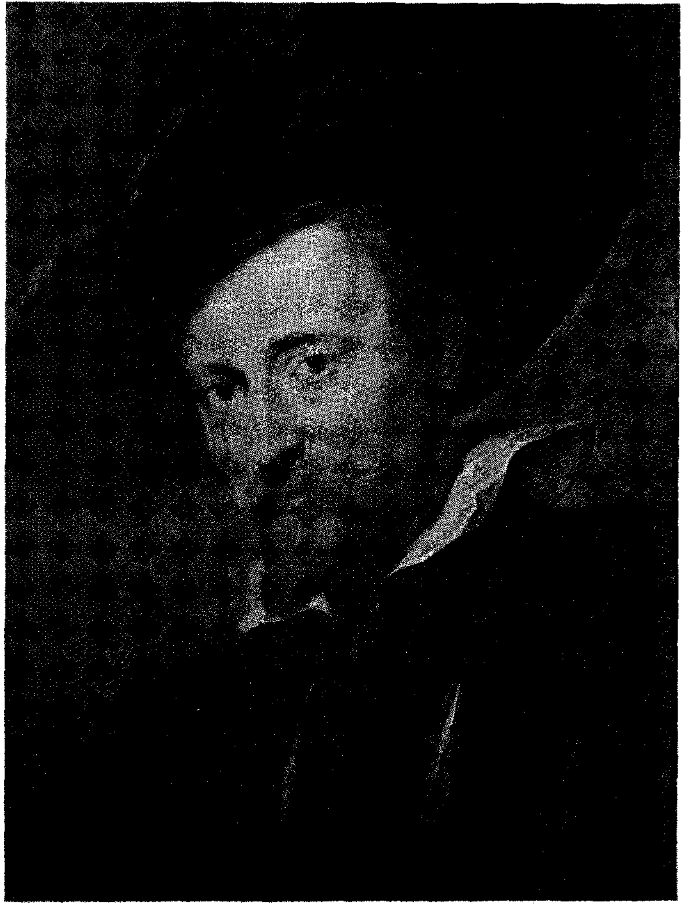

The eyes of the world will turn to Belgium on the 400th Anniversary of the birth of Rubens. Dazzling exhibitions of the master's most brilliant works gathered from museums and private collections from the world over will be on display in Antwerp, his home city. All Belgium, in fact, is celebrating the Year of Rubens and the Museums, especially the fabled cities and art centers of Brussels, Bruges, Ghent, Liege and Namur.

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sional—that is, nonremunerative—favors. Would he mind ghostwriting a letter for someone who wants to send his grandson a big Bar Mitzvah check and wishes to enclose a few sage words as well? Does he have any jokes that might make a hit at the Hillcrest Country Club, out on the Coast? Could he help somebody's son-in-law find work writing for television? No one is too bashful to ask. When Mike Denicoli, the resident Friars Club barber, mentioned recently that he needed a slogan to advertise his services, Ace came up with "Hair Cut While You Wait."

Around four o'clock on a typical afternoon, the sleeping pill that Ace took before bed the previous night begins to work, and when he wakes from his nap in a Friars Club armchair it is time to head home to catch the evening news. After dinner, he somehow manages to spend the evening watching television. His favorite private eye is James Garner on "The Rockford Files." ("He has great style and something the others lack—humor.") Ace also has a weakness for "The Mary Tyler Moore Show." He likes the writing, is infatuated with the star, and isn't quite sure what he'll do with himself on Saturday nights now that the program has concluded its final season. In the process of admiring her and Garner he has seen enough television so that he can, if pressed, explain to foreigners the functional differences between a defunct enterprise called "Tony Orlando and Dawn" and another thing called "Donny and Marie." He can define the subtle shadings that separate Sonny and Cher from the Captain and Tennille, and he can distinguish among the indistinguishable Barettas, Kojaks, and Delvecchios of the airwaves. I don't know whether to attribute my insufferable friend's capacity for watching television to infinite forbearance or to boundless optimism. Perhaps it is warped nostalgia. "I saw something on television the other night that made me laugh," he said not long ago. "And I thought to myself, Gee, I wish I'd written that. Then, about five minutes later, it occurred to me: Hey, I *did* write that."

—MARK SINGER

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—Adv. in the Times.

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THE THEATRE

FUNNY PEOPLE, MOSTLY SAD

Lily Tomlin is a tall and lean woman in her late thirties with shining black hair, blue eyes, and a delightful smile. In appearance and manner, she is intensely American; she could be the commodities broker who puts you into sugar futures or the X-ray technician who commands you to take off your shirt and face straight forward, holding your breath. We sense in her a high intelligence, purged of the least trace of old-fashioned coquetry; every expression and gesture urge that we approach her in a spirit of Whitmanesque camaraderie, transcending the irrelevant trifle of gender. She has long been a celebrated TV "personality." More recently, in the movies "Nashville" and "The Late Show," she has won much praise as an actress. In "The Late Show," she co-stars with that formidably resourceful old stager Art Carney, and the professional tension between them adds a great deal of interest to the movie; they are unlike in everything except their valor and skill, and so what a pair they make! When, in the last scene, they vanish together into a large bus, we long to call them back for another scene, and still another. We could go on watching their wary circlings forever.

Now Miss Tomlin is making her Broadway début, at the Biltmore, and the occasion is a personal triumph on a scale not unlike that of, say, Alexander sweeping through the Valley of Swat. Miss Tomlin is alone onstage for two hours or more, and her props consist only of a couple of stools and a few snippets of canned sound, but she is at once so likable and so tireless in her attack that the evening never wears thin. Sometimes she is content to act as a sort of latter-day Will Rogers without a lasso, commenting in her own voice, in a series of laconic one-liners, on the fuzzy thinking and domestic misadventures of contemporary life. More often she plunges at random into her seemingly inexhaustible repertory of impersonations: a crazy woman of the streets, a quadriplegic whose goal is to hang-glide off Big Sur, a cocktail-lounge organist-philosopher, a seven-year-old with a crush on her pretty teacher, a teen-ager who cannot stand her parents' tiresome postprandial conversations, a lonely woman drinking innumerable grasshoppers in a singles bar. These impersonations are always very funny and often sad; Miss Tomlin takes a compassionate view of her fellow-creatures, and she must be constantly on guard against letting compassion falter downward into sentimentality.

Miss Tomlin calls her show "Appearing Nitely" (the small-town neon slickness of "nitely" is a fair sample of Tomlin humor), and it is billed as having been written and directed by Jane Wagner and Lily Tomlin and staged by George Boyd; as far as I am concerned, the semantic distinction between direction and staging is so refined as to be downright prankish. Miss Tomlin's costume is by J. Allen Highfill, if, indeed, that name is not also a prank; the lighting is by Daniel Adams; and "additional material" has been contributed by Cynthia Buchanan, Lorne Michaels, Patrick Resnick, and Jim Rusk. Miss Tomlin's engagement is a limited one, so take up a supplicating position in the line outside the Biltmore at the earliest possible moment. Luckily, the weather promises to be mild. —Brendan Gill

OFF BROADWAY

The Brooklyn Idea

The directors of the Brooklyn Academy of Music are presenting as the opening bill of their new stock company—the BAM Theatre Company—Langdon Mitchell's "The New York Idea," and I don't see how they could have made a better choice. The cast is headed by Blythe Danner, Rosemary Harris, René Auberjonois, and Denholm Elliott, and, again, I don't see how they could have made a better choice. What a lovely play! Written in 1906 for Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske and her glittering troupe, it is—in part, at least—a witty, polished high comedy about New York society at the turn of the century and its casual attitude toward marriage and divorce. The heroine—an appropriate designation, for once—is an independent, spirited young woman named Cynthia Karslake, recently divorced, after a marriage of only seven months, from Jack Karslake, a young man as spirited and independent as she is, and a fellow-enthusiast of horses. She left him, we find out quite late in the play, because he refused one day to take her to the races. She is an heiress; he is bankrupt, the bankruptcy being the result of some unwise bets at the track. Now she is about to remarry, having decided that love is too unmanageable and she must settle for friendship. Her fiancé is a grave and stuffy judge named Philip Phillimore, many years older than she, and himself divorced from an indiscreet, fashionable, man-hunting charmer named Vida—"a loose woman," I guess, in 1906 but a charmer indeed as portrayed, tongue slightly in cheek, by Rosemary Harris. The action takes place on the evening before Cynthia's wedding and on the day itself, and all the characters are in one another's company throughout, along with a complement of relatives and servants, sometimes perforce, sometimes by the design of the designing first Mrs. Phillimore, and sometimes by the design of a visiting Englishman, Sir Wilfrid Cates-Darby, who looks upon the marriage mores of New York, with a delighted wonder, as ripe for his mischief. He merrily courts Cynthia, persuades her to follow her whim and go off to Belmont with him, thereby delaying the ceremony eight hours, and ends up not with Cynthia, of course, but with the first Mrs. Phillimore. "I won't be jilted," says pompous Philip, who has been. "You told me you had forever done with love. . . . Marry for whim! That's the New York idea of marriage." Cynthia and Jack Karslake were never done with love, but they must go through many scenes of deception and self-deception (the plot is intricate), of anger and hurt feelings and hurt pride, before the final satisfying curtain is achieved. A curtain instead of lights dimming to black, as is usual Off Broadway, is satisfying in itself.

Miss Danner is enchanting as willful Cynthia Karslake, and Mr. Auberjonois is splendid as volatile Jack, each of them indicating more emotion than one could have believed possible under the circumstances. The circumstances are these: The director is Frank Dunlop, director of the Young Vic (and of the glorious "Scapino" of a few years ago), and he has given an American play the pace and rhythm and inflection of British high comedy and farce, which don't spoil it but do misrepresent it. New Yorkers are not Londoners, and shades of feeling and aspects of character, beautifully drawn by Mr. Mitchell in the script, go by the board. Mr. Elliott is absolutely

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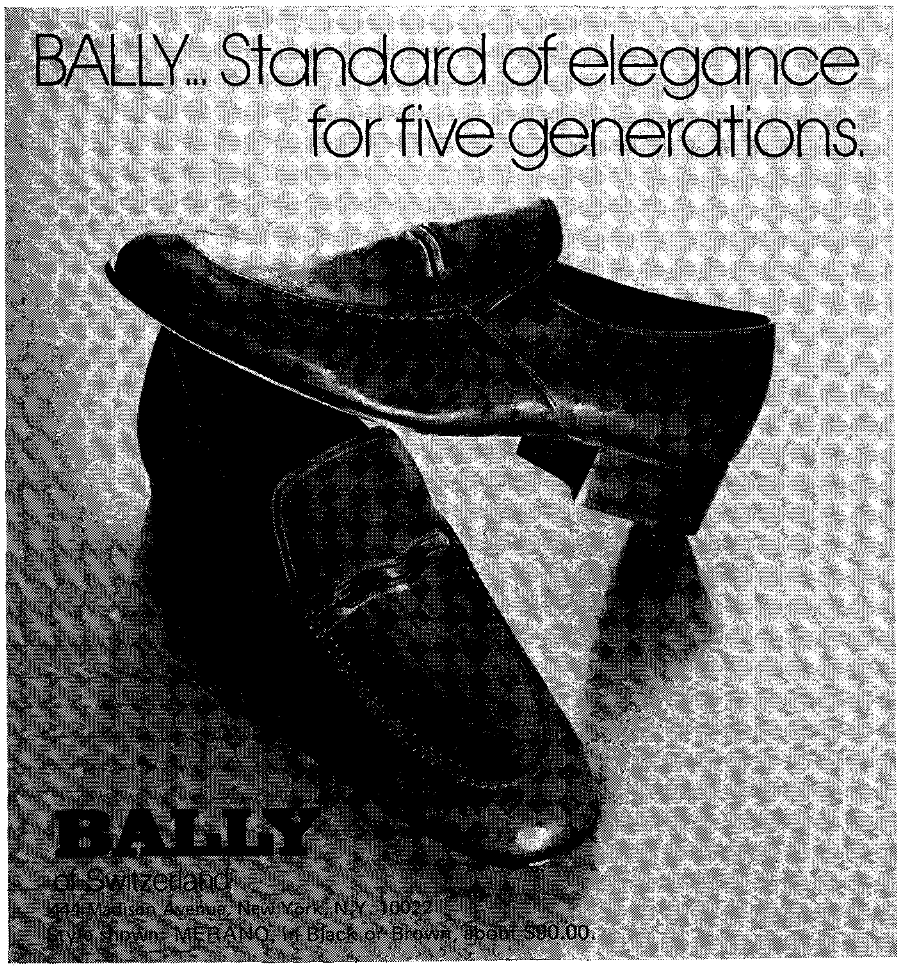
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wonderful as the visiting Englishman—in a way, the master of the revels—but he would seem even funnier than he does if many of the actors around him didn't sound so English, too. Edward Zang, engaging and comical as a local clergyman who obligingly tailors his sermons to the "whims" of his well-to-do congregation, perhaps unconsciously assumes a British accent. Richard Moody, in an introduction to the play in his "Dramas from the American Theatre 1762-1909," quotes the playwright's intentions: "What I wanted to satirize was a certain extreme frivolity in the American spirit and in our American life—frivolity in the deep sense—not just a girl's frivolity, but that profound, sterile, amazing frivolity which one observes and meets . . . in every department of American thought, feeling, and action." In the current production, there is no serious undertone, no satire at all. Nevertheless, considered on its own terms the show is as entertaining as any in town. "The New York Idea" is almost as great a pleasure to read as it is to see, but see it first, if you can. It will run through April 10th. Among the actors I haven't mentioned, Stephen Collins does well with the thankless role of the poor jilted judge. Good sets and costumes by William Ritman and Nancy Potts, respectively.

THE children of "Hagar's Children" are incorrigibles, declared "unmanageable" by their parents or former schools or whatever. Ernest Joselovitz's play, which comes to the Public from the New Playwrights' Theatre of Washington, is set at a sort of retreat called Bridgehaven Farm, where generous applications of affection are lavished upon five discarded, miserable adolescents by a young black man and a middle-aged Jewish woman, and the kids, in varying degrees, respond to it. Mr. Joselovitz is, as you can see, home free—actually even before the performance starts: the subtitle, as printed in the program, reads, "A Play About Giving." It is also a play that is all but unreviewable, being poised somewhere between worthy cause (no argument there) and drama. Even so, in spite of some cant in the writing—the I-like-myself sort of twaddle—and considerable sentimentality and hokum, the evening is absorbing. The action takes place on the day and night before Christmas (when else?) and is mostly concerned with the moment-to-moment routine of the farm. For plot, a pet animal's throat is cut, a paring knife is missing, and an investigation is conducted by the children themselves, under the leadership of a girl named Diana, who has been at Bridgehaven longest. The culprit is found and, after a highly emotional scene, tucked into bed, and Diana realizes that she is now rehabilitated.

It is the performances far more than the script that pull the show through. Under Robert Graham Small's direction, Lloyd Davis, Jr., and Carmen Vickers do well as the supervisors, and the young men and women who are cast as the children make them believable by their utter conviction and sincerity. Dorothy Hayden, in the strong part of Diana, is another story; she is an actress of experience and talent. According to her brief biography in the program, this is her first appearance in New York. I imagine we'll be seeing quite a lot of her in the future.

—Edith Oliver

•

THIS CHOOSING

Spirit, your answers lie
lost somewhere: no, not lost,
misplaced—or placed, rather,
where they belong but where
we have yet to look, like notes
we find between pages of books
years later and half remember, half
forget.

The place we are not does not
exist, we think—and then, going,
find that the world thrives
without us: incredible.
Whole families on the klongs of
Bangkok, brushing their teeth
in the fetid water, flagging
down vegetable boats, existing,
busy.

Who knows what spiked image
you plan to drive into our
hearts today? What happy
things wait like familiar coats
on the backs of so many chairs?
It is as if, on our one day off,
we had called in sick, this choosing,
these lives that wait for us—here,
there. Yours, though we call them
ours.

—Gary Miranda

•

President Ford, President Harry S. Truman, Leonardo da Vinci, Picasso, Julius Caesar, Charlemagne, Alexander the Great and Lord Nelson had one thing in common—left-handedness.
—*Tucson (Ariz.) Arizona Daily Star.*

And, of course, Nelson had this weight problem, too.

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JAZZ

New York Notes

FEBRUARY 14TH: Originality is a benevolent dislocator. It forces us outside ourselves, and it makes us work. It rearranges the past, it alters the future, and it agitates the present. The thirty-three numbers that Louis Armstrong recorded for RCA on its Bluebird label between December, 1932, and April, 1933, must have performed such services for those lucky enough to buy them when they first came out. They have at last been reissued by RCA in one place, on "Young Louis Armstrong" (AXM2-5519). Armstrong had been preparing for a decade. He completed his tutelage with King Oliver in 1924, and spent most of 1925 with the Fletcher Henderson band, which he converted from a dance band into a jazz band. He thereupon made a lot of records on his own, and became the first great jazz improviser. By 1931, he had given up the New Orleans small-band framework for ready-made big bands, he was recording pop music, and he had begun investigating the high register of his instrument—an area that was still largely closed to trumpet players. He took his first European trip in 1932 and was ecstatically received; in 1933 he went back and stayed a year and a half. But in between he made seven marathon trips into Victor's recording studios. On January 26th and 27th alone, he set down nine numbers, and on April 24th and 26th he set down eleven more. As though emptied, he did not record again at any length until the end of 1935, when he went with Decca records. There was nothing prepossessing about the furnishings of the Bluebird records. The tunes were a polyglot that included Armstrong novelties, a pair of Harold Arlens ("I've Got the World on a String," "I Gotta Right to Sing the Blues"), an early Hoagy Carmichael ("Snow Ball"), a Fats Waller ("I Hate to Leave You Now"), a couple of Reginald Forsythes, and "St. Louis Blues," "Sweet Sue," "Dinah," "Nobody's Sweetheart," and "High Society." The bands behind Armstrong were led by Chick Webb and the trumpeters Charlie Gaines and Zilner Randolph, and the arrangements were of their time—gummy saxophones, organ chords, akimbo trumpets, and Jacob Marley rhythm sections. There were some good sidemen, among them Teddy Wilson and Budd Johnson and his brother Keg, and they occasionally surface. But all this is painted scenery for Armstrong, who dominates every record with his singing, clowning, and playing. It is impossible to know now what suddenly possessed him on these records. Perhaps it was the impetus of the European trip, perhaps it was his baby stardom, perhaps it was sheer thirty-two-year-old bravado. Max Jones and John Chilton say in their book "Louis":

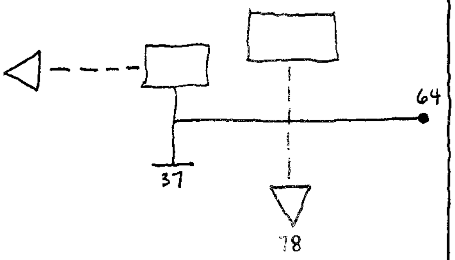
> In 1932, all the physical parts of his technique were in miraculous working order. He was the possessor of lung-power and throat, jaw, teeth and lip formation which seemed to be ideally suited to the production of trumpet tone. With these natural attributes went a control of the instrument giving him ease of performance in every department of the art. His mastery was matched by superior stamina, also by an artistic adaptability which was to be thoroughly tested on his first British tour. As a jazz player he had it all.

Both his singing and trumpet playing have a quality they had not had before and would not have again. His voice, still maneuverable, had not sunk into the depths. It was capable of great flexibility and daring, as in his double-time passages in "When It's Sleepy Time Down South" and the blue notes in "Hobo You Can't Ride This Train" and "I'll Be Glad When You're Dead, You Rascal You." (These must have been among the Armstrong vocals that Billie Holiday grew up on.) His phrasing was adventurous and his rhythmic sense impeccable: he could put the beat anywhere he wanted. He swung even when he breathed. He had perfect intonation, and his scatted breaks were model improvisational bursts. Armstrong's trumpet playing on the Bluebirds is supernal. He wheels around in the high register like a gull, he uses sorrowing middle-register blue notes no other trumpeter has matched, he performs incredible rhythmic tricks, he plays with an exalted lyricism. He is majestic and simple and elegant. He invents a generation of trumpeters.

The RCA reissue is not perfect. Armstrong grandstands, albeit spectacularly, on "St. Louis Blues," "Sittin' in the Dark," and "High Society," and not much happens on such numbers as "Honey Don't You Love Me Anymore" and "Tomorrow Night." But "Basin Street Blues" and "That's My Home" (two takes) and "I Hate to Leave You Now" (also two takes) and "I've Got the World on a String" and "I Gotta Right to Sing the Blues" are remarkable. And "Laughin' Louie" is a wonder. After a lot of preliminary horsing around, Armstrong suddenly plays a cappella a melody he remembered from his childhood, and, in its stark, effortless way, it is one of the most beautiful happenings in all jazz.

FEBRUARY 18TH: Grass will never grow on Anthony Braxton. Tonight, the clarinettist, saxophonist, and elaborate, revolving composer-arranger appeared in an avant-garde concert at Town Hall in the new ingenuously egoistic mode: by himself. He came on after an hour and five minutes by the Revolutionary Ensemble (Leroy Jenkins, violin; Sirone, bass and trombone; Jerome Cooper, drums and piano), which was in a fragmented, doubling mood, and he blew six nameless alto-saxophone "numbers," each differentiated from the last only by texture, dynamics, and levels of intensity. One febrile number was based on two notes, short and long. Another had a pleasant, gliding melody knotted with staccato dissonances. Still another was sub-toned. Braxton toyed with breath, exuding notes that remained zephyrs or that crystallized briefly before becoming breath again. It was an intense piece, and suggested a man trying to move a piano silently through a sleeping house. The last number started as a formal exercise full of trills and high, bowing notes and turned into a parade of squeaks, quacks, grindings, clicks, grunts, shrieks, and roars. The oddest thing about Braxton tonight was that he sounded exactly like Benny Carter. He displayed the same Victorian tone, the same slightly stiff rhythmic approach, the same high-collared intensity, but he did it without any of the conventional musical devices (keys, harmony, time) that Carter has celebrated so sumptuously for fifty years.

Braxton has been turning out albums, too. The most recent are "Anthony Braxton: Duets 1976 with Muhal Richard Abrams" and "Anthony Braxton: Creative Orchestra Music 1976" (Arista AL 4101 and 4080). The duets are lyrical, spiky, conventional, disturbing, and funny. "Miss Ann," by Eric Dolphy, "Nickie," by Braxton and Abrams, and Scott Joplin's "Maple Leaf Rag" are nearly straight readings, with Braxton playing the melody on clarinet and alto saxophone and Abrams pumping chords. But



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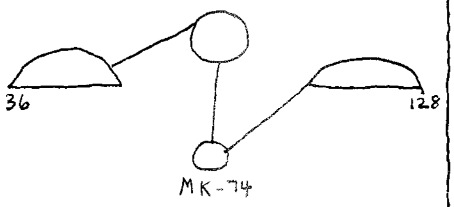
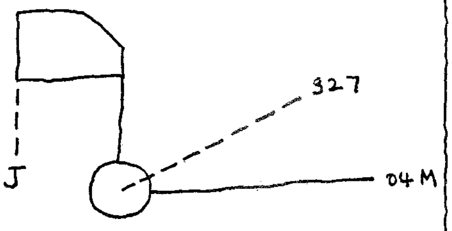
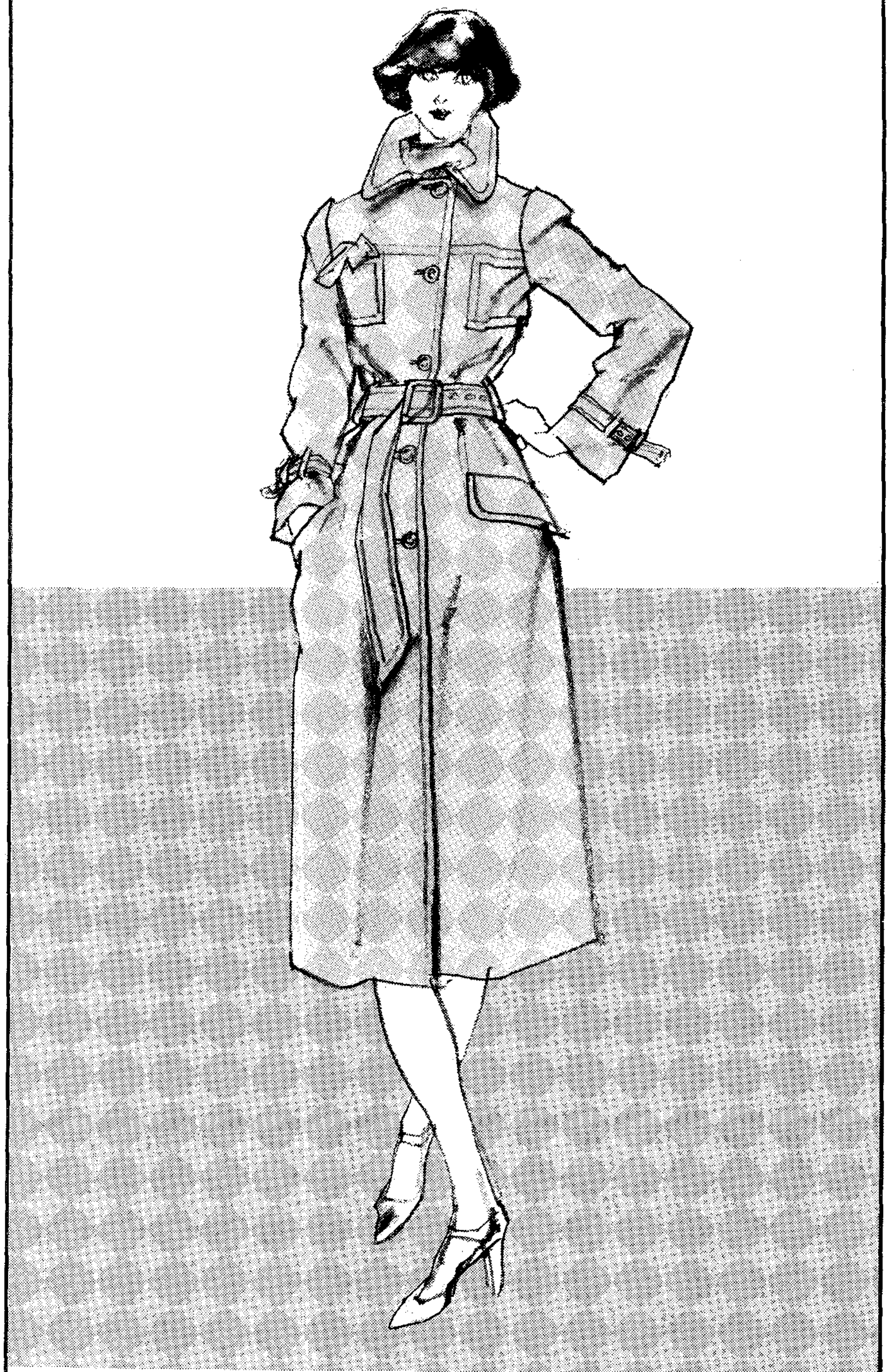


(as Braxton likes to designate his pieces) are jagged exercises, full of Cecil Taylor musings by Abrams, Braxton's Benny Goodman-toned clarinet, and carpenter noises.



is taken up for the most part with a single note repeated five times: one one one one-one. Braxton plays the figure on his contrabass saxophone, a giant with a palatial bottom range that he barely taps, and Abrams is in unison. Braxton improvises while Abrams continues the figure. Abrams solos, using long melodic lines that keep running off the edge of his solo, and Braxton huffs in the cellar. Little flags of melody appended at either end of the piece offer some relief, but the rest of it recalls the old boogie-woogie "train" pieces minus their lyricism.

The "Creative Orchestra" album has some fine experiments. There are six numbers, all titled with Braxton's geometric devices, and they are done by slightly different big bands, which include such avant-gardists as Dave Holland, Kenny Wheeler, George Lewis, Roscoe Mitchell, Leo Smith, Abrams, and Warren Smith as well as such older-styled keels as Seldon Powell, Cecil Bridgewater, Jack Jeffers, and Jon Faddis. Fletcher Henderson's concept of the big band as an augmented New Orleans ensemble of trumpet-clarinet-trombone-rhythm playing syncopated riffs and antiphonal passages broken by short solos lingers



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on, but Braxton is doing some heavy tinkering. (So is the tenor saxophonist Sam Rivers, who likes ensembles in which the sections war harmonically while sliding back and forth in overlapping layers, and likes double—or simultaneous—improvisation, an attractive practice that has frightened improvisational egos for decades.) On the second track of the first side, Braxton breaks the band up and sends it wandering over the meadow, but we always know pretty much where everyone is from the periodic gongs, bass pluckings, bells, cymbals, mosquito sounds, synthesizers, and wind sounds. On the last track of the same side, the band plays an invigorating medium-tempo march that goes awry about a third through. The rhythm disintegrates, the key center slides away, a piccolo trumpet solos, and ostinato figures chase each other. There is a stop-time section; then a clarinet and an alto saxophone improvise together and are followed by a trombone that sounds like Kid Ory. The clarinet reappears against a galloping background riff, and the piece shifts back into a straight march, with Faddis soloing above the ensemble. The best effort on the second side of the album was apparently inspired by Duke Ellington. It is latter-day Ellington seen in a distorting glass. The sections are quavery and discordant, and the rhythmic emphases stagger. A contrabass-saxophone solo pitted against an ostinato piano figure echoes, however surrealistically, Harry Carney's and Ellington's duet on "La Plus Belle Africaine," and a good rangy Kenny Wheeler trumpet solo soars appropriately over Braxton's kindly, lumbering Ellington devices. Good parody is an exercise in waspishness. But it is also a way of saying goodbye with affection and humor.

FEBRUARY 23RD: The constant dervish changes in the music have made jazz repertory companies essential. They remind us of what we have forgotten and acquaint us with what we have missed. The New California Ramblers, possibly the best of the present repertory groups, opened tonight at Stryker's. The band has been taken over in the past year by the cornettist Richard Sudhalter, and it is hard to see how its new lineup could be improved. Sudhalter, Jimmy Maxwell, and Jack Gale are the brass (the excellent Herb Gardner is standing in for Gale at Stryker's), and the reeds include Eddie Barefield, Sam Parkins, and Al Gallodoro. The rhythm sec-

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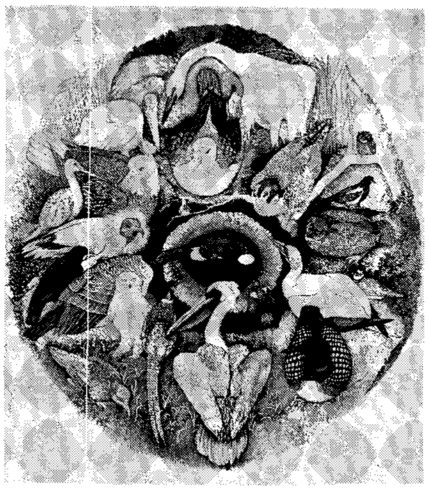

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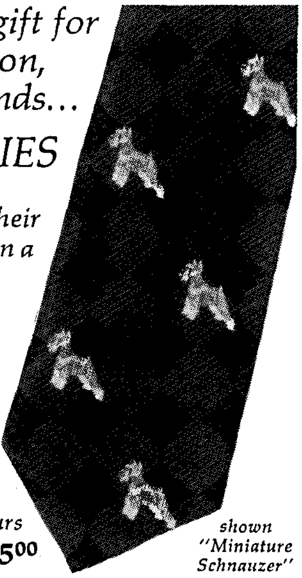

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tion has Marty Grosz on banjo and guitar, Vince Giordano on bass saxophone, tuba, and string bass (he also founded the band), and Tommy Benford, who recorded with Jelly Roll Morton in 1928, on drums. The group began as a re-creation of the old California Ramblers, a dance band that made thousands of records in the twenties, but Sudhalter has widened its scope to include such material as Fletcher Henderson's 1931 "Sugar" and "It Looks Like Rain," Red Norvo's 1935 "Blues in E-Flat" and "Bughouse," Louis Armstrong's 1931 "Stardust," Bix Beiderbecke's 1927 "Cryin' All Day," Fats Waller's 1929 "Ridin' but Walkin'," and straight-away versions of "Jazz Me Blues," in which there are two front lines and three clarinettists improvising at once, and "Sweet Georgia Brown," in which Giordano and Parkins play a superb duet on bass saxophones. All the pieces swing more than they originally did, because jazz musicians have learned a good deal about that particular mystery since the twenties and thirties, and the soloists take just enough liberties with re-created solos to bring them to life. The ensemble passages are clean and exact, and the group works with enthusiasm. The New California Ramblers appear to be on the verge of success, so a word of caution. Sudhalter is a superb musician and cornettist, but he is a garrulous, jokey leader. The band needs a Glen Gray to front it.

Four days ago, Chuck Israels' National Jazz Ensemble, which *is* a success, began its fourth season, at the New School. It played, among other things, Ellington's "Old Man Blues," "Creole Love Call," and "Braggin' in Brass;" Hall Overton's arrangement of Thelonious Monk's "Evidence;" a celebration of Don Byas's beautiful two-chorus blues solo on Count Basie's "Harvard Blues," and Basie's "Jive at Five;" a kaleidoscopic rendering by Israels of Charlie Parker's "Moose the Mooche" and "Barbados;" Fats Waller's "Jitterbug Waltz;" and four numbers built around Gerry Mulligan, who was the guest. Two things were clear at the end of the concert: that the National Jazz Ensemble needs to retool its rhythm section, which has wallflower tendencies, and that its great trombonist, Jimmy Knepper, took the evening with his lyrical, reaching inventiveness.

MARCH 1ST: Two superior pianists grew in Art Tatum's garden in the late forties. They were the Canadian Oscar Peterson and the

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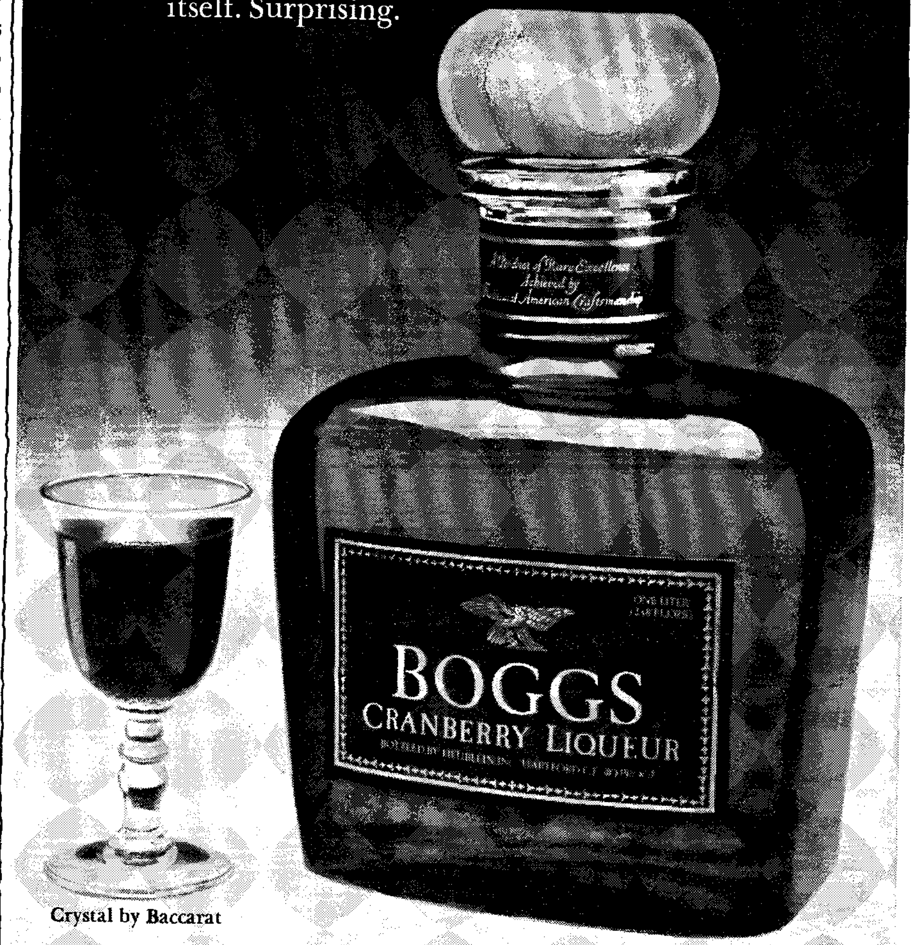

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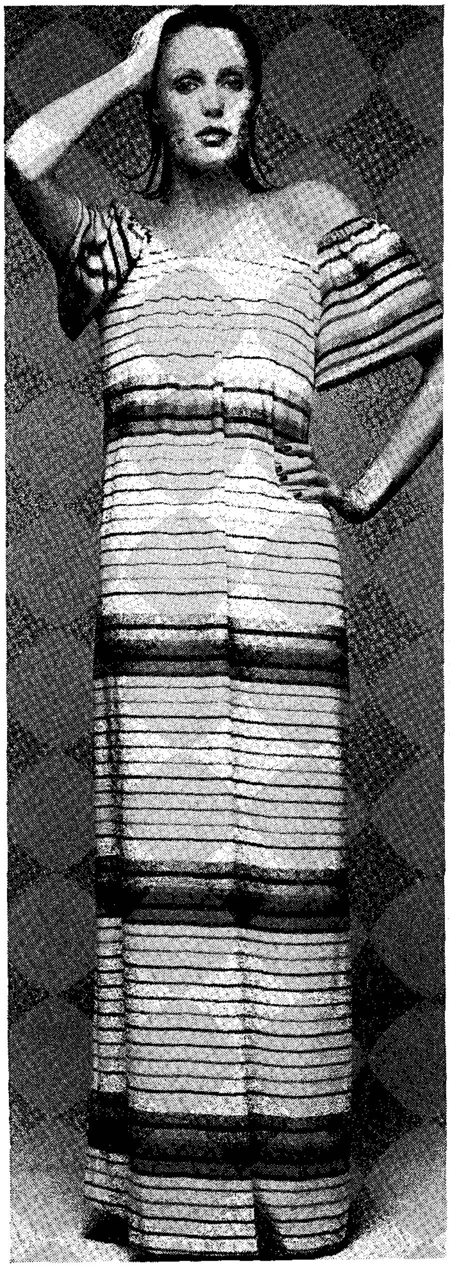

Englishman George Shearing. Peterson, of sequoia proportions, developed an awesome technique, which eventually became his very style, just as Buddy Rich's had become his. Peterson exploded into his solos from his opening melodic choruses, and he moved so fast that his arpeggios and glisses barely kept up. The "virtuoso" sign flashed incessantly, and it hid the fact that the chief content of his solos was packed into their first eight or ten bars; what came after was largely ornamentation, hyperbole, and steam. Shearing took a subtler course. He put together a succession of exceptionally smooth quintets, made up of vibraphone, guitar, bass, and drums, and he continually stepped back for his sidemen or melted into the creamy ensembles. After a time, one listened to the quintet rather than to Shearing, extraordinary though his bits of icing were. Peterson, framed only by his various loose trios, swelled, while Shearing, embedded in a suave collective of first-class musicians, receded.

Shearing, who has brought himself and the bassist Victor Gaskin into the Café Carlyle for the month of March, was born blind, and he has developed agile defenses. Among them is a wild sense of humor that includes practical jokes, nonsense, and puns. He explained tonight at the Café that Bach, of whom he is exceedingly fond, had twenty children, and Mrs. Bach, in order to circumvent having so many children home from school for lunch, had invented the "Bach lunch." Later, he announced that he had grown tired of song titles with the word "love" in them, and had taken to mentally substituting the word "lunch," which resulted in such pleasant turns as "Lunch Walked In," "Feel Like Making Lunch," and "Lunch Is Everywhere." He is a tough, delicate, intelligent man, and during the silent minute when he sizes up his audience from the piano just before his first set one can almost hear his senses moving through the room. Such a man would not be apt to spread his piano playing on. Indeed, his style, quintet or not, is elusive. He came to attention in the mid-forties, when no fewer than five pianists held the stage—Art Tatum, Teddy Wilson, Nat Cole, Erroll Garner, and Bud Powell—and he is forever tipping his hat to them, whether in a clump of Garner chords, a breathtaking sixteen-bar Nat Cole melodic line, or a Tatum arpeggio complete with at least two keyboard sweeps. Shearing has a rich, infallible harmonic sense, and his single-

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note melodic lines are crisp and exhilarating. He has a masterly touch—feathery, bright, concise, gentle. And he has one possibly unique quality. Jazz improvisers tend to re-create their materials in their own image. A classic example is Coleman Hawkins' 1939 record of "Body and Soul." Before Hawkins, it was simply a torch song left over from 1930. But Hawkins' wasteless, surging two choruses filled it with his special urgency and eloquence. He blew the song tight, and one can no longer hear it without also hearing Hawkins' version in the background. Shearing, his brilliant improvisations notwithstanding, finishes what a song's composer set out to do. Tonight, he played John Lewis's "Django" so that its stubborn, complex melodic structure took on—for the first time in my memory—a melancholy, lullaby quality. He made "Django" an evening meditation on the great guitarist. He did the same thing for Garner's "Misty." It became a cheerful ballad, and three-dimensional Garner—not a parody but a distillation. One was surprised to look up midway and discover not Garner but Shearing, with his big, swinging face, his dark glasses collecting the light, his chin plunging down-right, down-right, down-right.

MARCH 6TH: No two singers are more unalike than Bobby Short and Mabel Mercer. Short's origins are in jazz—in the singing of Ethel Waters and Ivie Anderson, and in the music of Duke Ellington. But he has also listened to Hildegarde and Billie Holiday and Stella Brooks and Mildred Bailey and Mabel Mercer. His light baritone has grown in resonance in the past six or seven years, and he has become a complex and sometimes overly forceful singer. He has developed an affecting lyricism. His rhythmic techniques have set. He never chooses a poor tempo, and his decisions about ad-libbing and time are flawless. Short's singing was once rather flossy, but it now has a smooth, carved permanence, no matter how often he dips his head, flicks a high C on the piano to punctuate a verse, or arches an eyebrow. Mabel Mercer, who is seventy-seven, transcends mere singing. She sits in her chair, folds her hands in her lap, lifts her chin, smiles, and unfurls her songs. She is regal, wry, homey, and bemused. Each song is a watercolor: the paints are soft and light, the colors flow, the textures are edgeless. Her origins are motley and somewhat mysterious. She began as a dancer in English vaudeville,

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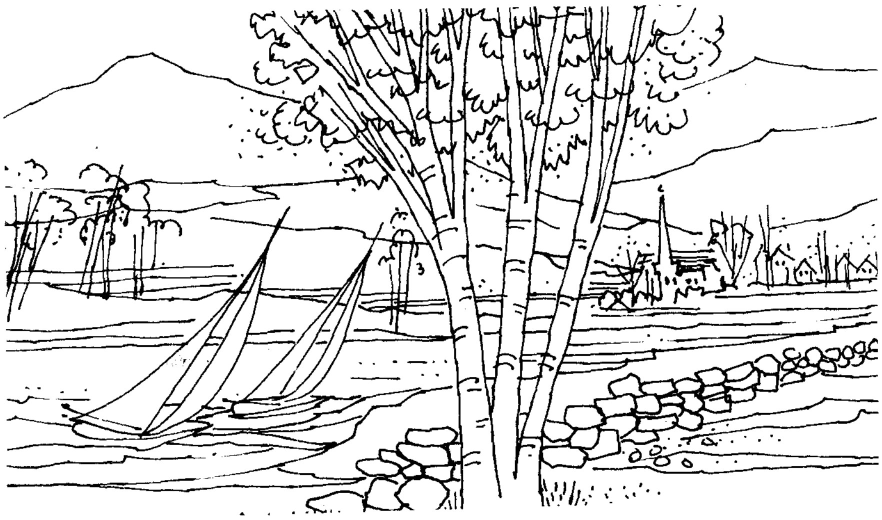

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had some formal training as a singer, and by the thirties was working in the Paris boîtes, where she came in contact with Cole Porter and Django Reinhardt and Bricktop. Somehow, she learned to phrase a thirty-two-bar song better than anyone else ever has, and she has radiated that knowledge for forty years. But ten years ago the cabaret business slumped, and the results were disastrous for Mabel Mercer. She lost her confidence, and her voice suddenly rusted through. She could no longer sustain notes, and she resorted to parlando. Then, somewhere around the celebration for her seventy-fifth, her voice returned. Now she can hold notes, bend them, and move them, and when a lyric seizes her she can belt it for a bar. She did tonight in Carnegie Hall, where she and Short—he was accompanied by Beverly Peer on bass and Gene Gammage on drums, and she by Jimmy Lyon on piano—gave their first joint concert in eight years.

Silly things went awry. Short had requested two spotlights, but he was left in midday, and said later that he felt as if he were performing in a "grange hall." He used a lavalliere microphone, and several times his lyrics turned to mush. It took him four or five of his seventeen songs to settle down, but when he did he was lightsome and swinging. He did a lilting "Paradise," which Rudy Vallee used to moan; George Gershwin's peppy "Innocent Ingenue Baby;" and a triumphant "I Can't Get Started," using its rarely sung verses. Mabel Mercer appeared in a brilliant homemade lime-green gown, and kept a huge gold brocade shawl about her while she sang. And how she sang! Song after resplendent song, each easy, lucid, and exact. She sang for nearly an hour and a half, and she sang well over twenty songs, until she finally came apart. It was an astonishing demonstration, both of sustained singing and of her musical tastes, which have steered her to the best songs of her time. Some of them tonight included Joe Raposo's "Bein' Green," Bart Howard's "Walk-Up," Cole Porter's "Where, Oh Where," Kurt Weill's "Little Grey House," Noël Coward's "Chase Me, Charlie," Loonis McGlohon's "Grow Tall, My Son," Jobim's "Someone to Light Up My Life," and Stephen Sondheim's "Send In the Clowns," which she converts into a rueful one-act play. Mabel Mercer summed herself up tonight, and in doing so told us as much as we need to know about life to get gracefully by.

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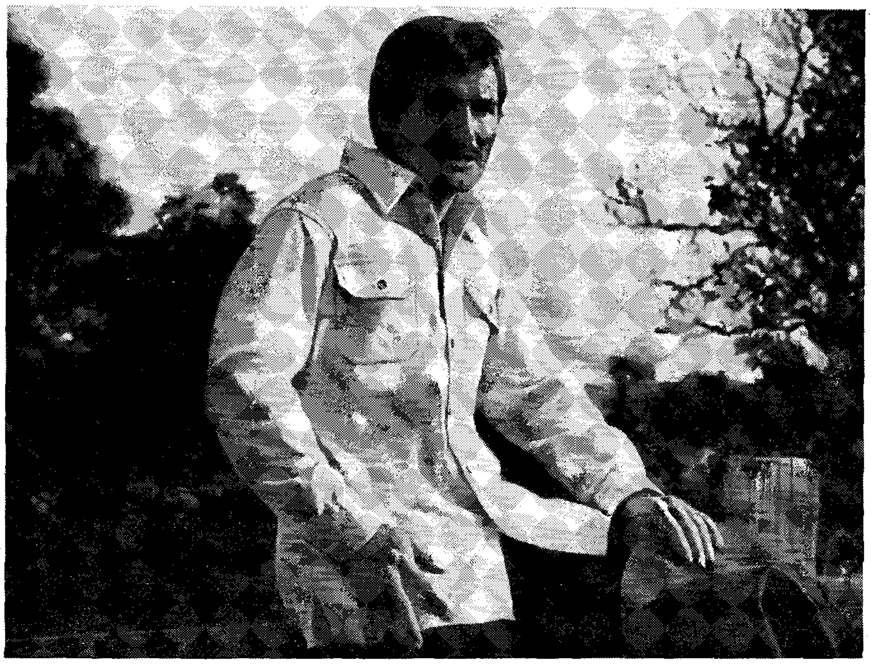

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THE continuing international controversy over whether the British-French Concorde should be allowed to land four times a day on an experimental basis at John F. Kennedy Airport, in this city's borough of Queens, has done wonders for local morale. During the last two years, while New York has been making a national spectacle of itself with its periodic suits for help from Washington in resolving its highly publicized financial troubles, prominent figures from other parts of the country have been pointing out how easily most Americans could do without this city and everything it stands for. The dispute over the supersonic plane has brought gratifying evidence that, however some Americans may feel about New York, in other parts of the world it is not considered expendable. Last month, former French Foreign Minister Michel Jobert warned that if a trial of the Concorde similar to that already under way at Washington's Dulles International Airport was rejected for Kennedy Airport, France might withdraw from the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. In two transatlantic phone calls, French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing urged President Carter to deliver a message to New York's Governor Hugh Carey. The burden of the message, whether or not Carter spelled it out in his subsequent phone call to Carey, was that if the Governor continued to oppose the Concorde experiment at Kennedy one result would be a wave of anti-American sentiment all over France; furthermore, the rejection would encourage fears of an economic depression among workers in the French aircraft industry and resentment against the government in Paris for its inability to bring the Americans around, and thus Carey could be responsible for a victory by the Socialists and the Communists in the coming French municipal elections. That outcome could lead to the fall of the Giscard d'Estaing regime in the 1978 national elections. The question whether an action of Carey's would bring down the French government was on a somewhat higher level than some of his other concerns of that week: whether, for example, he could persuade the Republican-controlled New York State Senate to allow him to appoint a special prosecutor to look into alleged corruption among Republican Party officials in Onondaga County, and whether the state lottery ticket should be a different size. The French leftists did, of course, win by a wide margin last month, and if the centrist government in Paris actually seems in danger of going down, Carey will be receiving some more phone calls.

The Governor can cite some depressing economic statistics in his own demesne, and his most dangerous opponents in *his* reëlection campaign next year, if he is judged to be soft (or even to have an open mind) on the question of the hideously noisy Concorde, would be not French leftists but New York environmentalists and other largely middle-class—and politically centrist—voters who live near Kennedy Airport or across the line in Nassau County. He made no public response to the American President's relay of the French President's warning, but the word out of Washington was that it did not alter Carey's expressed opposition to the landings. The following week, British Prime Minister James Callaghan, conferring with Carter at the White House, urged on the President the importance of the Concorde to the failing British economy. That same week, there were delivered to Carey's office petitions calling for a local trial of the Concorde which were signed by a hundred and twenty-five thousand French citizens, most of them from the area around Toulouse, where the supersonic plane is built. Carey continued to insist that the decision here on the Concorde was up to the commissioners of the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey, a quasi-public interstate body that has jurisdiction over Kennedy. Of the commission's twelve members, the governors of New York and New Jersey name six members each (four of those now representing New York are Carey appointees, including the city's former mayor Robert Wagner, and two are holdovers from Governor Nelson Rockefeller's time), and the governor of either state involved can veto a Port Authority ruling.

New Jersey's Governor Brendan Byrne, who is up for reëlection this year, and whose constituents would be well out of earshot of any supersonic jets at Kennedy Airport, announced some time ago that he would go along with whatever the New York commissioners decided, while Carey, who is on record as opposing the Concorde, has indicated that he would wait and see what the decision was. Last week, however, Carey showed signs of wavering slightly when he indicated that new data on the plane's noise, just provided to the Port Authority by Concorde backers, might improve the chances for a trial at Kennedy. Byrne seemed to be in danger of losing his politically convenient perch on the sidelines a couple of weeks ago, after Newark's Mayor Kenneth Gibson asked the Port Authority commissioners, who also control Newark Airport, to explore the possibility of allowing Concorde test flights there—a move that Gibson said could be economically helpful to his city, which is also short of money. Apparently, he was counting on the notion that the relatively unaffluent people who live near that airport would be more forbearing about supersonic-transport noise than the citizens of suburblike Queens. Not an hour passed, however, before signs reading "No SST—No Way!" were being waved in Elizabeth, New Jersey, within whose borders about a third of Newark Airport lies, and that city's mayor pointed out that an extension of the nine-thousand-eight-hundred-foot Newark runways to the thirteen thousand two hundred and fifty feet required to accommodate the Concorde would "knock out half of Elizabeth." The work would also take several years, and the desperate tone of the messages from overseas makes it clear that this would be far too long to wait. The fourteen Concordes (the French have four and the British five, and five are unsold) have already cost the two governments three billion dollars, and the French operating losses alone were half a million dollars a week last year—a situation that the plane's backers are convinced can begin to be reversed only with a franchise in the New York area. To complicate matters, later in the same week an association representing several thousand unhappy Frenchmen who live near Charles de Gaulle Airport, which is northwest of Paris and one of the Concorde's arrival and departure points, called on the Port Authority to ban the plane from Kennedy, apparently in the hope that the whole supersonic experiment would then fail and they would be out of their misery. In an attempt to dramatize the

Judith Shahn

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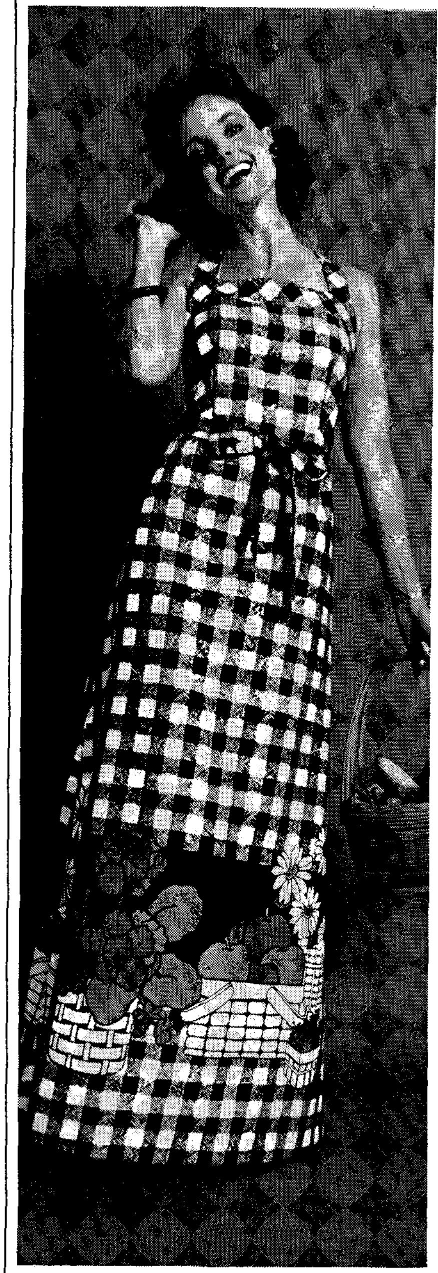

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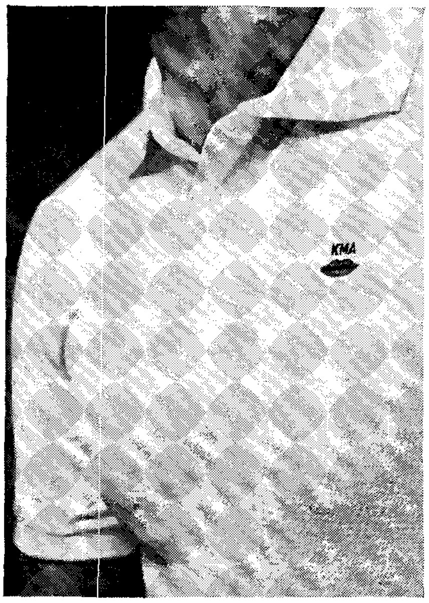
safety and utility of the Concorde, Prime Minister Callaghan travelled by the supersonic plane for his Washington meeting with President Carter. And the same week, reinforcing dark European suspicions that this country doesn't want to see the Concorde succeed because it plans to build its own supersonic transport in the future, the House of Representatives voted fifteen million dollars for preliminary research into a new American SST.

IN this state, as in New Jersey, Washington, D.C., and France, not all the political pressure over the Concorde comes from one side. Mayor Beame has been essentially noncommittal, but Osborn Elliott, the city's Deputy Mayor for Economic Development, is willing to give the plane's sponsors a chance to prove their claim that it will turn out to be not much noisier than the DC-8, the 707, and other large jets already taking off from Kennedy. The Long Island Association, whose members are leading businessmen in Nassau and Suffolk Counties, have also endorsed the idea of a trial, on the theory that rejecting it could have a negative economic effect and that Kennedy Airport accounts for forty thousand jobs. It appears that some of those supporting the landings believe that the Concorde's sponsors might be right when they discuss what could happen if the thirteen-hundred-and-fifty-mile-an-hour plane is ultimately excluded from New York. The situation at the moment is that the Port Authority has delayed its ruling, and the French and British airlines, having delayed until after the runoff in the French elections their argument in the federal courts that the Port Authority has no jurisdiction over the Concorde, are now waiting to see what the agency's ruling is. The Concorde people warn that if they lose, Kennedy could find itself ousted from its paramount position as an international commercial and tourist exchange point in favor of an airport in some more compliant state, perhaps in the Sunbelt. No Socialist-Communist show of strength threatens here, of course, but in view of the already declining economy in this state, as in most of the Northeast, and in view of those forty thousand voters whose jobs depend on Kennedy Airport's continuing prosperity, Governor Carey is doubtless asking himself what the chances are that before he has to mix into things directly the Concorde matter will be taken out of his hands by some obliging federal judge remote from the political ramble.



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Meanwhile, the loudest voices in the controversy continue to be those of the airport's neighbors, proclaiming on the evening news that there is no power on earth that could force them to endanger their health and peace of mind just to subsidize the economic well-being of the French and British people. If they eventually lose, whatever the legal route, they have vowed to commit various acts of civil disobedience, such as lying down on the runways or creating traffic jams on the way to Kennedy so that Concorde passengers can't reach the airport. In preparation for this outcome, deliberate car-stalling in Kennedy's main roadways was a popular Long Island family activity on a couple of Sundays last year, possibly weakening support for the anti-Concorde cause among noncombatants who were more interested in getting to their destinations than in symbolically repelling a foreign invader.

Because what are seen as oppressive British tactics are at issue in the present confrontation, as they were two hundred years ago, some evocations of Revolutionary events have come in handy in the local fight against the supersonic plane. There is also the homonymic accident that it can be described as the Second Battle of Concorde. The fact that among the battles in which the American colonists took a beating was that of Concord (and Lexington) is not part of the show. On the eighteenth of April in '75—that is, two years ago—at a Federal Aviation Administration hearing in Flushing, Queens (the borough was named in honor of Queen Catherine of Braganza, the wife of Charles II), the chief speaker in opposition to the Concorde landings reminded the crowd that in 1775 "the signal was 'One if by land, two if by sea,' " and went on, "We have to add another signal—'three if by air.' Today, we have many Paul Reveres here to warn us of this latest British invasion, this time accompanied by the French. We hope the result will be the same."

Even if the residents of Queens had not resorted to martial rhetoric, political writers would have found it hard to resist the satiric possibilities in the squaring off between an alliance of two foreign states and a band of embattled New Yorkers. In a *Times* column last month, under the heading "C'est la Guerre," Russell Baker constructed a brief history of a coming war between France and the City of New York. ("Mayor Beame conferred through the night with Felix Rohatyn, Victor Gotbaum, and Albert Shanker. They knew

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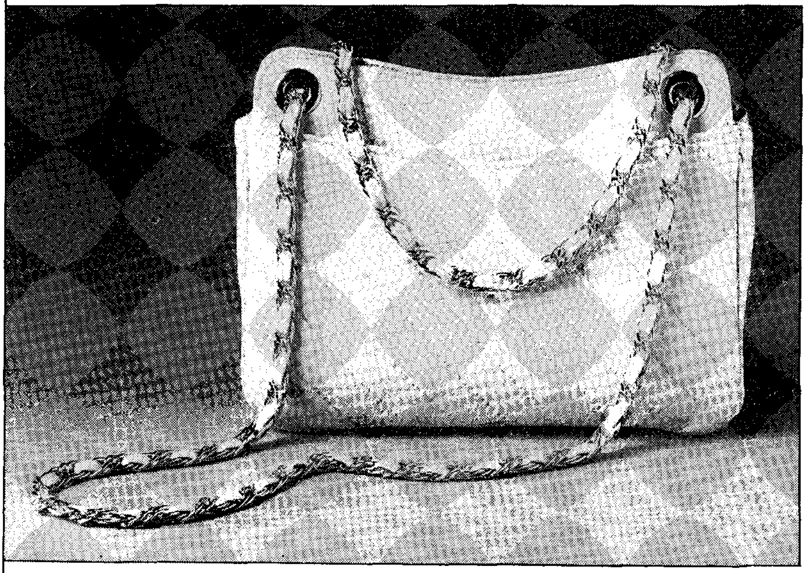

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they could expect no help from the United States.") In the *Post* on the same day, Mary McGrory called attention to the curious case of an American President's going along with the idea that New York State should be able to dictate the foreign policy of the United States. (Carter has assured French and British leaders that he favors the Concorde landings but must leave the decision up to the twelve Port Authority commissioners.) Miss McGrory asserted that it was only because the French ethnic vote in New York was insignificant that "Governor Carey doesn't mind taking on the Republic of France." If the Concorde were an Irish plane, she said, it would be another story entirely. As for the notion that the situation might end in armed conflict between Britain and France and the citizens of Queens, "the threat of war does not terrify them," she wrote. "Would it be that different from their daily struggle?" It could be assumed that Miss McGrory knew well enough that making it onto an F train in the rush hour was different from the experience of international war.

In comments on the Concorde crisis by C. L. Sulzberger that same day, there was, as is usual in his column in the *Times*, no discernible irony. "The trans-Atlantic argument over Concorde is now marked by savage and bewildering bitterness," he began. After noting that the British government was taking a more composed view of the situation, he quoted the French Prime Minister, Raymond Barre, as saying that if New York should continue to reject the Concorde landings at Kennedy, which Barre called "the most important airport in the world," there could well be a breakdown in relations between his country and the United States "on other bilateral or multilateral projects." Sulzberger then made a proposal that should have aroused some interest at City Hall: "Why cannot Washington discreetly ask the Governor in Albany and the Mayor in New York City to press the Port Authority to accept a fixed number of flights on specified remote runways and at the same time offer an inferential quid pro quo of further financial generosity through aid on loans to the harassed metropolis?"

As far as is known, no such proposition has come to the Governor or the Mayor, and if one should reach City Hall the officials there would surely remind themselves of the trouble they've had so far cashing in on all those warm but vague promises from the new Democratic President. ("Jimmy Carter still loves me," the Mayor

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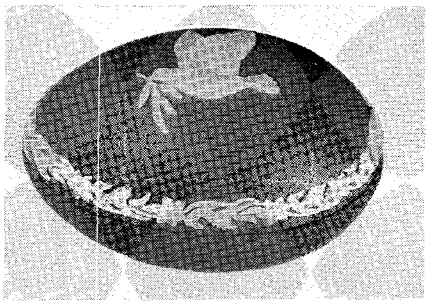

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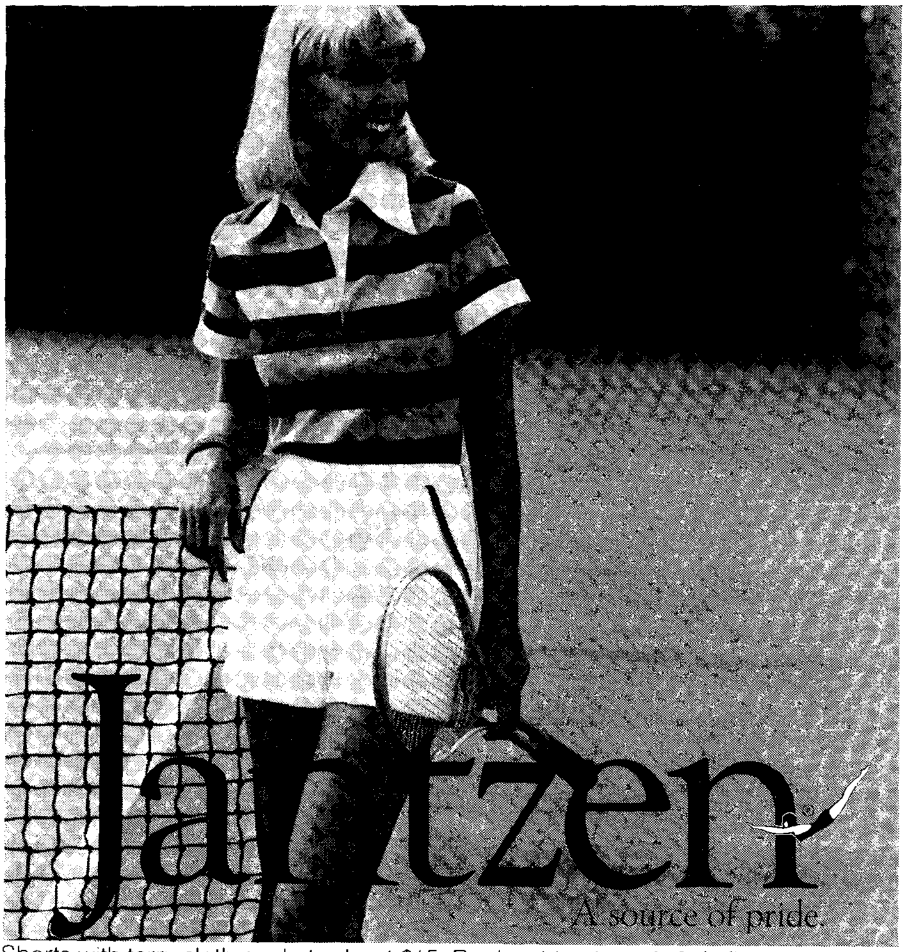
said last month during a song-and-dance turn at the annual musical show put on by City Hall reporters. "The last time I met with him, he told me he had a whole list of items to help the city. But he left the list in his other sweater.") City Hall would no doubt be slow to settle now for any quid pro quos that were merely inferential. Moreover, the residents of Queens—whose political leaders often complain that because their borough has fewer obvious problems, thanks partly to a smaller percentage of blacks, Hispanics, and other poor people than most of the other boroughs, it is regularly discriminated against in the dispensing of city funds—would not take kindly to a deal that helped balance the budget of the city as a whole by condemning them to an even worse racket in their back yards. They might well move their operations-blocking demonstrations to City Hall. New York nicely survived the reënactments of Revolutionary events for the Bicentennial, but it may not be ready for a parody of a local civil war.

SURELY a lingering Bicentennial influence could be detected in some of the language greeting the announcement late this winter by New York's largest commercial banks that they would make additional long-term loans to the city only if they could be certain that when the state monitoring agency, the Emergency Financial Control Board, goes out of business, as it is now scheduled to do at the end of 1978, some other supervisory agency would take its place to make sure that the city didn't return to its old improvident, trompe-l'oeil ways. The terms used by some local politicians and more feverish commentators—"tyranny," "betrayal," "subjugation"—would have fitted neatly into the speeches of the rebellious subjects of King George III. On the steps of City Hall in May of 1975, in the ceremony launching the local Bicentennial celebrations, Mayor Beame, who was having trouble with the banks then, too, denounced "the Tories of our time" and warned his listeners against "being dominated by the will of a handful of people who . . . seek to dictate our destiny from bank boardrooms." For those New Yorkers who recalled the reference to the Tories, there was some amusement in the fact that in the city's most recent confrontation with the bankers their chief spokesman, the chairman of the Bankers Trust Company, was named Alfred Brittain III.

The response to the bankers' propos-



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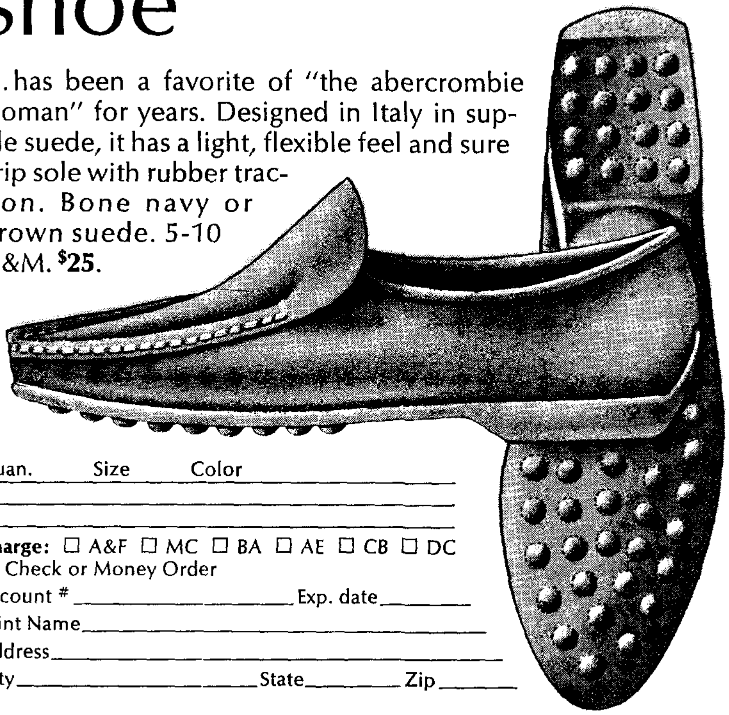

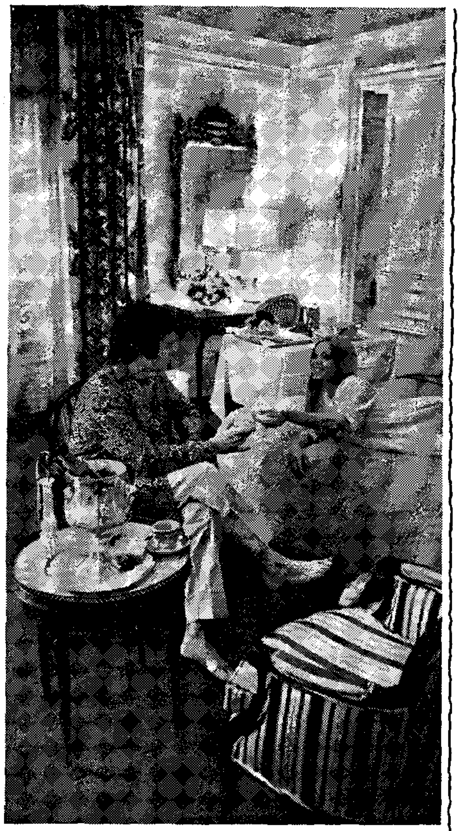

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al of a new board of financial overseers for the city was a reprise of that accorded the State Legislature's setting up of the Control Board to direct New York's financial affairs on September 9, 1975, at the height of the local money crisis—an act that was denounced in some quarters as signifying the surrender of the city to an occupying force, and the end of local government. During the months since, however, the Control Board has brought at least one benefit to city politicians in return for their loss of power: they have been able to blame it for nearly everything that has gone wrong in the city and for the most unpopular retrenchment decisions—a great political convenience. Still, it is not surprising that there was no City Hall ceremony last September to celebrate the board's first birthday.

Another uncommemorated event that month was the two-hundredth anniversary of the surrender of the city to the British Army, on September 15, 1776. It is, in fact, somewhat ironic that references to surrender and occupation should be part of the routine political rhetoric of a city whose history includes the experience, in no sense metaphorical, of having been occupied and surrounded by enemy troops and thus cut off from virtually all contact with their fellow-Americans for a longer period than any other American city. It is also a commentary on the national preoccupation with glorious victory not only that New Yorkers skipped any celebration of the Battle of Manhattan last fall but that most of them have no idea of what it led to. It was midday on September 15th that the Redcoats, under General William Howe, landed at Kip's Bay, having been ferried across the East River. From there they moved swiftly down the old Post Road to take over the city, which then extended from the Battery, at the tip of Manhattan, about as far north as the present City Hall. The taking of the city was no problem, since the American troops fled before the British in such panic and disorder that, as Bruce Bliven, Jr., described it in these pages, General Washington, immobilized by rage and mortification, was himself almost captured by the enemy, in a grassy area across from what is now the Princeton Club.

The fact that the Yankee troops—and, of course, General Washington—escaped British capture, reaching what is now Harlem but was then open country far from the city's borders, has been celebrated as a victory of sorts, and it was that. Yet for the ordinary citizens of what had been a city of twenty thou-

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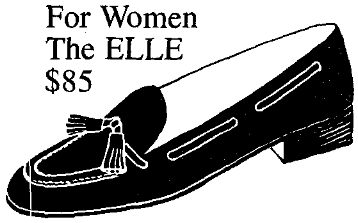

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sand, the second-largest in the colonies after Philadelphia, the day marked the beginning of seven years under harsh military rule. A good part of what their life was like during that time can only be guessed at, on the basis of sketchy military records and a few letters sent home by British garrison soldiers. Many Tories, fleeing Yankee-held territory, settled here and were treated well. Many other residents were not. Of some of the local citizens' attitude toward the measures taken against them by the occupying troops, one British soldier wrote home, "They are so little accustomed to these rigourous methods that they don't bear them with the proper resignation." In July of 1778, in the first example of direct military support to follow the new Franco-American alliance, a French fleet anchored off Sandy Hook. The hope had been that it would move in and wrest New York and its hapless rebel colonists from British control. (The British and French were, of course, on opposite sides in that war.) However, the vice admiral in charge of the fleet, Comte Charles-Hector d'Estaing, a forebear of the current French President, decided against it. Nearly five years into the occupation, in July of 1781, Washington, accompanied by several French generals, including Rochambeau, led a reconnoitring expedition, armed with field glasses, from New Jersey to the South Bronx to see whether it would be practical to try to retake New York. In the earliest days of the rebellion, since New York was hard to defend, a number of American leaders had urged that it simply be declared expendable (then, too) and abandoned to the enemy or burned to the ground. Now, however, Washington badly wanted to recapture it, for both the strategic and the symbolic effects on the British, but the attempt was judged to be too risky. In the seven years of the New York City occupation, there were no known incidents that it would seem appropriate to celebrate two hundred years later. Thus, it appears that from now until November 25, 1983, the two-hundredth anniversary of the date when the British forces finally withdrew from the city, New Yorkers will be relegated to the role of spectators as their fellow-Americans in what were once the thirteen colonies continue to commemorate anniversaries of military victories and other Revolutionary events in their own neighborhoods. For example, New Jersey celebrated "The Festival of the Ten Crucial Days," beginning with a reënactment last Christmas Day of

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Washington's crossing the Delaware. Said Governor Byrne, "Certainly the paperwork was done in Philadelphia on the Fourth of July, but the war had to be fought and won in New Jersey."

The fact that New Yorkers are out of it may be just as well. In no future production could they hope to match the local triumph of July 4, 1976, last year's great morale booster, when two million people—almost as many as had lived in all thirteen colonies two hundred years earlier—crowded into Manhattan south of City Hall, the area the British once occupied, to watch the Tall Ships and otherwise celebrate the nation's two-hundredth birthday. "New York's Bicentennial was, by common consent, the country's finest" was the verdict of Mary McGrory, who in April had described the city as "sick . . . and sickening." Her explanation for the remarkably fast convalescence was "Adversity has done wonders for New York." *Newsday*, whose territory is Nassau and Suffolk Counties, commented, "The Revolution was launched in Boston. Independence was declared in Philadelphia. Washington has been the capital since 1791. But where is the Bicentennial really happening? In New York City, of all places. Crime-ridden, poverty-stricken, politics-plagued New York has made itself headquarters for the Fourth of July, 1976."

Still, the local Bicentennial celebrations may not necessarily be over. New Yorkers have been known to rise above inconvenient historical fact. Last May, for example, the Battle of Queens was reënacted in Flushing Meadow-Corona Park, although the participants agreed that no Revolutionary battle took place in that borough. There was no dress rehearsal. "The battles of the Revolution did not have dress rehearsals, so why should we?" asked a history buff acting as expert adviser for the event. The pageant could, of course, serve as a dress rehearsal for a glorious victory in the second Battle of Queens against the British, this time accompanied by the French—the victory in the battle over the Concorde, when or if it comes.

—ANDY LOGAN

•

CORRECTION

We would like to apologize to Mrs. Lois McMurray for the description on her as, "the bane of the Clinton High library's existence," in yesterday's ITEM. The sentence should have read backbone of the Clinton High library.—*Clinton (Mass.) Daily Item.*

Carry on, Mrs. McMurray. It's an imperfect world.

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AN ARGUMENT OVER SURVIVAL

THE end of the Second World War left the United States with two great issues involving its international dealings. One was the proper way to confront international Communism, represented by the Soviet Union. The other was what to do about the nuclear bomb, which the United States had developed and employed in order to hasten the end of that war. Before long, the two issues became intertwined in a rather complex fashion, and this particular mixture of issues has continued, in one form or another, to challenge and bedevil policymakers down to the present time. Nor is there much likelihood that—barring a catastrophe—the issues will ever be resolved. The recent fight over President Carter's nomination of Paul Warnke as director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency and chief negotiator for the next round of arms-control talks with the Soviet Union was part of the continuing domestic battle over these issues: it represented the opening maneuvers in the next struggle over the terms of an arms agreement. Those on both sides of the argument—and almost no one is neutral—are sophisticated, knowledgeable, well backed and financed, and skilled at getting their point of view across through the press. And each faction is profoundly suspicious of the other. Although this continuing fight is conducted with techniques similar to those with which other fights over public policy—welfare reform, energy legislation, national health insurance—are conducted, there is a difference. What sets this one apart from the others, what gives it its peculiar intensity, and even venom, is its subject matter. In this instance, people are arguing from sincerely and deeply held opposing views of what is necessary for the nation's survival. It is an argument in which one is not, from the point of view of the opposition, simply incorrect; one is running the risk of jeopardizing the nation's security or of blowing up the world. Epithets and charges—"paranoid," "naïve," "dangerous," "Churchill complex," "supersoft"—flow freely from the lips of participants in the argument. This issue touches a nerve that still discomforts public officials: the possibility that they will be charged, however it is put, with being insufficiently alert to the Communist threat.

The Soviet Union set off its own nuclear device in 1949. The dispute that broke out among scientists in the early nineteen-fifties over whether our own nuclear bomb should be further developed into a "superbomb"—the hydrogen bomb—constituted the first postwar round of the argument, and was the first point at which the two great issues merged. J. Robert Oppenheimer, who had directed the development of the atomic bomb at Los Alamos, argued that the hydrogen bomb was unnecessary—that the bombs at hand were large and numerous enough to inflict unacceptable damage upon the Soviet Union. Edward Teller, who had worked at Los Alamos, and Ernest O. Lawrence, who was director of the Radiation Laboratory at Berkeley, argued for the bigger bomb. A government panel subsequently removed Oppenheimer's security clearance. Though there was no specific charge of disloyalty, the finding was that he was unfit for such sensitive work or continued possession of a government clearance, and he was termed a "security risk." Teller told the panel, "I feel that I would like to see the vital interests of this country in hands which I understand better and therefore trust more."

BEGINNING in the nineteen-fifties, there were a number of alarms that the Soviet Union was getting ahead of the United States in some military capability. In 1957, Sputnik 1 set off fears of a "science gap." Around the same time, Democrats charged that there was a "bomber gap," and in Congress voted additional funds for President Eisenhower's defense budget. The bomber gap turned out to be nonexistent, as did a "missile gap" that the

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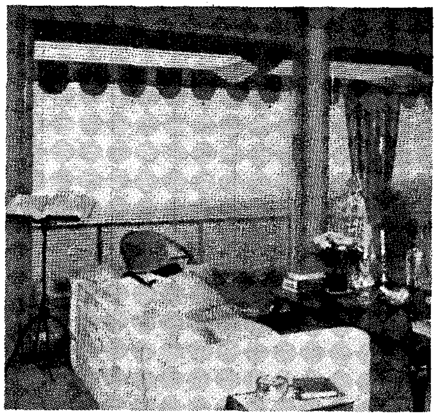

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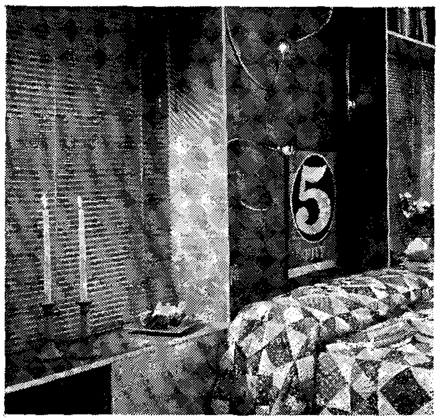

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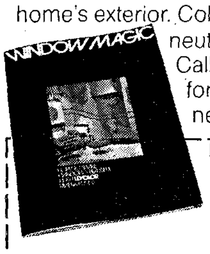

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Democrats made an issue in the 1960 Presidential campaign. At the same time, another current was running in American policy. In 1958, the United States and the Soviet Union met in Geneva to discuss the possibility of a mutual agreement to discontinue nuclear testing, and they did agree to suspend testing in the meantime. In 1959, President Eisenhower said that we would no longer be bound by the moratorium, but neither nation resumed testing until September, 1961, when the Soviet Union tested a large bomb, and the United States resumed testing two weeks later. John Kennedy had made a point in his campaign about how few people in the government were working on arms-control questions, and in 1961, largely at the instigation of Senator Hubert Humphrey, Congress established the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. The idea was that just as there was an agency whose role was to promote the instruments of the nation's defense (the Pentagon), so there should be one whose role was to promote arms control. The two were never a match, of course, but from then on the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency (A.C.D.A.) became a participant, and a target, in the long-running battle over our proper defense posture toward the Soviet Union. In 1963, when the United States held a clear advantage in arms, the Kennedy Administration negotiated the first major postwar arms-control agreement with the Soviet Union: a ban on the atmospheric testing of nuclear weapons. The treaty was approved by the Senate after the Administration agreed to an understanding sought by the Joint Chiefs of Staff and promoted in the Senate by Henry Jackson, of Washington. The "Jackson safeguards," as they came to be known, included our maintaining a state of readiness to resume atmospheric testing and our continuing an "aggressive" underground-testing program. (A Jackson aide said to me recently, "We learned that with a little ingenuity you can do underground just about everything you can do in the air.") Several scientists had worked to persuade Kennedy and key members of his Administration to pursue the nuclear-limitation agreement. The congressional fight in 1969 over whether to approve the Nixon Administration's request to deploy an antiballistic-missile defense system, or ABM—the first major fight in Congress over this kind of question—was characterized by an unprecedented convergence of scientists (on both sides) and politicians. The ABM had been

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originally suggested by the Johnson Administration as an anti-Chinese system and offered as a solace to the Joint Chiefs of Staff, who had lost a battle within the Administration for a larger anti-Soviet system; but the Chinese didn't have an intercontinental delivery system, and the Nixon Administration redefined the ABM's purpose and changed its name from Sentinel to Safeguard. After a long struggle, the Senate, by a one-vote margin, permitted work on the system to go ahead.

WHILE arms-limitation negotiations with the Soviet Union went forward, deep skepticism about them never disappeared. The agreements that the Nixon Administration brought back from the 1972 Strategic Arms Limitation Talks (SALT) to restrict both the United States and the Soviet Union to two ABMs each and to put an interim freeze on offensive weapons were highly controversial in Congress. (The interim agreement expires in October of this year.) Senator Jackson, who had helped lead the Nixon Administration's fight to deploy an ABM system and who had carried the burden of the Pentagon argument that the system was essential for the protection of our intercontinental ballistic missiles, was understandably disturbed that the Administration proceeded to negotiate a limitation on ABMs. It was generally understood that an antiballistic-missile system consisting of two antiballistic-missile sites was not a real antiballistic-missile system. And, in the end, only one ABM site was completed—near Grand Forks, North Dakota—and within less than a year of its completion it was abandoned as militarily valueless. Moreover, the interim limitation on offensive weapons permitted the Soviet Union to maintain a lead in the number of intercontinental-ballistic-missile launchers. But in 1970 the United States had begun to deploy MIRVs—multiple independently targetable reentry vehicles, or multiple warheads that can be individually aimed, carried within a single missile—thus guaranteeing our country a continuing lead in the number of warheads, while the Soviet Union maintained a lead in launchers. Jackson supported the interim SALT agreement in exchange for the Administration's acceptance of an amendment he proposed stipulating that future arms agreements must conform to the principle of equality in intercontinental weapons systems. The agreement that President Ford achieved at Vladivostok in 1974, which was to set the framework for the next SALT

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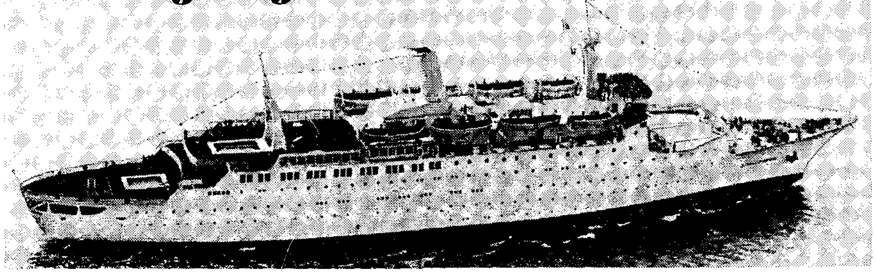

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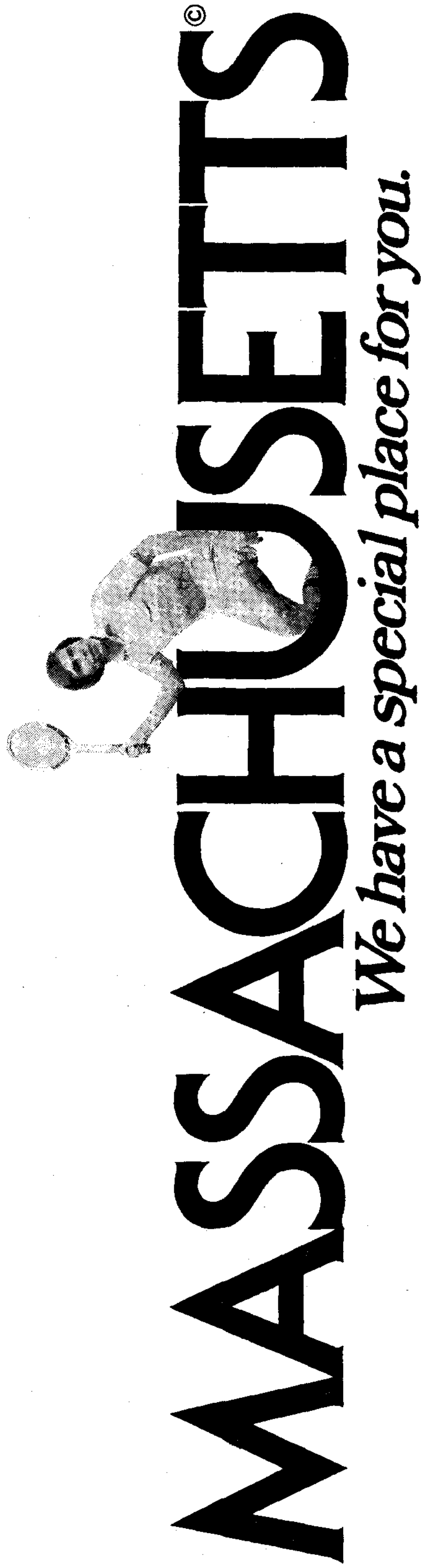
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agreement, was based on just such a principle. It established ceilings that were at the outer limits of what either nation intended to build in any event, and thus, in the view of many on both sides of the argument, validated the arms race. (The Vladivostok accord was not a treaty and did not have to be approved by the Senate.) Both Jackson and a number of those who had ordinarily taken a more liberal position on the question of arms control were critical of the Vladivostok accord, for settling on such high numbers. But the two sides concurred only up to a point. Although both argued for an arms agreement at lower numbers, they were divided over the point that what Jackson proposed would have permitted qualitative improvements in the weapons systems each nation was allowed to keep. Such "improvements," those who differed with Jackson argued, would continue the arms race.

One of the difficulties with the argument over arms control is that the notion of arms-control negotiations has become so acceptable that almost everyone says he favors arms-control negotiations, and also both sides say that they favor being "tough" with the Soviet Union. The true differences lie in the degrees of skepticism about whether the Soviet Union would ever see it in its own interest to bargain in good faith, in the degrees to which it is assumed that each step the Soviet Union takes is in furtherance of the goal of world conquest, and in the degrees of importance or of danger attached to improved weapons. The sides divide roughly into what might be called arms-control liberals and arms-control conservatives. They have disagreed not only on the substance of arms-control agreements but also on the tactics employed in negotiating them. One side has argued that we should proceed to develop weapons that could be used as "bargaining chips" in negotiations, and it cites the antiballistic-missile treaty as a successful example of this approach. The other side points out that it is also the only example, and argues that the ABM agreement was reached because the ABM had such strong political opposition in the United States and our government had lost interest in it. What gives us bargaining leverage, this side maintains, is to say that we might refrain from doing something that the Soviet Union doesn't want us to do. One side argues that we should put forward proposals that might be unacceptable; the other says that after a certain point this stymies arms-control talks for periods during which the arms race continues. The argument has also been complicated by the fact that its terms have changed. At first, it was essentially over questions of "facts"—questions such as whether or not there was a certain "gap" or who was "ahead." As more people gained access to facts, the debate shifted increasingly to the meaning of those facts—questions of "intentions," and of what "perceptions" other nations might have of either side's "capabilities" and "intentions." These are questions that call for far more subjective judgments.

Another complaint that Jackson had about the Vladivostok accord was that it permitted the Soviet Union, which had chosen to build heavier missiles than the United States, to fit so many of them with MIRVs, which the Soviet Union had begun to deploy in 1973. (Our missiles are lighter by design, and more accurate.) The worry has become that once the Soviet missiles, with their additional "throw-weight," are fitted with MIRVs and also made more accurate, the Russians will gain a decisive advantage. Many people at the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency had argued against our deployment of both the ABM and MIRVs, maintaining in the latter instance that such a move would lead to the deployment of MIRVs by the Soviet Union. They had argued, along with a number of others, that MIRVs were escalatory and destabilizing, and, because their deployment was difficult to verify, would complicate arms-control negotiations. The predictions came true. "I wish," Henry Kissinger remarked in a background briefing of reporters in 1974, "I had thought through the implications of a MIRVed world."

The failure of the Ford Administration's efforts to achieve a new SALT treaty in 1976 is attributed to a combination of Ronald Reagan, the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and Henry Jackson, who is alleged to have worked with his own contacts in the military to prevent the Administration from accepting terms negotiated by Kissinger in Moscow in January. The major controversy within our government was over two weapons: the Soviet Backfire bomber, which arms-control conservatives insist be considered a strategic weapon (it could reach the United States, but would then have to refuel in, say, Cuba, and there is disagreement within our government over whether the bomber has an intercontinental mission), and our new, light, relatively inexpensive and highly accurate cruise missile, which the Soviet Union insists be brought into an arms-control agreement, but which has strong backing in the Pentagon and on Capitol Hill. Said a Pentagon official recently, "Each side has decided to make a major issue of something the other doesn't want to give up." The Soviet Union has deployed missiles similar to the cruise that do not have either the range or the accuracy of the ones we are developing. Both nations' systems are descendants of the German V-1 "buzz bombs" of the Second World War, both sides having won their share of German scientists. The United States had largely abandoned the cruise project in the nineteen-sixties as of little interest or advantage. Then it was offered to the Joint Chiefs as a solace for the 1972 SALT agreement and was touted as a bargaining chip for future negotiations. And because the cruise is not a ballistic missile (it is, in effect, a pilotless plane) and therefore was not covered by the 1972 agreement, it became more attractive to the Pentagon. By 1976, when Kissinger tried to reach a new agreement, the Pentagon had become reluctant to give up the cruise and it was off limits as a bargaining chip. Kissinger remarked to a group of reporters, "I didn't realize the Pentagon would fall in love with cruise missiles." Arms-control liberals worry about our deploying the cruise missile, because they are concerned about the implications of a "cruised world." Arms-control conservatives and Pentagon officials say that these people have "overlearned the lesson of MIRV." The new agreement that Kissinger negotiated in Moscow would have put fewer limits on the Backfire than on the cruise missile. There is some question as to whether Kissinger was as close to an agreement as he has claimed. In any event, after a struggle within the Administration—in which Jackson and his staff were not disinterested bystanders—Ford, facing a challenge by Ronald Reagan in the primaries and aware that he ran the danger of a disclosure that Pentagon officials, including his own Secretary of Defense, Donald Rumsfeld, opposed the package Kissinger had negotiated, declined to back it. (Rumsfeld, it may be recalled, replaced James Schlesinger, whom Ford had fired in late 1975 when Schlesinger objected to the President's defense budget as too low—the budget was later increased in the face of the Reagan challenge. Ford had said he wanted a team of "my guys.")

THE political climate that surrounded the issue of arms control at the outset of this year was fed by

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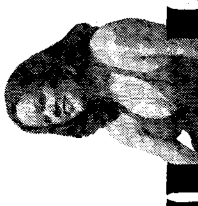

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these and other recent events. One high government official said in early March, "As a result of the Republican primary campaign, the issue came into sharper focus and the polarization became greater." In the opinion of this person, among others, the prominence of the arms issue in last year's politics also led to an unusual development—the appointment in August, 1976, by the Ford Administration of a committee of outsiders to give its own estimate and interpretation of the Soviet military buildup that was widely believed to be taking place. For several years, there had been criticism, inside the government and out, that our official estimates underrated the buildup. This committee of outsiders was the so-called Team B, whose assignment was to offer its own analysis to counter that of the regular defense-intelligence group that each year made the national intelligence estimate of the Soviet strategic forces—Team A. One prerequisite for membership on Team B was that one hold a pessimistic view of the Soviet Union's intentions. Among its members were Richard Pipes, a professor of Russian history at Harvard, who served as chairman; Lieutenant General Daniel Graham, the retired former head of the Defense Intelligence Agency; and Paul Nitze, former Deputy Secretary of Defense and a man with a long-time involvement in defense issues. Team B's findings took a pessimistic view of the Soviet Union's intentions. These views, supposedly secret, were leaked, and they have been brought to the attention of policymakers, politicians, and the public by Major General George J. Keegan, Jr., who retired in January as chief of intelligence for the Air Force, and who had for many years been contesting the official estimates of the Soviet Union's intentions. (Keegan opposed the 1972 arms agreements.)

One thing that seems to underlie the concern of many of those who are alarmed by the Soviet buildup is that until the early nineteen-seventies the United States had a clear margin of arms superiority over the Soviet Union but that the dynamics of the situation are such that the margin can never be regained. In a speech in 1973, in which he criticized the first SALT agreements, Jackson said, "This unfavorable shift in the strategic balance should be understood in the context of international politics and diplomacy. Since 1945, American strategic superiority set limits to the risks the Soviets might take to advance their foreign-policy interests." Meanwhile, the arms-control liberals argue that we have more warheads

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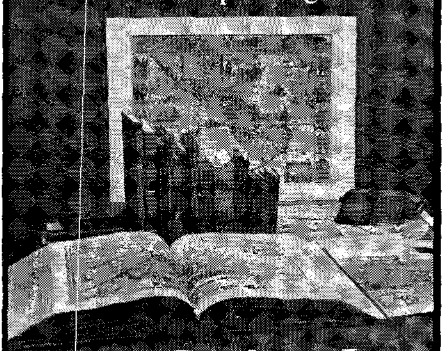

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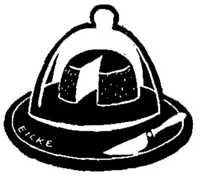
(about eight thousand five hundred to the Soviet Union's four thousand) and greater accuracy, and the arms-control conservatives argue that the Soviets have more "throw-weight," that they could in the future outnumber us in MIRVs, and that they have a larger number of impenetrable (hard) missile sites. Both countries are moving toward the deployment of mobile intercontinental missiles (the Soviet Union has begun to deploy intermediate-range ones) and still more accurate warheads. Mobile missiles cannot be tucked away just anywhere but can be set off from one of several "launch points"—and this advantage could be offset by more warheads aimed at the several points. We are developing a wiggling MIRV, or MARV (maneuverable reëntry vehicle), that can change course in flight, and are planning to deploy a new warhead, called the MK-12A, which is twice as powerful as the existing ones and also more accurate. Thus, both countries, if unchecked, could keep moving toward the point where each might fear that the other could effectively destroy its land-based missiles and that therefore there would be a substantial advantage in launching the first strike. Arms-control liberals worry that in the event of, say, a war in Europe, or some other situation in which either the United States or the Soviet Union feels endangered, this fear could lead to the launching of such a strike. What has happened as a result of the development of new arms is that the level of stability has decreased. The theory of mutual deterrence had been to establish a situation in which neither side saw an advantage in striking first. The arms-control conservatives also point to reports that the Soviet Union is building a civil-defense system—leading to new alarms about a "civil-defense gap." Paul Nitze told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee during hearings on the Warnke nomination, "I believe there is now a wide consensus that the evidence indicates that the situation could become serious at some time in the future, given a continuation of current trends." Both President Carter and Defense Secretary Harold Brown maintain that we are in a situation of "rough equivalence" with the Soviet Union. Brown argues that "we are ahead by some measures" and "they are ahead by other measures," and that "the net effect of all this is that, if the Soviets were to launch a first strike on us, we could, after that, retaliate with devastating effect and essentially destroy them as a functioning modern society." What is seen by many as a Soviet buildup aimed at superiority he has explained by telling Congress that the Soviet effort began in the early nineteen-sixties, when the United States had clear superiority, and has continued on a steady basis ever since. According to Brown, the Soviet Union over the last several years has been spending roughly twelve per cent of its gross national product on arms, with the absolute amount rising as its G.N.P. has grown. Arms-control conservatives point out that the United States, on the other hand, has been spending a declining percentage of its G.N.P. on defense. In the view of some students of the subject, however, the G.N.P., either way, is an irrelevant measurement. Brown has also told Congress, "We have probably lived off our earlier investments longer than we should. We have some catching up to do." (Brown has, though, said that he is not alarmed by the Soviet civil-defense effort.)



Still another ingredient in the current mood has been disillusionment with détente—the feeling of many people that they had been oversold on its possible benefits. Carter himself said on numerous occasions last year, "Every time we have had a tough negotiation with the Soviet Union, we lost or came in second best." One present government official says, "People believed that if there was an arms agreement there would be no Angola." And some see in the current climate lingering frustrations over the Vietnam war. One Administration foreign-policy official has said, "The military and the right are still frustrated, and want the military to have élan again." Arms-control conservatives see the effect of Vietnam another way. Daniel Patrick Moynihan, who was aligned with Jackson in the recent debate, suggested that while some people, among whom he included Warnke, appear to have concluded that the errors of the past had sprung from an overemphasis on foreign and defense policy, others, among whom he included himself, conclude "that the world today is in a state of transition from the assumption of American dominance to the presumption of American decline." He continued, "I believe the balance of world power is changing, and that this change has been precipitated by the inevitable and calamitous failure of arms in Southeast Asia." He said, "I believe that other nations are beginning

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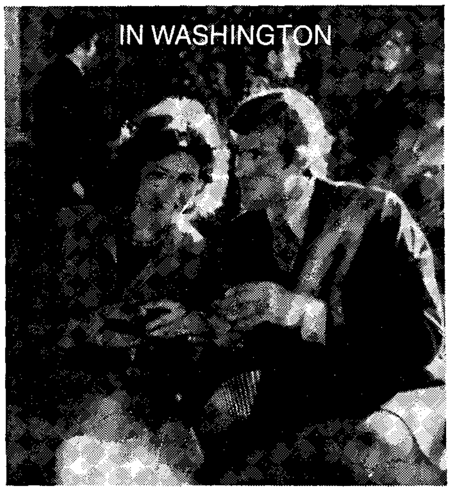

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to respond to the expectation of further decline in the American position, that the world over allies and uncommitted alike are commencing a process of accommodation to Soviet power unlike anything we have seen since the immediate aftermath of the Second World War, when Eastern Europe fell under Soviet domination." Another official said during a discussion of the debate, "It's the general mood. The American-Soviet strategic equation has changed, and people are becoming aware of it. People's perceptions have changed. But that isn't decisive. There have also been the reaction to the Soviets in Angola, the reaction to the Team B report. Our government has to take these things into account."

BEHIND each side on the question of the proper arms posture vis-à-vis the Soviet Union lies an extensive political network that contains a proliferating number of private groups, often with overlapping boards and memberships—made up of ex-officials (civilian and military), scientists, and other private citizens. Both sides hold lunches, seminars, dinners, and other meetings to which outsiders are invited; both issue newsletters and pamphlets. Both are capable of getting up letter-writing campaigns—although of late the arms-control conservatives have been the more proficient at this by far—and both have groups that raise money to contribute to politicians. Both, together with their politician allies, have lines into the bureaucracy and allies there who feed them information and alongside whom they fight—within the government, on Capitol Hill, in the press—to promote their respective points of view. They work not just with the politicians themselves, of course, but also with their aides, who have more time to attend the meetings and absorb the information and make and take phone calls, and who then brief their principals. Among the groups formed by arms-control liberals is the Council for a Livable World, founded by Leo Szilard, one of the physicists who pressed Franklin Roosevelt to proceed with the development of the atomic bomb. This group raises money to support senatorial candidates, and it lobbies for arms control. Then, there is the Arms Control Association, which includes a number of former government officials, most of them from the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. It concerns itself with the technical and political aspects of arms control. There are also the Federation of

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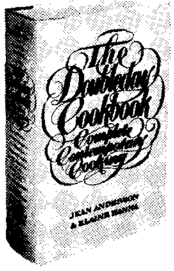

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American Scientists, which concerns itself with the way the fruits of scientific research are used, and with arms control; the Center for Defense Information, which tries to inform the public on defense policy and the defense budget; and New Directions, a recently established citizens' lobby, modelled on Common Cause, to work on international issues. In recent years, arms-control research programs have been established at a few universities (Harvard, M.I.T., and Stanford—among others). In Washington, the Brookings Institution, a research organization, has housed a number of people who work on the study of the defense budget and the problem of arms control, and who have their lines to the bureaucracy, the press, and Capitol Hill. Brookings is largely offset by the Center for Strategic and International Studies, at Georgetown University, which, in turn, houses a number of people with a more conservative view on these questions. Lined up on the conservative side of the arms-control issue are groups that have differing origins but converge on the questions of strong national defense and strong anti-Soviet policies. The American Security Council is a well-funded organization that includes a number of retired military officers and some ambassadors from the Cold War era. Its president, who was one of its founders, is a former agent of the Federal Bureau of Investigation named John Fisher. One of its early functions was to serve as a reference organization where employers could learn whether prospective employees had any possible Communist connections, and it grew into one of the foremost advocates of nuclear superiority and an aggressive anti-Communist foreign policy. (Edward Teller is a member of its National Strategy Committee.) And, for the specific purpose of fighting the Warnke nomination, there was formed the Emergency Coalition Against Unilateral Disarmament, an umbrella organization that included the American Conservative Union, the Young Americans for Freedom, the Committee for the Survival of a Free Congress, and the American Security Council itself, among others. It got up informational packets and conducted an impressive mail campaign directed at the Senate. (It also took a full-page ad in a dozen newspapers.) Members of Congress spot organized mail campaigns, and often ignore them. But if the mail is particularly strong and the issue is particularly controversial, and if the politician decides that he may be vulner-

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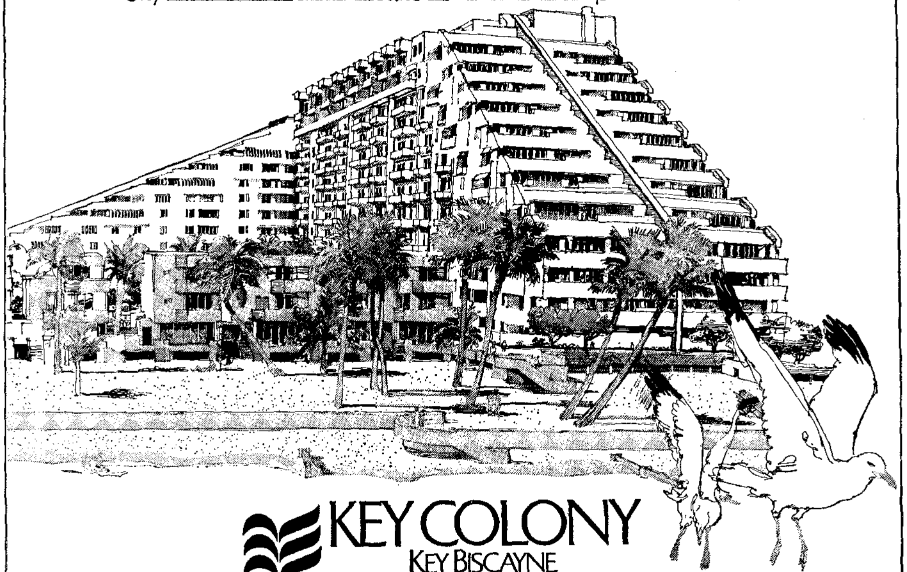

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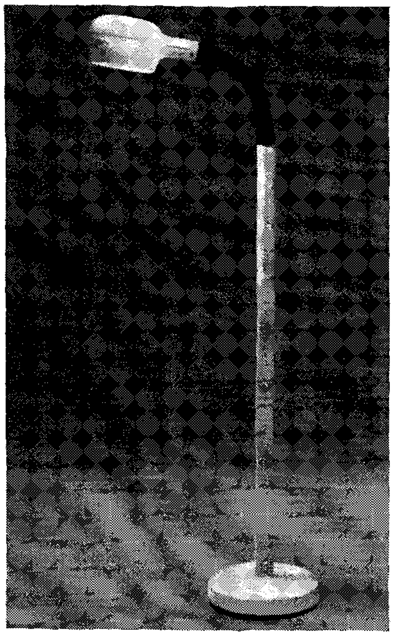

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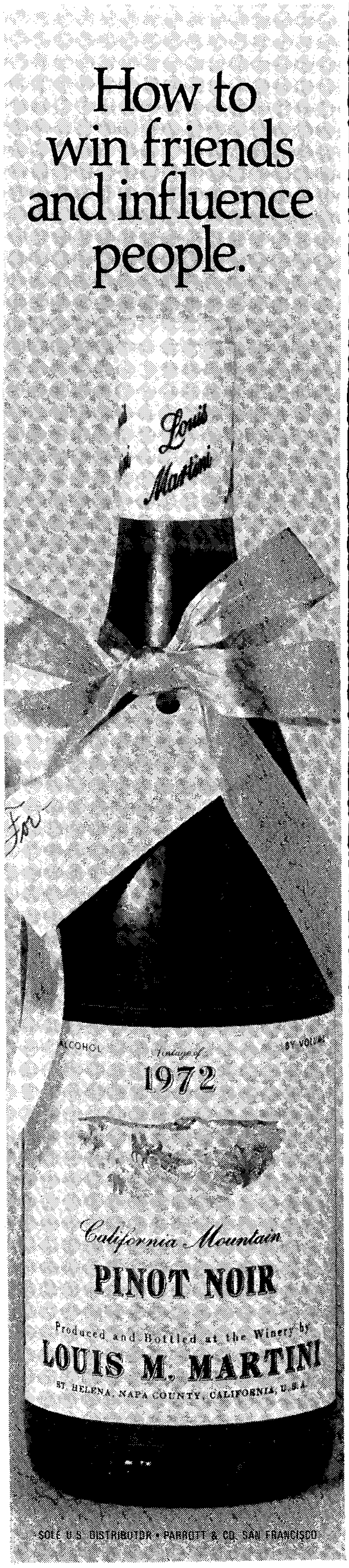

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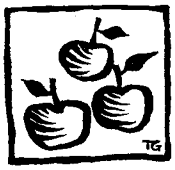
able, a mail campaign can have an impact. This one did.

Some of the groups on the side of the arms-control conservatives are made up of the more conservative elements in the trade-union movement, together with a certain number of intellectuals and veterans of the Old Left who were rigidly anti-Soviet in their fights against Communist infiltration of the trade-union movement and have retained foreign-policy attitudes formed in the Cold War. They back large defense budgets and a militant anti-Soviet policy. (For some of the unions, this is a matter of jobs as well as ideology; for example, the A.F.L.-C.I.O. and the United Auto Workers back the B-1 bomber.) Having felt threatened by the attitudes and the growing political power of the new liberals and the New Left during the nineteen-sixties and seventies, and having been alarmed by détente, they formed organizations to fight back. These are many of the people who form the core of support for such politicians as Jackson and Moynihan. In November, 1976, an organization called the Committee on the Present Danger was founded, made up largely of such people as Eugene Rostow, Lane Kirkland (the heir apparent to George Meany), Paul Nitze, Dean Rusk, David Packard (Deputy Secretary of Defense under Melvin Laird), and John Connally. The committee was started with the express purpose of pointing out the danger of the Soviet buildup. The Committee on the Present Danger has some overlapping membership with a group called the Coalition for a Democratic Majority, an organization of "centrist" Democrats which was formed in 1972 to rescue the Party from "McGovernism." This group has stood for liberalism on economic issues and conservatism on defense issues. Ben Wattenberg, the leading theoretician of the C.D.M., envisioned a new coalition of old labor, old liberals, foreign-policy conservatives, and blue-collar workers. He and Penn Kemble, the C.D.M. executive director, are close advisers of Jackson and Moynihan. The C.D.M. took a strong stand against the Warnke nomination.



SENATOR JACKSON's particular effectiveness in matters of arms control derives from many of the same kinds of sources from which the effectiveness of other politicians derives: devotion to the subject, hard work, a good staff, good contacts, and a strong power base within Congress. By now one of the senior members of the Senate, Jackson, through his position on several key committees—chairman of the new Energy and Natural Resources (formerly Interior) Committee; second-ranking member of the Armed Services Committee (next in line to chairman John Stennis), and chairman of its Arms Control Subcommittee; and chairman of the Permanent Investigations Subcommittee of the Governmental Affairs Committee—has managed to do what many other senators only aspire to do. He has accumulated a large staff, and he has developed easy access to television coverage. (He can be counted upon to say something controversial, and thus newsworthy, and he tends to conduct a hearing in a prosecutorial manner favored by television news programs.) Jackson has a reputation for being powerful, and such reputations, in politics as in other areas of life, tend to be self-perpetuating. Jackson's power in arms control also has to do with mathematics: the Constitutional requirement that treaties must be approved by two-thirds of the Senate. Opponents of any such treaty therefore need only muster one-third plus one votes (thirty-four if the entire Senate is voting). Policymakers must approach the question of arms control with this fact in mind. Arms-control liberals, led by such senators as Humphrey, Edward Kennedy, and Alan Cranston, figure that they have about forty-five certain votes, and that another twenty to thirty senators are "persuadable"—but that by no means do they have an automatic two-thirds. Nor does their side have the "intensity factor" that the other has; in this, as in so many things, the liberals tend to be more diffuse than their opponents. The mathematics of treaty approval is why both sides in the Warnke debate attached such importance to the question of whether two-thirds of the Senate would vote to confirm Warnke both as director of A.C.D.A. and as the chief SALT negotiator. On the key vote—on whether he should be negotiator—he was confirmed by a vote of only fifty-eight to forty. He was then confirmed as A.C.D.A. director by seventy to twenty-nine. (The fact that there were two roll-call votes on the nominations was helpful. Members of Congress appreciate opportunities to vote both ways on an issue.) Moreover, now that there has been a change of party in the White House, some Republicans who might have supported an arms-control agreement reached by a

President of their own party will feel freer not to do so. A senator with whom I discussed arms-control politics said, "A lot of the power here is negative power. Kissinger complained about Congress trying to take over foreign policy, but we did very little. We just tinkered with such questions as Chile, Cyprus, Angola. We basically gave the President everything he wanted in defense and foreign policy. We're still not leading on domestic policy. Scoop Jackson's role in arms control has been to use our negative power." This man told me that last year thirty-six senators were sponsoring a resolution expressing support for a comprehensive test-ban treaty—in this case, only a majority would have been necessary for passage—but that Mike Mansfield, then the Senate Majority Leader, did not want to bring it up, because there was opposition and he did not want to take "all that time." It is this kind of power, the senator pointed out, that can still be exercised with the filibuster. "It's easier to be negative," he said. He continued, "Scoop doesn't change many votes. There are few senators who can influence votes. The votes he's got are largely there—conservative Republicans and some conservative Democrats. Administrations are so afraid of him because of the negative power."

In his efforts to mold defense and arms-control policy, Jackson is aided—and, many think, influenced, as many legislators are—by highly able and active staff members. In Jackson's case, they are Richard Perle, a thirty-five-year-old analyst who, before being taken on by Jackson, worked briefly for a political-military research group in Cambridge and then, in 1969, for Paul Nitze as Nitze prepared for SALT; and Dorothy Fosdick, a political scientist and a dedicated advocate of a hard line toward the Soviet Union, who has worked with Jackson since 1956. (The well-known dedication of these two people lent an antic quality to Nelson Rockefeller's suggestion last year that Jackson was harboring Communists on his staff.) Perle is now the acknowledged dean and strategist of the arms-control conservatives on Capitol Hill. Jackson is also aided by outside experts, just as the arms-control liberals are. Among Jackson's experts are Richard Pipes, the chairman of Team B; Paul Nitze; and Albert Wohlstetter, a strategic analyst at the University of Chicago.

Another source of Jackson's power is his access to information. Both sides, of course, have access to information,

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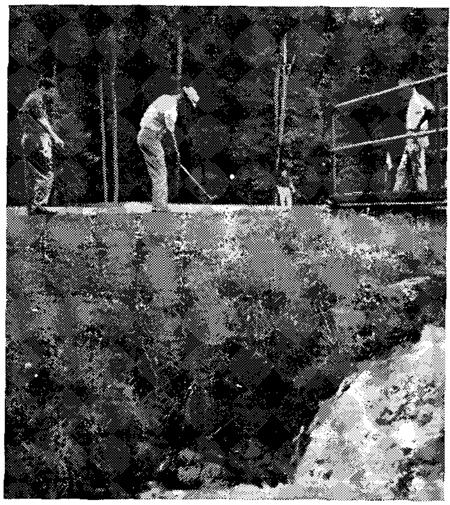

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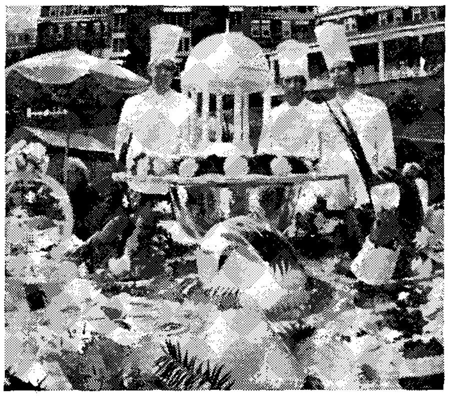

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but it is the particular kind of information to which Jackson has access that gives him his particular effectiveness. One Administration man has said, "He can find out anything he wants to. And who wants to get beat on the head by a well-respected, tough senator saying, 'You're bargaining away our security to the Russians'?"

A military man told me, "Jackson has long been a powerful figure with the military, because he is their friend in court." Just as the Bureau of Reclamation bureaucracy or the Office of Education bureaucracy will be especially informative and deferential toward people on Capitol Hill who look out for their interests, so the military bureaucracy will be, too. The arrangement is no different from or more sinister than similar ones between the bureaucracy and its protectors in other areas of government action. The military man said, "Each service at any time wants authority to proceed with major weapons programs, and he's in a key position on the question of whether they get it." In a conversation in February, Perle said, "One reason Scoop sometimes appears to be ahead of the Joint Chiefs is that the Chiefs aren't saying where they really are. For the most part, these are very cautious men. They are not going to stick their necks out. You don't rise in that system without being cautious."

ANOTHER form of power within the Congress is the power over personnel in the bureaucracy, and this is a power that powerful members of Congress, of all persuasions, use on occasion. After the first SALT agreement, Henry Jackson used his power to affect personnel who had been in on its negotiation. Said a Senate aide, "Other senators do this, but because he has so much power here Jackson is able to do it more." Among those removed was Lieutenant General Royal Allison, of the Air Force, who was the representative of the Joint Chiefs of Staff at SALT. Allison is generally regarded as a hard-liner, and, according to one of his fellow-negotiators, he "faithfully reflected what the Joint Chiefs' views were." But he annoyed Jackson in the Armed Services Committee's hearings on the SALT agreement when he failed to support Jackson's objections to it. Allison and Nitze did not see eye to eye during the negotiations. "Jackson tried to get me to testify that the agreements were a bad deal," said Allison when I spoke with him earlier this year. "Throughout my participation in SALT, I'd understood that there might come a time when I would have to

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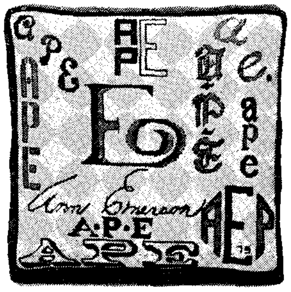

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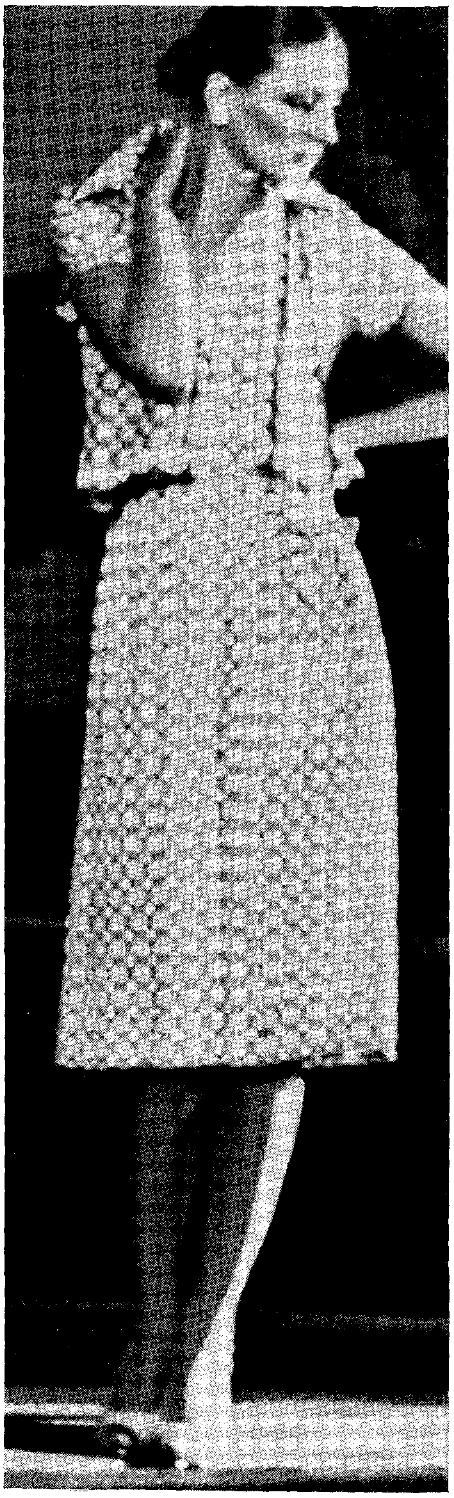
testify against the result, if in my judgment it was not good for the security of the United States. However, the agreements reached in May, 1972, were sound from a national-security standpoint, and I was able to testify in their support." In late 1972, as Allison was preparing to return to the SALT talks, which were continuing in Geneva, Admiral Thomas Moorer, the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, told him that Jackson was insisting that he be removed from the SALT delegation. When Allison went to call on Jackson to see if this was true, and if so, why, Jackson made it clear that he felt Allison had not argued forcefully for a strong military position to protect the United States but instead had joined "the A.C.D.A. crowd of disarmers." Being aware that any promotion from his rank of three-star to four-star general would have to be approved by the Armed Services Committee, Allison retired from the military. He was replaced on the SALT team by Lieutenant General Edward Rowny, who met with the approval of Jackson, who had known him for some years. (Perle says, "Scoop did not get Allison fired." He does say that Allison annoyed Jackson in the hearings by combing his hair so often and by appearing insufficiently informed.) Also removed from the SALT team was Raymond Garthoff, a State Department officer who had worked at the Rand Corporation and the Pentagon and had written several books on Soviet military doctrine and strategy—books that reflected a hard-line point of view. Garthoff, who speaks Russian and had served as executive officer of the SALT delegation, was suspected of conducting out-of-channels negotiations, and he, too, failed to support Jackson's objections to the 1972 agreements in the hearings on them. He is now in the Inspector General's office of the State Department. These dismissals coincided with what has come to be known as the "purge of A.C.D.A.," the result of which was the dismissal of a number of A.C.D.A. officials in early 1973. This was at the time that Nixon, following his reëlection, set out to cleanse the bureaucracies of those he perceived as "enemies." Nixon himself had apparently been suspicious of A.C.D.A. for some time—Presidents often are suspicious of agencies they inherit (Lyndon Johnson brooded that some agencies were filled with "Kennedy people"), and particularly of agencies that contain people who propagate a contrary view. Nixon, like others, reportedly viewed A.C.D.A. as "a bunch of arms controllers." Some officials were placed in A.C.D.A. who held a more hard-line view and were more acceptable to Jackson and the Nixon White House. It was at this point that the job of director of the Arms Control Agency and the job of SALT negotiator were divided between two people. A man who is essentially an arms-control conservative and knows what happened told me, "Hard-liners, including Jackson, used this as an opportunity to put A.C.D.A. in the pot." He continued, "If you are trying to accommodate a Jackson and a Stennis and want your sixty-seven votes for an agreement, it's not entirely stupid to put some right-wingers in A.C.D.A. and operating in the SALT area." One victim of the "purge" says that Perle told him it was nothing personal but that Jackson and Nixon had met and had agreed that there should be a new SALT team. When I asked Perle about this, he said he did not recollect making such a statement but that he wasn't saying that he hadn't. He added that there is a good case to be made for replacing a negotiating team, because it develops a vested interest in getting an agreement. In a speech in Bonn in 1972, Jackson had said that our arms-control policies "appear to be based on an extreme concept of minimum deterrence," and that "minimum deterrence is the orthodoxy of the arms-control community that planned and negotiated the American side of the Moscow accords." (Of the first SALT team, only Paul Nitze and Harold Brown survived; Brown had served intermittently and in a largely technical capacity. The new chief negotiator was a State Department officer more closely aligned with arms-control conservatives than his predecessor.) Perle said that Jackson was not so interested in A.C.D.A. personnel as he was concerned with dividing the roles of director and negotiator. "After all, no one suggests that the Pentagon representative should be the chief negotiator. Why should the representative of the Arms Control Agency? There is an inherent conflict in those roles." One of the oddities of all this is that it was Kissinger, operating outside the regular SALT channels, who negotiated the controversial 1972 SALT agreement. Perle pins the "purge" of A.C.D.A. on Kissinger. Others think that Kissinger, at that point under the suspicious eyes of Haldeman and Ehrlichman, at least offered no resistance. Whatever exactly happened, the effect of handing over the



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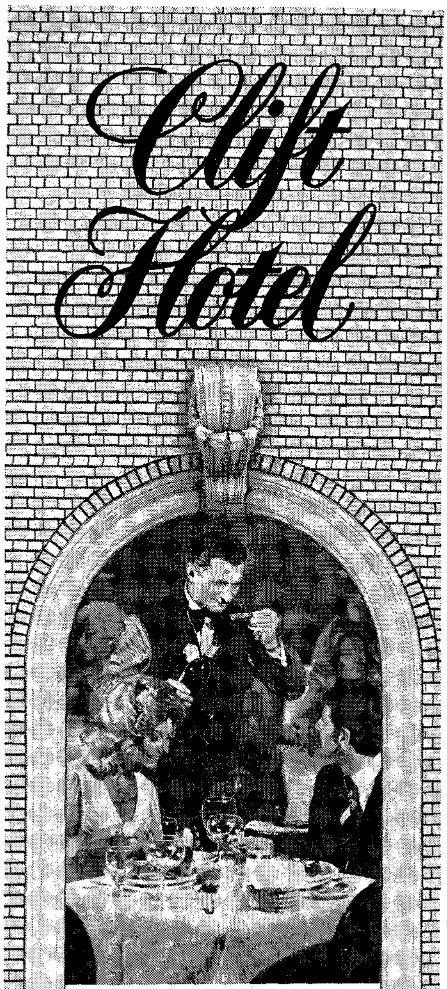

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leadership of the Arms Control Agency to arms-control conservatives was to vitiate its original purpose. In fact, last year the agency was aligned with the Pentagon and other arms-control conservatives in opposing Kissinger's efforts to get a new arms-control agreement.

As the next round in the continuing controversy begins, the questions are, as always, how much is enough and how to reach an agreement with our major adversary on that. As always, each side puts forward the facts that tend to support its own point of view. More than most areas, it is one in which compromise is difficult. One Administration official said to me, "This is not an argument in which you persuade anybody. You can't thrust and parry. The views are entrenched; people are restating the views they have held for years. It's not an area for maneuver. It's an area for Presidential decision." The decisions that the President will make are what everyone is fighting over. The Presidential-decision-making stage is more important—and therefore the focus of more intense struggle—on this issue than on most others, because on this issue Congress has much less of a role once the final Presidential decisions are made. The Senate, in effect, only accepts or rejects a treaty; it cannot amend it in the way that it can amend a tax bill or a welfare bill. Since it would be an act of enormous consequence to reject an arms-control agreement that the President has negotiated, the point becomes to affect those decisions before one is presented with them. Richard Perle said to me, "The Jackson amendment to the first SALT agreement fed Ford's perception that he would have trouble with any agreement that did not have equal numbers." The struggle then became one over feeding Carter's perception. Said Paul Nitze, in testimony opposing Warnke's confirmation during the Senate Foreign Relations Committee hearings, "One of the reasons that I really am so concerned is that I would think it would be tragic if the executive branch negotiated . . . a treaty with the Soviet Union and that was then rejected by the Senate. . . . Therefore I think it is very important that the debates on these issues take place prior to the negotiations in part so that the negotiators have a real sense of what is apt to happen when they come back to the United States again. . . . The President ought to know what the prospect is before he goes into it." Some of the turmoil at the start of this year, it seems, arose from a feeling on the

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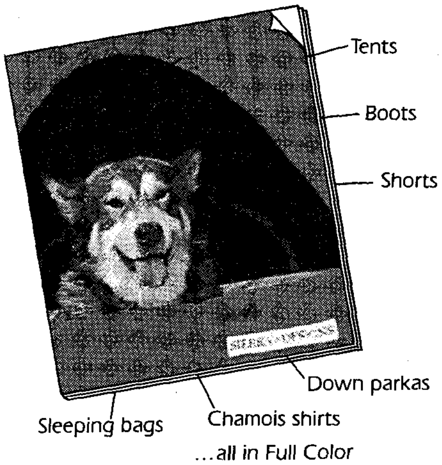

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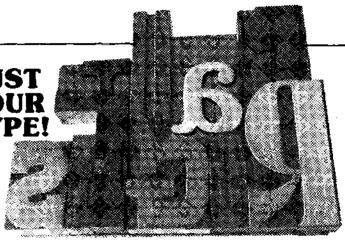

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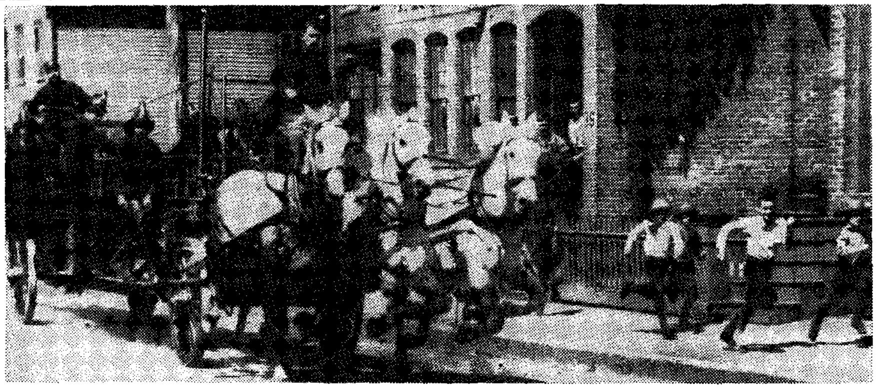
part of some arms-control conservatives that Carter had misled them. Not only had he had his picture taken with James Schlesinger before the second debate, and promised in that debate and elsewhere in the campaign "a defense capability second to none," but he had placed himself to the right of Ford on the question of détente. Moreover, during the campaign he had dropped the names of both Paul Warnke and Paul Nitze as his advisers. Those who favor a relatively hard line toward the Soviet Union were distressed that their point of view was not reflected in Carter's foreign- and military-policy appointments. Richard Perle, in talking to me about how Jackson had discussed with Carter early this year the appropriate terms for the next SALT negotiations, said, "To get different points of view, Carter has to go outside his own Administration. There is no one inside who is skeptical." Perle said that he thought Vance more sympathetic to Kissinger's approach (which Jackson had opposed) than Carter, and he cited some Vance aides who he felt did not have sufficiently firm views on arms-control negotiations. The State Department, he says, has a "neo-Luddite quality" and is "being the characteristic advocate of stopping new development." He mentioned a number of National Security Council staff people who, he felt, were insufficiently firm, and he said he worried that Harold Brown, like some liberal senators, was "too susceptible to the Arbatov line." (Georgy Arbatov is director of the Soviet Institute of U.S.A. and Canada Studies; in meetings with Westerners, he asserts the established Soviet position that the Russians' goal is to remove nuclear weapons from the earth, and he advocates arms negotiations.) Earlier this year, a column by Rowland Evans and Robert Novak talked about the "extreme foreign policy liberals" on the staff of the National Security Council, and said that the Coalition for a Democratic Majority, after consulting with the A.F.L.-C.I.O., had presented the Carter Administration with fifty-three names for jobs, and that only one of the people on the list had been appointed to an office even remotely connected with foreign policy. Wattenberg was quoted as saying that leaving out people with the Democratic "centrists" ' point of view "easily leads to grave political weaknesses and vulnerabilities."

At about the same time, an A.F.L.-C.I.O. official said to me, after citing a number of foreign-policy liberals who had been appointed to the new Admin-



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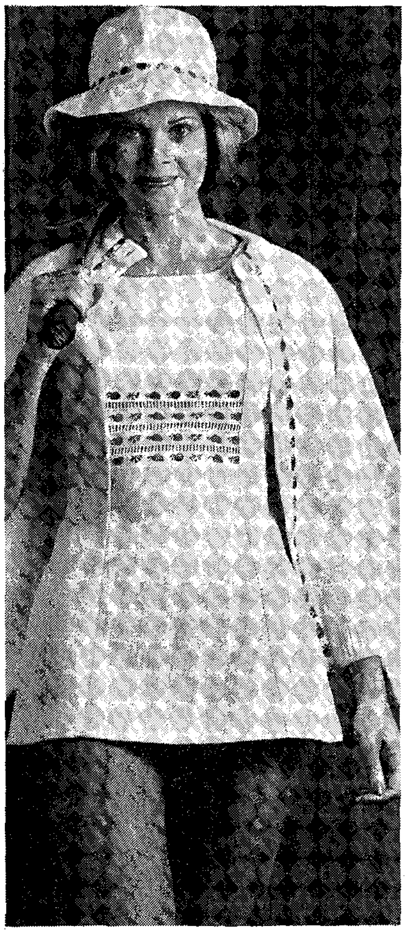

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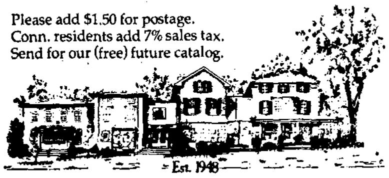

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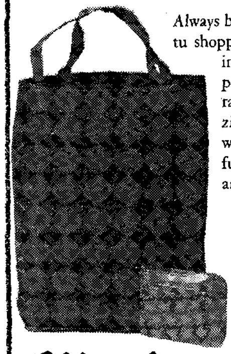

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istration, "The Jackson wing is not in the picture. And that's a land mine down the line, a booby trap. How are they going to deal with the Armed Services Committee? How about your SALT agreements? The Jackson wing feels counted out. And it's not without resources." The nomination of Warnke, then, who had persistently and vociferously placed himself on the side of the arms-control liberals—and whom arms-control conservatives had worked to block as a possible Secretary of Defense—provided the ground for waging a fight whose purpose was not to defeat the nomination, which never appeared possible, but to amass a show of strength.

I ASKED Perle what, precisely, was the danger that he worried about. He replied, "I worry about an agreement that would permit the Soviets to expand their offensive capability and would tie the hands of the United States to respond to that, and, as a consequence, would provide an irresistible temptation to the Soviets."

"To do what?" I asked.

"To exploit our built-in inhibitions, and build all they can, with the consequence that in a few years' time they would appear to all the world as the preëminent nuclear power," he said. "I don't want them to be the biggest kid on the block. That doesn't mean I want us to be, either. What's really involved here is the political implications. I don't think there will be a nuclear war. But the Soviets have been staging a build-up of conventional forces in Europe, which we haven't been able to match. I don't want to see the Finlandization of Europe. I don't want to see the balance tipped in the Middle East because the Soviets are seen to have superiority. If the Soviets had the kind of preponderant nuclear power that in a technical sense would enable them to initiate a nuclear war without fearing retaliation, even then I don't think they would do so, because they wouldn't have to. The other nations in the world would begin to accommodate to that preponderant power, beginning with the nations closest to the Soviet Union. Hitler didn't have to invade Denmark to get the Danes to do what he wanted them to do; Hitler invaded Denmark in order to keep the British from using it as a launching point for attacking Germany. The Soviet Union doesn't have to invade Finland in order to affect the outcome of a Finnish election. It all comes down to the implications of the appearance of Soviet superior force." Moynihan, who also expressed, in the Senate debate, his concern about "Finlandization," goes further: He wrote recently, "We think it supremely dangerous to entrust peace to a Soviet regime that is fundamentally organized for war."

Others respond that the "perceptions" argument is overdone—that the United States is not behind in any way that really matters, and that preoccupation with "perceptions" can take us to the point where we have to keep building weapons systems for the sake of building them. They say that arms-control conservatives who espouse that view are seeking to match the superiorities that the Soviets have with superiorities of our own—superiorities that cannot be taken away—and the problem with this is that the Soviet Union, of course, will not settle for it. Moreover, one man on Capitol Hill explains, when the Russians design weapons they tend to build bigger ones and more of them, thus spurring our side to try to match them, and on and on. The simple fact is, he and others argue, that when one side goes ahead with a certain technology the other does, too, and we end up where we were, at a higher level of danger. Each "improvement," they argue, is matched by the other side, with the result that we are worse off. Hubert Humphrey said in the recent Senate debate, "We have tried arms competition. It has not improved our security at all." The grim history of the postwar efforts to achieve arms control shows how hard it is to secure any significant agreement to limit the production and deployment of arms. It shows the reluctance of either side to relinquish useful weapons it has deployed, and shows that both nations remain under strong internal pressure to continue the search for "improved" weapons. (Kissinger told a Dallas audience in March, 1976, "The SALT agreements are the opposite of the one-sided concessions to the U.S.S.R., as they are so often portrayed. Soviet offensive programs were slowed; none of ours were affected.")

The newly installed Administration was the target of both sides in the first congressional arms-control fight of this year. And in the early weeks of the Administration there was on this subject, as there was on many others, a good bit of staking out going on by both Congress and the Administration. The Jackson camp eagerly told people that it was delighted with Carter's opening position, communicated at his first press conference, in which he suggested that the issues of the Backfire bomber and the cruise missile be set aside in the interests of reaching an early SALT II agreement. "Scoop is really pleased with that," Perle said. Perle and Jackson believe that the cruise missile is a promising technology, particularly for tactical, theatre warfare, in such places as Europe, and they do not think that it is worth giving up, even for a concession on the Backfire. "Scoop is trying to support Carter on this approach he's taking—by saying he does, and by trying to alert him to contrary views taken by the bureaucracy and the weaknesses in them." In his 1973 speech, Jackson said, "An American President not only negotiates with the diplomatic adversary, he also must negotiate with the Congress, the press, the scientists, the universities, or whatever. Indeed, in recent years, the attack on some U.S. positions originating from these quarters has come to equal the resistance to them on the diplomatic bargaining front." Perle said that Jackson met with Carter before the press conference and since then had been "in further communication with him." (Jackson has also lunched in recent weeks with Brown and with Vance.) The Soviet Union has said that it would not agree to any proposal that did not limit the cruise missile. Vance is known to feel that the next SALT negotiations should include it. Apparently, Carter's initial belief was that the real problem of arms control would not be dealt with until the two sides got to questions of making deep cuts in their arsenals, in a third SALT negotiation, so we should set this issue aside and get on with it. The problem that others in the Administration saw in this approach was that, even if the Soviet Union were to agree to it, there was a good possibility that a SALT III might take some time, and that if the cruise missile were allowed to "run free" meanwhile, it would be all the harder to bring under some kind of arms control. They added that if the cruise did "run free," those very substantial reductions that the President said he wanted would be more difficult to achieve. Perle said that he and Jackson would not be concerned if no SALT II agreement should be reached before SALT I expired in October. There is good reason to believe that Zbigniew Brzezinski, the President's national-security adviser, backed the approach taken by Carter in the President's first press conference. Moreover, at a reception in March for Mstislav Rostropovich, the Russian cellist, who has been named music director of the National Symphony Orchestra, Brzezinski told a Jackson ally,

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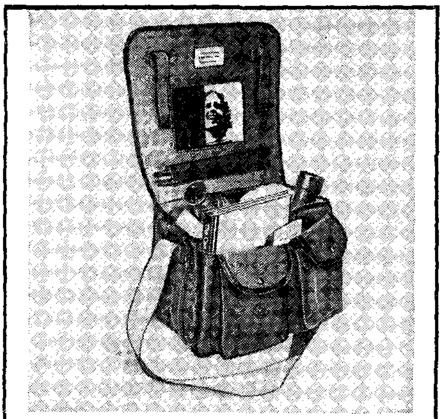
"The State Department is not going to make SALT policy." In the interagency discussions on the new United States SALT position, the Pentagon—military and civilian—offers strong resistance to stopping the development of any new technologies, including the cruise missile. A civilian Pentagon official told me, "I think it's important for us civilians in the Pentagon to have an institutional point of view. A.C.D.A. can express the arms-control point of view. It's a matter of how much politically you can ask the military to accept. The military will never be advocates of arms control. The Soviets clearly let their Chiefs write their arms-control proposals. The military perspective on arms control is unique. They have the professional responsibility for the military security, and they are the people whose arms are going to be controlled. They have a thought-out, and probably not negotiable, position. You can sit down and write an arms-control agreement that the Soviets will not accept. That's what the Chiefs tend to do." The Administration's opening position for the new round of talks was to propose cuts in the Vladivostok ceilings and some constraints on the cruise missile and Backfire bomber (constraints that would let some forms of the cruise be deployed), with a "fall-back" of accepting the existing ceilings and letting the cruise "run free." There would, in any event, be a negotiating position as distinct from an ultimate position, and the ultimate position would not have to be decided by the President for some time. Said a Pentagon official, "The hard decisions come when it becomes clear you have the opportunity to make the deal. Carter hasn't had to go through that process yet." No one could be sure, early in the year, how the Soviet Union would react in the end to the President's outspoken defense of human rights (an issue on which he has pre-empted Jackson). The President said that the United States no longer followed a policy of "linkage" between issues, but it remained to be seen whether the Soviet Union would agree.

There seems to be little question that the first round in the next stage of the long struggle over the proper approach toward the Soviet Union on the question of our mutual-destruction capacities had an impact on the Administration. One very important Administration foreign-policy official (such officials will not talk about these matters for attribution) said, "Warnke's options have certainly been narrowed; there's no doubt on that." This



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man continued (and I could not be sure whether or not what he said was for effect), "My guess is that Paul's fate is going to be to justify to the arms-control lobby why we didn't get an arms agreement fast, why we had to hang tough—that he'll have to explain to people who are gung ho for arms control why we are going slow." And he added, "His fate is not going to be justifying to Scoop Jackson an agreement that Jackson says is soft."

Another important official said that the effect of the first round was "to increase the feeling of some that the best thing to do is go ahead with getting agreement without Backfire and cruise." In an apparent attempt to assuage Jackson and the military, General Rowny was included in the delegation, headed by Vance and including Warnke, that was to go to Moscow at the end of March for opening discussions about the next SALT talks. "From the standpoint of how you move things in the government," said one official, "it's better to have *him* along than to have the military feel cut out." Carter himself has taken several steps to reassure the military that they will not feel cut out of the new negotiations.

Despite what has happened, arms-control liberals whistle an optimistic tune. "I'm absolutely convinced that if Carter went for strong arms control and fought for it, he'd get it," said one senator who is an arms-control liberal. "I thought Ford could have, too." Others agree. Some people say that some of the senators who voted against Warnke because they did not like his views, or thought he changed them too much, or because they were trying to send a signal to Carter would support any reasonable arms-control agreement the President submits. Whatever the case, it is clear that the Administration did receive a signal. One official told me, "There is always the thought that on a treaty Jackson can deliver one-third-plus-one votes. So you have to accommodate him somehow." And some officials who do not agree with Jackson's approach also try to put on a brave face. One of the President's principal foreign-policy officials said to me a few days ago, "I think a majority of the American people are in favor of serious arms control and will back the President on what he proposes."

"But your problem," I remarked, "is that when you get to the Senate you need not just a majority but two-thirds."

He shifted in his chair and looked at the floor. "Yes," he replied. "That's our problem." —ELIZABETH DREW

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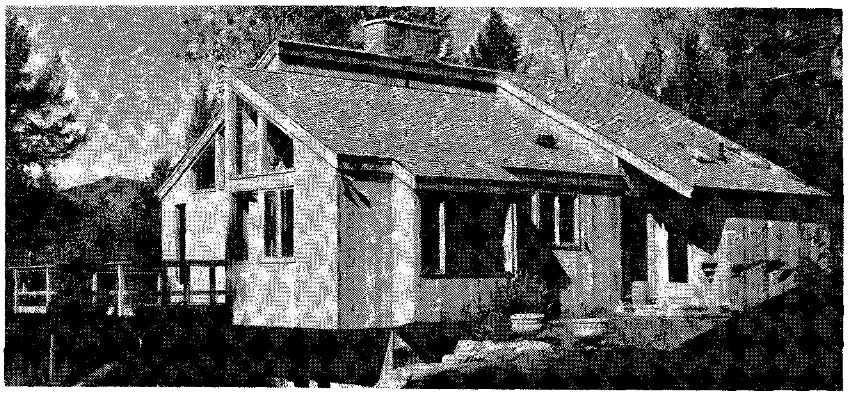

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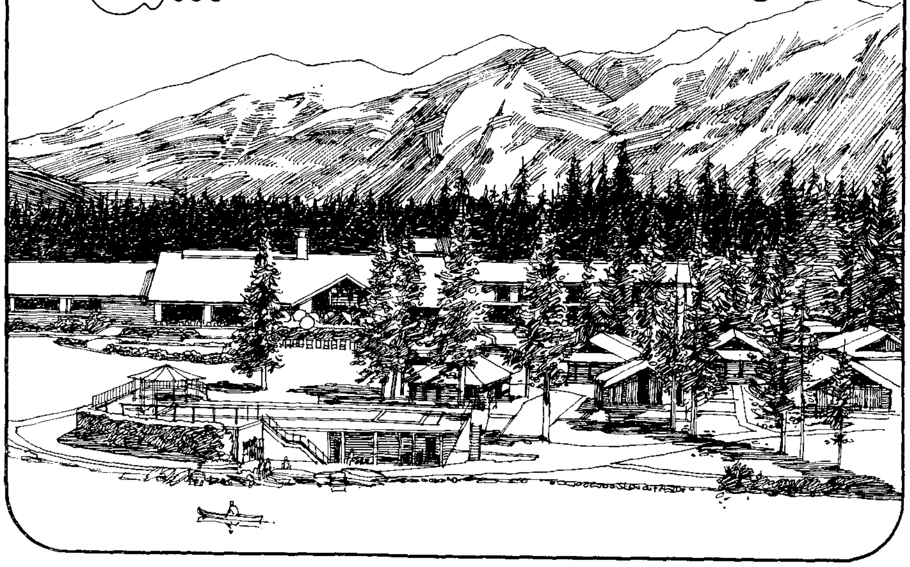
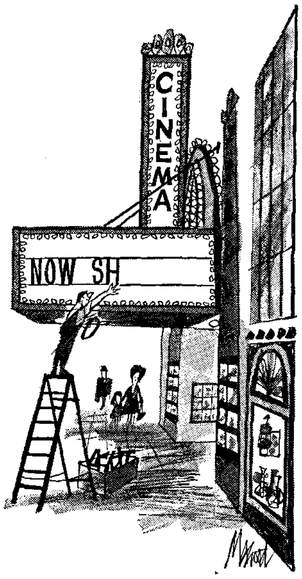


THE CURRENT CINEMA

What If?

THE more ludicrous and grandiose the speculation, the greater the allure for the what-if department of film-thriller making. What if 1812 had been a mild winter for Napoleon in Russia? What if Queen Victoria had abdicated to marry John Brown? What if Einstein's notes on relativity had been swiped and published by a charwoman with scientific aspirations? What if Chamberlain had spilled steak-and-kidney pie on the Munich piece of paper on his way back to England? There is a whole genre of thrillers which has its roots in this realm of supposition. Most of them are about attempted assassinations of public figures. There has been Fred Zinnemann's "The Day of the Jackal," which was about what if de Gaulle had been hit by his trailing assassin instead of being saved by a lucky stoop from his great height to kiss an awarded hero on both cheeks in the normal Gallic embrace, which his non-French would-be assassin idiotically forgot to allow for; there has been Don Sharp's "Hennessy," about what if an Irishman (carefully established as non-I.R.A.) managed to blow up the Houses of Parliament and the Queen in the middle of her speech at the State Opening; there has been Hitchcock's "The Woman Alone" (called "Sabotage" in England, where it was made), about what if a young boy unwittingly carried around a parcel holding a bomb in a traffic-jammed London bus on Lord Mayor's Day; there has been David Miller's "Executive Action," about what if a right-wing Texas conspiracy had been behind the assassination of President Kennedy; and so on.

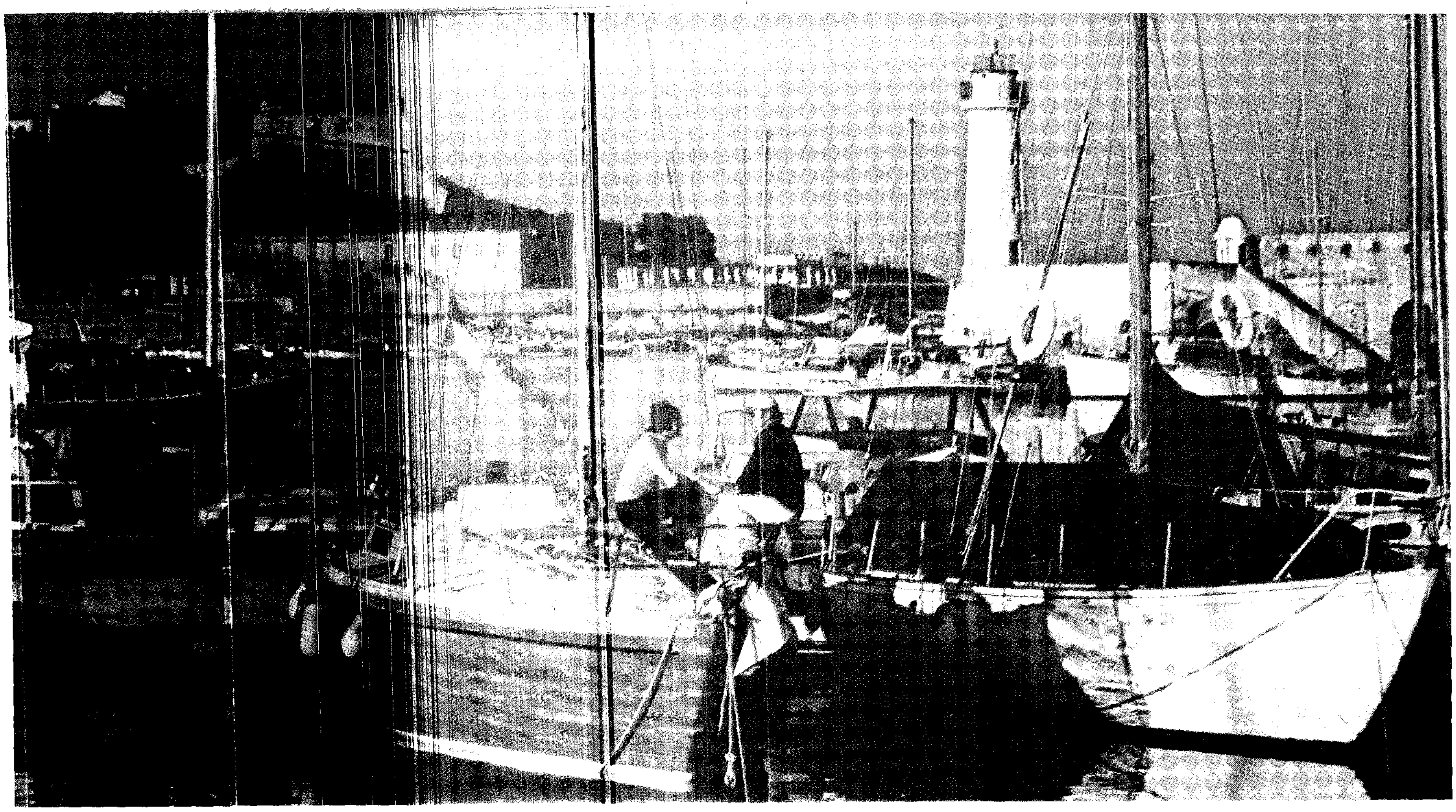


Now there are two new films in the vein: John Frankenheimer's "Black Sunday," about what if a Palestinian terrorist Black September group were to blow up the eighty thousand-odd spectators and the President at a Super Bowl game in Miami; and John Sturges' "The Eagle Has Landed," about what if the Germans had managed to capture Churchill, as they actually kidnapped Mussolini. Both films are ingenious pieces of work, and fun to watch, though what-if is not much of a premise for a movie. It makes you hanker after films rising from the instincts and interests that have created the world's statesmanship, poetry, and mathematics rather than the ones that have created the world's piracy, miniature golf, and ballooning. It also makes you remember Blake Edwards' "The Pink Panther Strikes Again," in which actors playing Ford and Kissinger sitting in the White House find their attention to a TV sports program interrupted by a very lunatic Herbert Lom character threatening, on the screen, to make the United Nations Secretariat Building disappear; in that film the political minds of the Washington élite are much more on sports than on terrorist threats, and the Fords' bedside lampshade is a football helmet.

"Black Sunday," adapted by Ernest Lehman, Kenneth Ross, and Ivan Moffat from a novel by Thomas Harris, begins in Beirut. Dahlia Iyad, played by Marthe Keller, who has great beauty but a vapid style of acting, is planning a terrible coup in Miami, to be carried out in company with a half-crazed Vietnam veteran, played by Bruce Dern. The man has been a prisoner of war for six years, some of it in solitary confinement in a four-foot-by-four-foot cell. The rehabilitation center he has to visit in Los Angeles treats the poor unhinged man as sane while he pours with sweat and his right knee jerks uncontrollably. Hating himself as much as America for his part in the war, he has volunteered to fly a Goodyear blimp on a murderous voyage over the packed Miami stadium, which is to include the President. (We actually see a flash of a double of Carter arriving. As the film must have been made before the election, the shot was presumably taken twice. Producing films costs money.) The Black September headquarters are raided by a stern Israeli, well played by Robert Shaw, who spares Dahlia's life, not out of chivalry but out of ignorance of who she is.

The structure of the adventure has the neatness of petit point, and this is a part of Frankenheimer's skill. The cuts between Palestinian terrorists, Israelis, and F.B.I. agents in Washington are honorably arranged so as not to cheat the audience of information. Anyone who has ever disliked airport-shop Virgin Marys will take pleasure in the fact that the necessary colossal load of explosives is brought into the country disguised as ten thousand Madonna figurines of the kind common in New York taxis. Robert Shaw is cast as an interesting tough and looks as though he had spent the last ten years taking off the tops of beer bottles with his teeth to develop the jawlines of the best derring-do actor in the business. The character represents, politically, not so much an Israeli as anyone who is in a more subtle and uncertain state of mind than a terrorist. He is brave, alert, full of a canniness that he rather hates using, and with daredevil wits that he has come to mistrust; he is like a mercenary who has forgotten why he needs the money, or a foreign correspondent who hasn't the heart to find a Telex machine after too many of his colleagues have been blown to smithereens beside him. The Shaw figure speaks of "doubt having entered in," and knows that a fanatic can't afford doubt. It is a good character. So is Bruce Dern's jangled Vietnam veteran, who has a touching speech in which he describes his last Christmas in prison camp; he was sent a photograph of his children and of his wife, who he obsessively feared had deceived him, and there was a shadow across their feet thrown by whoever was taking the photograph. All he could focus on was the shadow.

Dern goes pathetically off kilter in the blimp when the national anthem is played, because of his feelings about America. The crowd scenes below are so frantic that they have the curious and obviously desired effect of putting one on the side of the loner desperadoes. The ex-P.O.W. terrorist's horror of the Vietnam war is presented with radical sympathy. Would the film have been so made—could it have become, as it does, a *Boys' Life* adventure story with a tinny sort of cheer—if anyone had tried to put it together five or six years ago? It has a mischievous division about conventional Americanism. On the surface, it is full of regard for the Presidential safety, for the TV coverage of the Miami Super Bowl, for the national worship of grooming in relation to the killer girl, who wears impeccable white slacks while she is using a machine gun. But at a deeper level "Black Sunday" is considerably



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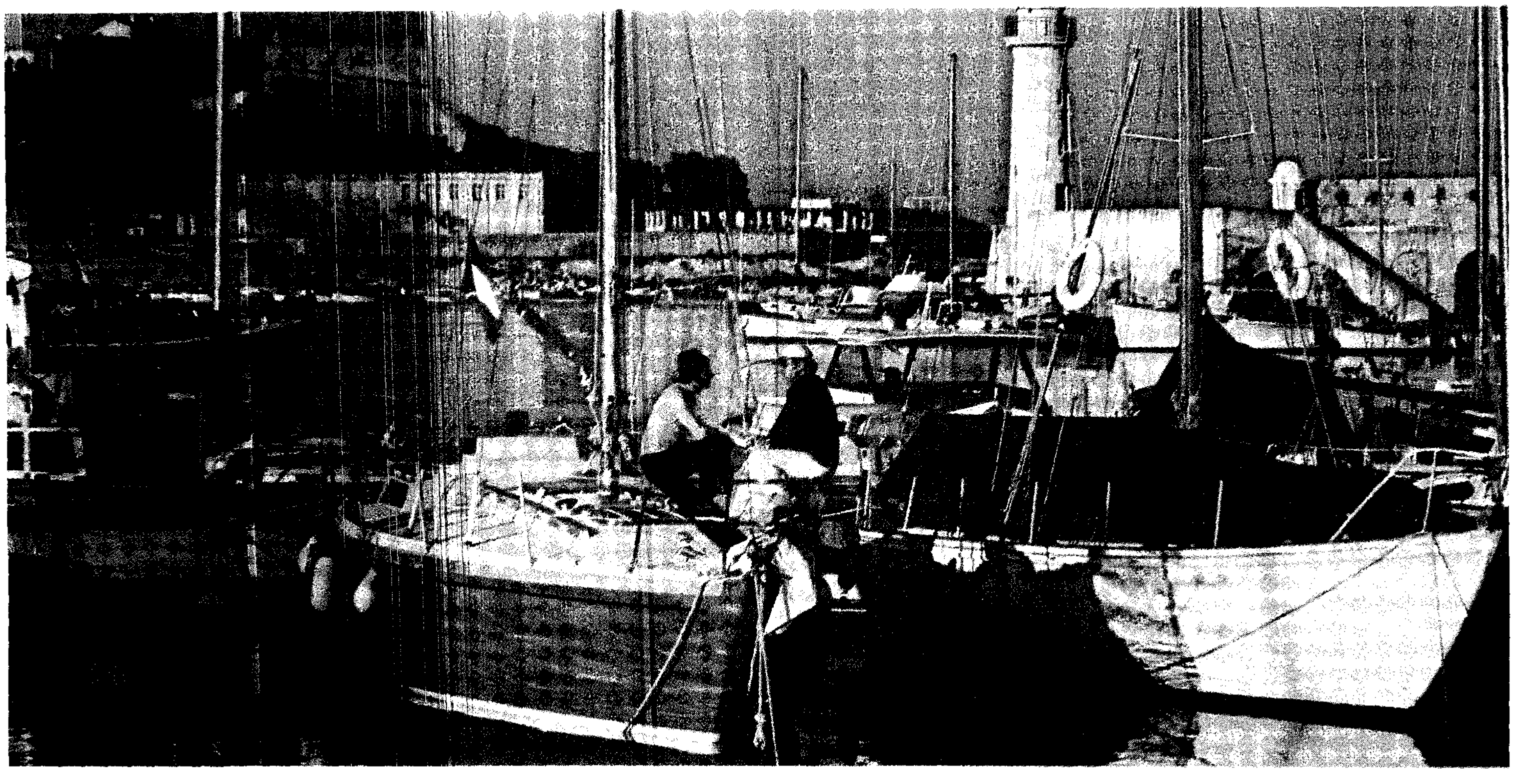

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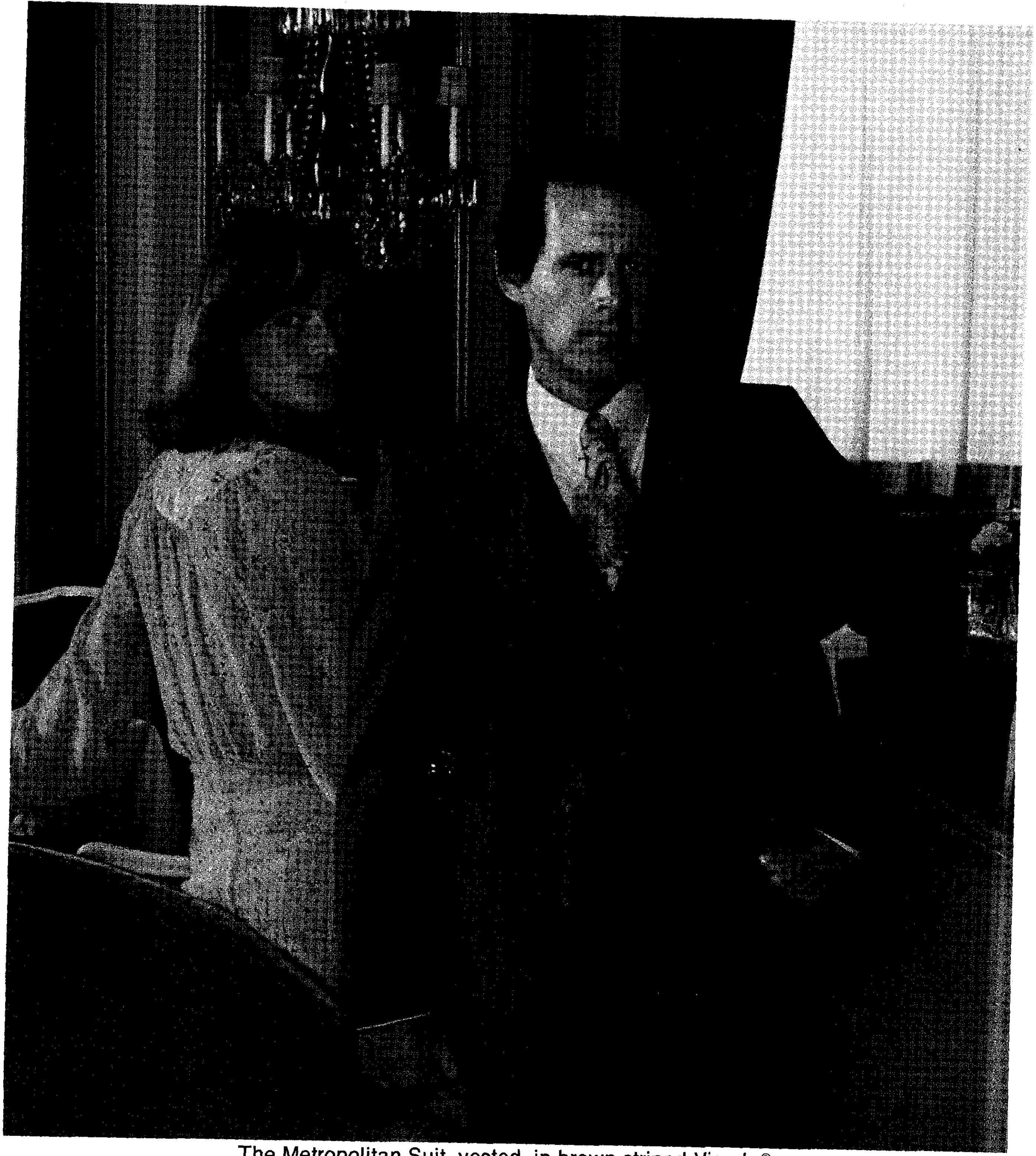

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sophisticated and skeptical about jingoism, and its sympathies are all with the doubting Israeli assassin. It detests the inhumanity of the use of the Bruce Dern character's hysteria, which ought to put him into hospital, not into the position of a suicidal terrorist; and it scorns the managers and entertainment merchants who, heavily warned of danger to some eighty thousand people and the President, still say that putting off the Super Bowl would be like "putting off Christmas," and that the potentially perilous TV blimp must be allowed to fly over the stadium, because this is what the network has promised the American people.

"Black Sunday" is going to be admired for its entertaining technical knowingness, which has expert fun with tricks and gadgets: it is as if an efficiency expert had commandeered F.A.O. Schwarz. On play, no expense has been spared. Robert Shaw, recently swallowed in "Jaws," has a frightful time aloft in the wind trying to hook a helicopter to the bomb-weighted blimp. We appear to be in the world of SPLAT! WHAM! EECH! But the makers and the actors obviously know very well, without letting themselves spoil the box-office chances, that the real weight of the story lies in the smothered sensibility of the characters and in the mostly hidden doubts about chauvinistic jamborees. John Frankenheimer is always at his best in the moments in his films when he allows the characters to be politically grownup and emotionally astute.

"THE EAGLE HAS LANDED," adapted by Tom Mankiewicz from a novel by Jack Higgins, has an adroit answer to one of the problems of what-if films about imaginary catastrophes to public figures, which is that we already know that the catastrophe didn't happen. De Gaulle *wasn't* assassinated. Paris *wasn't* razed (René Clément's "Is Paris Burning?"). The Queen *wasn't* blown up. Churchill *wasn't* kidnapped, though his kidnapping is what entertainment purveyors and admen would call the promise held out by "The Eagle Has Landed."

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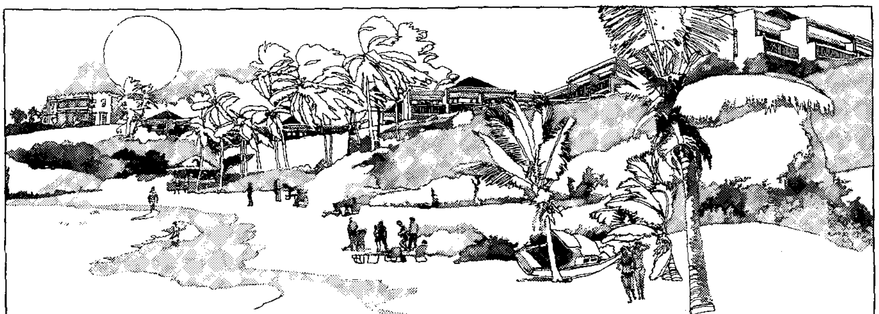

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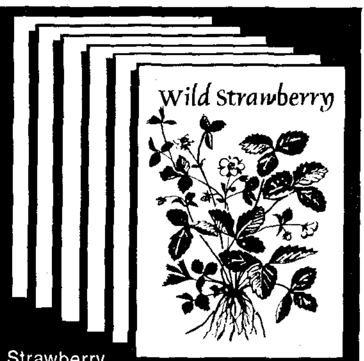

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chael Caine, the first-rate actor of, among other films, "Zulu" and "Alfie," who is given an excuse here not to have a German accent—which he could certainly manage professionally—by being described as "English-educated," though he might have had more Professor Higgins fun if the director had asked him to overlay an accent from a Berlin suburb with one from Purley Elementary School. His chief cohorts are an Irishman who wants to bring England to her knees, played by Donald Sutherland, and Max Radl of Abwehr Section 3, played by Robert Duvall. Donald Pleasence as Himmler has a frighteningly manic breathless laugh. The character helps to ward off audience incredulity about the abduction plan by declaring, rather unctuously, that there are some people who would say that the plan would make the Charge of the Light Brigade look like a sensible military exercise. But the real *coup de théâtre*, when Churchill is wandering out onto a terrace with a cigar and a glass of brandy, is taken from a heroic notion about vaudeville. Nostalgia for English music hall saves the day. The cigar puffer remains intact, after many a British Tourist Authority scene with pub and stream through Loamshire, and many a sight of rehabilitated genuine Nazi airplanes which will sicken any Allied citizen who recalls air raids. There is something disagreeable as well as deft about thrillers that toy like this with our regard for irreplaceable people. They are in a different class from disaster films, because they are playful with our knowledge of history and they sell us grinning caricatures of real and incurable distresses.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

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Not since Florence Harding has a First Lady raced down the stairs to greet tourists in person, calling a cheery "Hello." Naturally, the tourists were thrilled and startled and cherished this memory of their Washington visit. At the other extreme, Eliza, the wife of Andrew Johnson, took to her room and refused to greet White House callers or attend White House parties. White House hostess for the President who succeeded Abe Lincoln was daughter Martha Johnson, who started each day by milking two cows she had brought from Tennessee and who told a startled newspaperman, "We are plain people, Sir, and do not propose to put on airs because we have the fortune to occupy this place for a little while."

Rosalynn will probably place herself somewhere between Florence Harding and Martha Johnson.—*Family Weekly.*

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THE RACE TRACK

Seattle Slew Flew

IT was Seattle Slew all the way in the Flamingo Stakes at Hialeah last Saturday. Easing up almost to a walk, he passed the winning post some four lengths ahead of Giboulee and Fort Prevel, Jean-Louis Levesque's pair. Behind them, the ten other three-year-olds were strung out down the course. Actually, the race was over and won half a mile from home. Breezing down the backstretch toward the far turn, Seattle Slew produced an astonishing burst of speed, and zoomed into a lead of nearly a sixteenth of a mile—at least, it looked that to me, but maybe it was no more than ten lengths—which he kept until shortly before he swung into the straight. No clocker timed that spectacular burst, but everyone agreed later that the colt just flew. It would be interesting to know why Cruguet made his move at that point. In my book, he deserves full marks for his ride. Once he had a winning advantage, he did not press his mount to go on for a track record but allowed him to ease up. In fact, as the colt stood relaxed in the winner's circle, he didn't appear to be breathing hard enough to blow out a candle. Though Seattle Slew wasn't first away in the Flamingo, he was in front going round the first turn, and thereafter was never headed. The surprise of the race was that it was not run as fast as had been anticipated; the time was 1:47⅖, a full second slower than the track mark for the distance. So Seattle Slew continues his unbeaten record over two seasons—three victories last year, and two so far this. First money in the Flamingo was $90,610, which brought his earnings to $189,160. His next start is expected to be the Wood Memorial Stakes at Aqueduct on April 23rd. Then, on May 7th, comes the Kentucky Derby, for which he has always been the favorite. A book in Reno, Nevada, had him at 2–1 before the Flamingo. Chances are he's even money or 4–5 now. This slave of the tube caught ABC's telecast of the Flamingo, and he must say that he has seldom seen or heard a race that had so many interruptions for commercials. Eddie Arcaro was best of the commentators by ten lengths.

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Mickey, watched the Flamingo from the stand at Hialeah. Later, they reported that they'd had an offer of seven million dollars for the colt from an unidentified group who were forming a syndicate. Taylor was quoted as saying, "Karen and I have had fun with our stable. If all goes well, we would probably want to race Seattle Slew next year. We enjoy having him around."

The Bay Shore Stakes at Aqueduct wasn't much of a race. Only six ran in it last Saturday, and Cormorant, the odds-on favorite, won comfortably from Medieval Man. Hey Hey J. P. was third. Hunch, winner of the Swift Stakes earlier in the meeting, who would have been the favorite, developed shin trouble overnight and was scratched. The Bay Shore was run at six furlongs over the all-weather track in the infield, instead of at seven furlongs over the main track, as it has been in the past, because the heavy rain early in the week made a boggy mess of the chute from which races at seven furlongs or a mile are started. The management hopes that the chute, particularly where it joins the main track, can be put in proper condition in time for the running of the Gotham Stakes on April 9th, the prep for the Wood Memorial.

Royal Ski, whose training was halted because of a bout with a virus, has been declared out of the Kentucky Derby. Run Dusty Run, best of his age in the Middle West last season, was beaten by Clev Er Tell (how's that for a name?) in the Louisiana Derby at the Fair Grounds.

Out in California last Sunday, Habitony, an Irish-bred colt ridden by Shoemaker, won the $199,000 Santa Anita Derby. Coming from well back in the early running of the mile and a furlong, he beat For The Moment by three lengths. Steve's Friend, a long shot, was third. It was Shoemaker's seventh victory in the race. Fifteen three-year-olds ran, and there was a crowd of 45,669 in the stand.

No racing in Maryland again last week, because of the strike down there, but don't bet that the Preakness Stakes won't be run at Pimlico.

—Audax Minor

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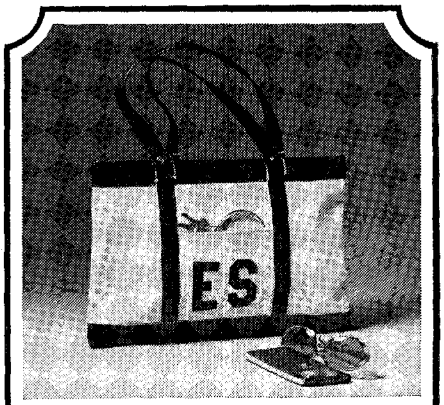

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Lulu and Helene and Alban and Alwa

THE Metropolitan Opera has mounted an important and successful new production of Alban Berg's second opera, "Lulu," conducted by James Levine and directed by John Dexter. More precisely, it has mounted as much of the opera as is at present available: the first two of its three acts and some fragments of Act III. The rest has not yet been published. But for the first time, I believe, a production of "Lulu" has been based on as full a knowledge as possible of the *whole* opera that Berg composed, not merely on the (faulty) printed score and the two consecutive plays by Frank Wedekind, "Erdgeist" and "Die Büchse der Pandora," from which Berg drew his libretto. Two celebrated and much-travelled earlier productions were those of Günther Rennert for the Hamburg Opera and of Wieland Wagner for the Stuttgart Opera. (The former was seen in New York in 1967.) Both were undertaken in the spirit of the prescription that introduces the current score:

> The opera is to be performed only as a fragment: Berg completed the orchestration of only the first two acts. Of Act III only the two pieces "Variations" and "Adagio," which Berg prepared for the "Lulu" Suite, are available in full orchestration. They are included as an appendix to this score, and are to be played after the two acts. The "Adagio," which should represent the close of the opera, can be given in scenic form.

The two directors differed in their handling of the Act III fragments. To the accompaniment of the available music, Rennert added some spoken dialogue and more pantomime, and Wagner some pantomime and more spoken dialogue, drawn from "Pandora's Box." But neither of them matched the extra action and extra words to Berg's musical intentions: that was apparent from accounts of the third act written by men who had seen all the music for it. (The earliest account, Willi Reich's in his "Alban Berg," appeared in 1937, and the fullest, George Perle's in an article for the *Journal of the American Musicological Society*, in 1964.)

Both productions made a great impression, and deservedly so, for even as a fragment—even as a fragment in which the composer's intentions were in some important ways misrepresented—"Lulu" was revealed as a powerful and beautiful opera. Berg's masterpiece? Knowing only two-thirds and a bit of it, how could one tell? Dramatically and musically, the opera is very carefully constructed in a balanced span. The first act and a half, corresponding to Wedekind's "Earth Spirit," shows Lulu's ascent—as the wife of a respected doctor, of a fashionable painter, and then of the powerful newspaper proprietor Dr. Schön, "the only man I loved." At the center of the opera there is a palindromic orchestral interlude that Berg intended to be accompanied by a film whose images, while narrative (they tell of Lulu's trial for the murder of Dr. Schön, her imprisonment, and her escape), have a matching palindromic pattern. The second half of Act II and the last act, corresponding to "Pandora's Box," trace Lulu's descent. In the unpublished Act III there is, first, a long and important scene in the demimonde of a Paris casino, involving a large company of minor characters whose ensembles frame three duets: for Lulu with, in turn, the Marquis (a procurer who tries to blackmail her into accepting a position in a high-class Cairo brothel), the Athlete, and Schigolch (two characters from the first part). Dr. Perle, in a lecture for the International Alban Berg Society last month, described this as the greatest operatic scene ever written! Then there is the "Variations" interlude, familiar from the "Lulu" Suite, and to its final barrel-organ strains the curtain rises on a London attic. Lulu has become a streetwalker. Three customers are played by the performers who played, in the first part, the three husbands whom she brought to their deaths. Now she has become their victim. The last of them is Jack the Ripper.

The music of Act III consists largely of recapitulations of passages heard earlier in the opera, passages whose full significance (we are told) becomes apparent only at their later statements. The technique has been likened to Wagner's wonderful recapitulation of a long stretch of Act II of "Tristan" as Isolde's Liebestod, the finale of his opera; but Berg's use of reminiscences, correspondences, and cross-references—as revealed by the descriptions of Act III—is far more elaborate. Musically, the published score of "Lulu" might be likened to the score of an extended Mahler movement from which someone had torn the pages where the themes are brought into relationship, leaving behind only the exposition and a few bars of coda. Dramatically, it is rather like a "Hamlet" with everything missing between the end of the play scene and "O! I die, Horatio." Such a "Hamlet" fragment, if it were all that survived of the play, would be well worth performing, and rightly admired. So is the "Lulu" fragment. But it is not all that survives of Berg's opera.

Although the facts about Act III of "Lulu" have been set out several times during the forty years since the composer's death, it is worth setting them out once again, for two reasons: first, they are still contradicted in print; and, second, Helene Berg, the composer's widow, who opposed the publication of the full Act III, died last year, and now it seems likely that the music may at last be made public. On the first count: a new bilingual libretto was published for the Met production, and on its last page the Met audience reads, about Act III, that "only a few words of [the] final scene have been set to music by the composer." In fact, Berg set every word of the scene—and of the preceding, Paris scene. He began "Lulu" in 1929 and completed it in particella, or short score, in 1934. Then he began to set out the opera in full score—first the passages comprised in the "Lulu" Suite, and then consecutively from the beginning. Work on this was interrupted by the composition of the Violin Concerto. He died on Christmas Eve, 1935, of blood poisoning, having got as far as the second ensemble of the Paris scene. So of Act III he completed in full score not just the Suite passages but the introduction and first ensemble; Lulu's long duet with the Marquis (a set of twelve variations, with episodes bringing in new material and reminiscences and recapitulations of former passages); and the second ensemble. A voice-and-piano score of the whole opera was made by Berg's pupil Erwin Stein. Of this, Acts I and II and about half of Act III were engraved for publication, but then work on the engraving broke off. Only two acts of this vocal score were published, in 1936, with a prefatory note saying that Berg had completed the opera shortly before his death, and promising the rest later. But in postwar printings that promise was withdrawn. Meanwhile, in 1936, Willi Reich, the composer's biographer, wrote, "Berg left a

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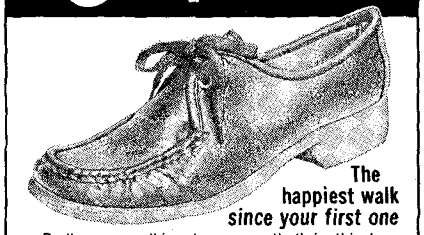

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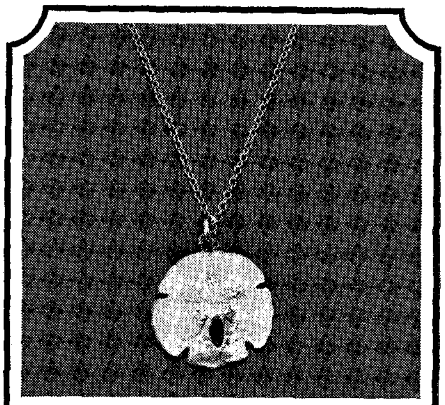
complete and very carefully worked out preliminary score of 'Lulu.' Only the instrumentation of a few places in the middle of the last act was not finished and this could easily be carried out from the given material by some friend familiar with Berg's work." This was confirmed in 1957 by H. F. Redlich, in his "Alban Berg: Versuch einer Würdigung": "In my own opinion (shared by a good many *cognoscenti*) the task of orchestrating the rest of Act III on the basis of the surviving sketch in short score is not beyond the capacity of a musician thoroughly familiar with Berg's style and methods of composition." And when Perle saw the material in 1963, he reported that one should not talk of another person's "completing 'Lulu,' for in every essential respect this has already been done by Alban Berg."

It is understandable that in the politically troubled time before the Anschluss and during the war no further work was done on "Lulu." After the war, as interest in the opera grew, a new difficulty arose: Mrs. Berg decided that she did not want any more of the music to be made public. Act III of Stein's piano score was not published. Berg's libretto was not published. (If it had been, Rennert might not, when adding dialogue from Wedekind, have "selected those lines that Berg chose to *omit* from his libretto, and omitted those that Berg chose to retain"—as Perle noted in a review of the Hamburg production.) No one was invited to edit a complete full score of "Lulu" from Berg's particella, although Hamburg, it was reported, proposed Pierre Boulez for the job, and the Santa Fe Opera—with Stravinsky's enthusiastic support—had proposed George Perle. The vocal score was republished in 1953, with its new prefatory note ("The opera is to be performed as a fragment"). Mrs. Berg's ban was officially announced when Alfred Schlee, then the head of Universal Edition, Berg's publishers, proclaimed it in the booklet that accompanied the Deutsche Grammophon recording of the (truncated) opera.

To what extent is a composer's private life any concern of the world's? The question has been variously answered. It probably admits of no general answer. My own feeling is that when the knowledge of a "secret program" can enhance a listener's enjoyment and understanding of a piece of music that embodies it, the secret should be revealed—provided that no one who might be hurt by the



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knowledge is alive. In the forthcoming issue of the International Alban Berg Society's newsletter the "secret program" of Berg's Lyric Suite is disclosed. The Suite is dedicated—not in the printed score but in an annotated copy thereof—to the woman Berg loved during the last ten years of his life, who was not Frau Helene but Hanna Fuchs-Robettin, the sister of Franz Werfel and the sister-in-law of Alma Mahler, Helene's closest friend. Janáček declared that all his later compositions were inspired by his love for Kamila Stösslova. Schumann wove a musical encipherment of his beloved's name, Clara, into composition after composition. Berg's Lyric Suite is woven with the initials H.F. and A.B. (German musical spelling for the notes B, F and A, B-flat). His and Hanna's personal "numbers," 23 and 10, determine the bar counts of the episodes and the movements, and also the metronome markings. The second movement is a rondo dedicated "to you and your children." Hanna's daughter Dorothea was known as Dodo; she enters the music with the notes C-C (or, in solfeggio, do-do). Hanna's son Munzo had been attending a Czech elementary school (the family lived in Prague); at the entry of his theme, the direction "*mit einem leisen czechischen Einschlag*" ("with a slight Czech inflection") appears in the printed score. The last movement is a "secret" setting of Baudelaire's "De Profundis Clamavi," in Stefan George's translation; in the annotated copy of the score, which Berg gave to Mrs. Fuchs-Robettin, the words are written in. The numerological correspondences of the Lyric Suite have long been noted. The verbal content of musical quotations from an Alexander Zemlinsky song ("Du bist mein Eigen, mein Eigen") and from "Tristan" have been pondered. Redlich spoke of the work's "concealed vocality." T. W. Adorno called it "a latent opera," and cited in connection with it a line of Stefan George's, "Take love from me, give me your happiness." Perle, six years ago, wrote of its musical cross-references as being "not—no more than they are in 'Wozzeck'—simply a means of assuring the musical unity of the whole. They are, like the musical cross-references in 'Wozzeck' and later in 'Lulu,' *Leitmotive* and *Leitsektionen*. The six movements are six acts in . . . a wholly subjective psychological drama."

The details of this Lyric Suite discovery can be discovered in the Berg newsletter article, which is written by Perle. The discovery bears upon "Lulu" in

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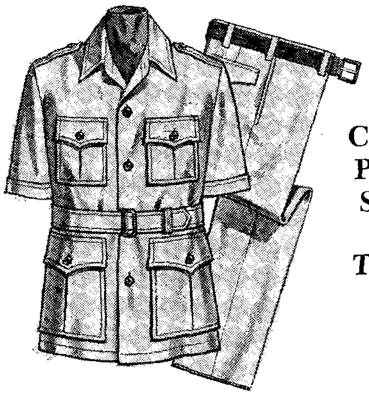

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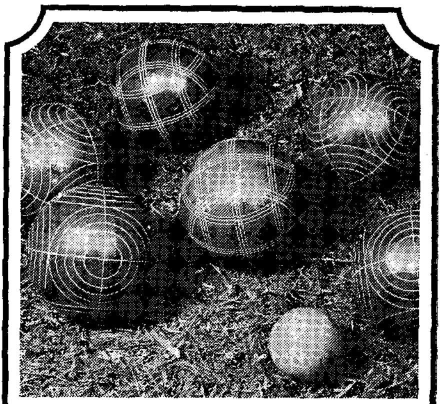
three, related ways. First, it stresses that in Berg's music nothing is insignificant: all details—the number of bars, and the precise choice of wording for some tempo or expression indication, the self-quotations, whether fleeting or extended—form part of a carefully worked musical whole. (In the annotated Lyric Suite, some of the printed directions—"*drohend*," "*dolciss.*"—are linked into complete sentences.) Second—here we are on delicate ground—a possible reason or contributory reason for Mrs. Berg's animosity toward the opera cannot but suggest itself, since, third, it becomes evident that Berg's "authorized" biography needs rewriting. In a letter to Hanna dated October, 1931, the composer writes:

> Everything you may hear of me, and perhaps even read about me, pertains, insofar as it is not completely false—as, for example, this, which I read today by chance in a Zurich program: "A completely happy domesticity, with which his wife has surrounded him, allows him to create without disturbance" [the sentence reappears in Reich's biography]—pertains to what is only peripheral... to a person who constitutes only a completely exterior layer of myself, to a part of me which in the course of recent years has separated itself (ah, how painfully separated) from my real existence.... But believe me, Hanna (and now I can finally address you properly: *one* and *only eternal love*), all this pertains only to this *exterior* person... who would never be able to compose "Lulu." That I am, however, doing so may be proof to you that the other person... that *I* still exist.

To publish now this moving and intensely private letter is justifiable, since the autobiographical element in Berg's later music is strong. There is no question, of course, of any crude projection of a "Lulu" drama into Berg's own life; but *one* of the themes of his "Lulu" is that of a creative artist's attempt to stand back and shape a work of art from feelings in which he is at the same time deeply enmeshed. In Wedekind's plays, Dr. Schön's son, Alwa, is a writer. Berg made him a composer, and identified him by quoting the first notes of "Wozzeck" at Alwa's observation "One might write an interesting opera [Wedekind said "play"] about her. Scene 1, the Doctor.... Scene 2, the Painter.... Scene 3..."—but we are *in* Scene 3 at this moment! The opera we are watching is, in a sense, an opera that Alwa has written. In the second scene of Act II, Alwa says to Lulu, "Through this dress I feel your form like music. These ankles—a Grazioso; these lovely swelling calves—a Canta-



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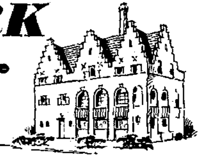

bile; this knee—a Misterioso; and then the powerful Andante of voluptuousness." The musical terms are altered from those in Wedekind and are brought closer to the movement headings of the Lyric Suite.

This demonstrates one of the kinds of complication within "Lulu." Berg seems to have been destined to write the opera. He first saw "Pandora's Box" when Karl Kraus produced it in Vienna in 1905, and he noted passages of Kraus's prefatory address. Some of Kraus's remarks can stand in the opera's defense today, should anyone still object to its subject matter:

> It is impossible to believe in earnest that anyone could be so shortsighted as to mistake, because of the "painful" matter, the greatness of its treatment and the inner necessity for the choice of it; or overlook—blinded by the truncheons, revolvers, and knives—that this sex-murder is like a doom drawn up from the deepest depths of woman's nature; or forget—because of the lesbian disposition of the Countess Geschwitz—that she embodies greatness and is not just any pathological creature.

Life seemed to take a hand in preparing Berg for the opera he embarked on nearly twenty-five years later. His own sister's lesbian disposition was a source of concern to him. Richard Gerstl, a painter in his and Schoenberg's circle, committed suicide in a spectacular and messy fashion, just as Wedekind's painter does. Wedekind sought to reveal the truth behind things, the split between an appearance maintained before the world and the "real" person beneath. All things Bergian seem to come together in this opera—biographical, emotional, and musical. His technique never functioned more precisely than it does in what we have so far been vouchsafed of the score. A popular music encyclopedia published in 1968 says of "Lulu," "As the work has been heard *more frequently—in the* incomplete version and in the version orchestrated by the American composer George Perle—music lovers have found it to be equally disturbing and fascinating." The second part of the parenthesis was premature; music lovers can now hope that the way is open for Universal Edition to make it come true.

WHEN the complete "Lulu" is available, the Met production is ready for it. Earlier versions leaned too heavily on Wedekind. Both Rennert and Wagner set all the action within the circus ring of the prologue (as several other directors have done). They stressed the deliberate crudity,

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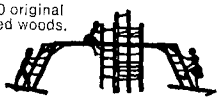

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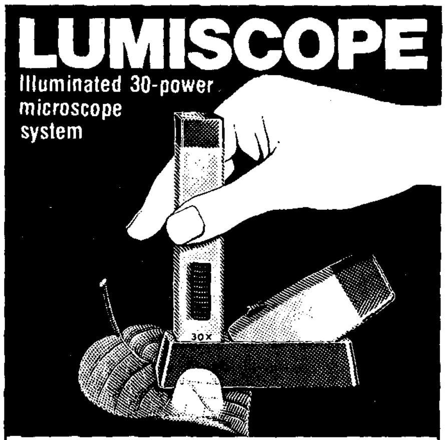

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the abruptness, the almost comic-strip directness, and the French-farce episodes of Wedekind's plays, and paid too little attention to Berg's personal transformation of his source. The composer moved the action into the twentieth century. More important, he gave added depth and personality to his principal characters: Lulu, Dr. Schön, Alwa, and the Countess Geschwitz. They—and Schigolch, a timeless old man who threads his way through Lulu's life and is the only principal to survive the tragedy—are named in Berg's dramatis personae, as opposed to the Doctor, the Painter, the Athlete, and so on. The Met production, I believe, is the first to respect the doublings of role (Dr. Schön reappearing as Jack the Ripper, etc.) that Berg himself introduced. The sets, by Jocelyn Herbert, are both beautiful and apt. John Dexter's direction is sensitive and precise, exact in its details and true to Berg in its dramatic perspectives, its delineation of relationships, and its feeling for the visual equivalents of the music's *Hauptstimmen* and *Nebenstimmen*. He does not overlook, but does not exaggerate, the jokes. Nothing is distorted to make an easy, vivid effect—and as a result the whole is marvellously vivid and effective. In James Levine's conducting, love for the work, understanding of its formal details and their relationships, and sure technical control of the complicated score are combined.

The cast is strong. In the title role, Carole Farley embodies more completely than any previous Lulu of my experience both the "mythic" qualities of Lulu the Earth Spirit and Berg's humanization of Lulu as a particular woman. Vocally, the role seems to have been written with a Maria Ivogün in mind—a lyric soprano ascending high above the staff, with the ease in *acuti* of Strauss's Zerbinetta and the dramatic accents of Mozart's Constanze. Miss Farley's high notes are not easy, but she reaches them, and her performance is convincing on all counts. Donald Gramm's Dr. Schön, very well sung and acted, eloquently conveys the man's power in the world of affairs and the weakness that binds him to Lulu—the mingled love, cruelty, and despair in his complicated personality. William Lewis's Alwa is an alert and intelligent portrayal, credible, telling in detail, if not quite romantic enough in vocal timbre. Tatiana Troyanos plays Geschwitz nobly and with great discretion. She and the Athlete represent the opposite poles of love for Lulu: completely selfless and able to rise to heroic sacrifice, and completely selfish. Lenus

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Carlson is a splendid Athlete (and also Ringmaster, his doubled role). Andrew Foldi (an outstanding Schigolch), Raymond Gibbs (the Painter), Nico Castel (the Prince, who wishes to take Lulu to Africa; the Manservant; and, briefly, in a mimed fragment representing the Paris scene, the Marquis), Cynthia Munzer (the Wardrobe Mistress and the Schoolboy, Lulu's adolescent admirer), Richard Best (the Stage Manager), Peter Sliker (the Doctor)—all are excellent.

There are some little things wrong that can easily be put right. Irrelevant projections during the interludes distract attention from music that the composer intended to be heard without visual accompaniment, and lessen the effect of the narrative projections during the Act II interlude (at the Met, a series of slides, instead of a film, is used), which Berg did specify. Mr. Dexter breaks the dramatic mode when, to the interlude that should divide the two scenes of Act III, he sets a Jooss-like pantomime of Lulu's degradation at the hands of men. By an all-American cast, to an American audience, the opera is sung in German, and this mistake (if it be counted as such; I certainly think it one) will take rather more time to correct. "Lulu" has one of the most transparent of all opera scores. Much of its dialogue is spoken. Berg plainly intended the words to be heard—and understood.

—ANDREW PORTER

•

While driving in a woods road, a doe deer was found to be not too anxious to get out of the way.—*Ellsworth (Maine) American.*

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BOOKS

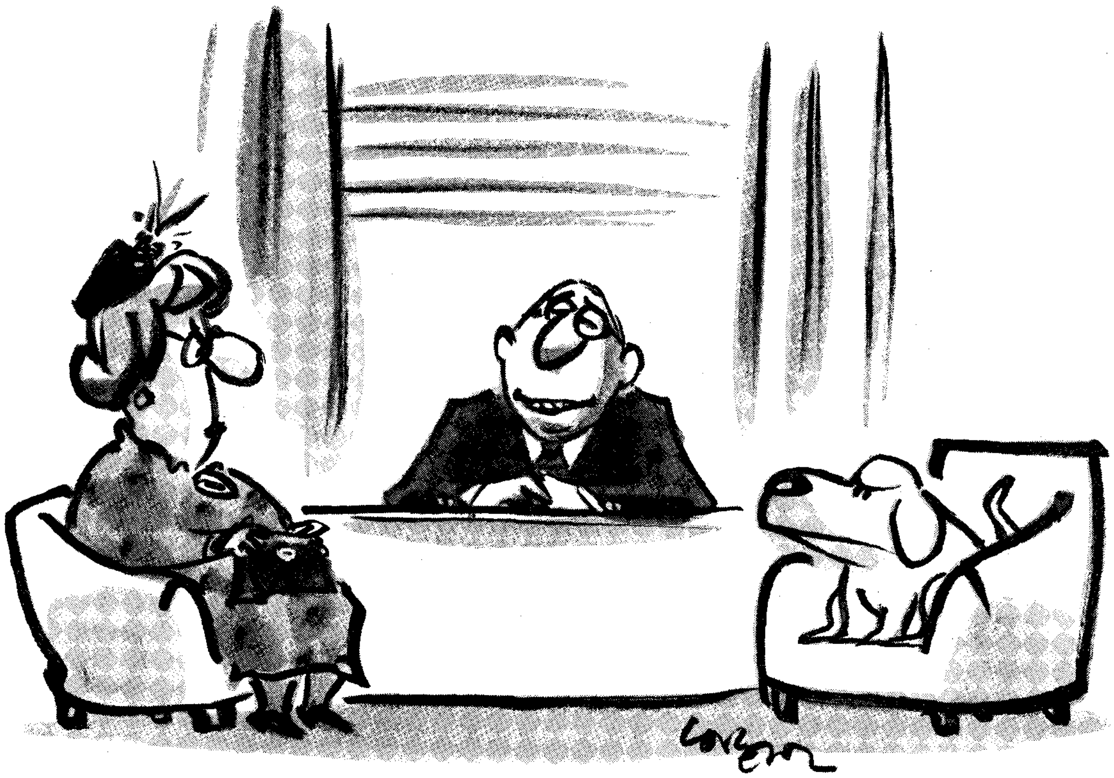
The Kingdom of Appearances

THE eye is never naked. The act of seeing involves intricate mechanisms of expectation, selection, and decoding inside the human brain. In part, these mechanisms are physiological and psychological. If one is color-blind or myopic, the landscape of one's perceptions is modified accordingly. But normal vision also derives from education and choice. Here the controlling factors are essentially cultural. The information, the external data gathered by the eye, has to be interpreted to make sense, and this interpretation will vary according to historical inheritance, social or professional environment, and aesthetic conventions. The Eskimo eye takes in a dozen discriminations of differing snow textures and shades of white where we register a uniform monochrome. Anthropologists report that when shown photographs of themselves many so-called primitive peoples perceive only meaningless blobs. The successful "reading" of a movie, the ability to accept the breaks between frames or the abrupt departure of a figure out of view as a convention of continuity or logical transition, demands a sophisticated optical training. Those who have never seen a movie or a television program before experience a bundle of disparate images and jumps.

It is one of the triumphs of modern psychology and social anthropology to have grasped the culturally structured quality of human sight. The consequences for our understanding of the visual arts have been radical. There is a literal sense in which major artists change what we see and the ways in which we see it. Rembrandt altered the Western perception of shadow spaces and of the weight of darkness. Since van Gogh we notice the twist of flame in a poplar. No one before Picasso had seen the now obvious similitude between the pointed saddle and handlebars of a bicycle and the visage of a bull. Viaducts have not stood still since Paul Klee put shoes on their pillared feet.

But even the most revolutionary artist does not see the world new as Adam did on the first morning. The artist's own perceptions, however inventive, are conditioned not only by personal idiosyncrasy (were El Greco's elongated figures a product of astigmatism?) or by such cultural codes as the use of three-dimensional perspective; his vision is informed, above all perhaps, by previous art. A work of art is in a perpetual, dynamic relationship, at once imitative and competitive, evolutionary and rebellious, with the whole cognitive and technical tradition that precedes it. What an artist sees, more intensely than the ordinary viewer, is previous art. It is the window, simultaneously translucent and obstructive, through which he registers light and volume, color and space. Constable set a certain clump of trees in the foreground of one of his landscapes. We know the exact spot at which he set up his easel. Photographed from this point, the trees that are there differ obviously from those on the canvas. What Constable saw and rendered, almost certainly unconsciously, was a corner of a Gainsborough. The problem posed and the solution achieved by his forerunner were imprinted on Constable's faculties at so decisive a level that they literally focussed his sight.

During the savage Madrid insurrection of 1808, Goya sketched from life the figures of the combatants. What could be more immediate, more visually naked, than these feverish chalk-and-crayon snapshots? Yet when he translated them into his celebrated paintings of protest and reprisal, Goya gave to his personages expressions and gestures that had been used by previous painters. He was neither lying to himself nor playing an aesthetic trick to distance our feelings from the horrors of the scene. Unconsciously, he had encoded the groupings and incidents in the Madrid streets according to an alphabet of mien and violent pose which goes back to the sculptures of antiquity and the battle pieces of the Renaissance. Picasso summarized the problem in a sovereign maxim: "I do not seek. I only find."



"Well, I can see there are differences to work out, but basically, I feel, you still have a sound dog-and-little-old-lady relationship."

Among contemporary art historians, E. H. Gombrich, of the Warburg Institute, in London, has been the most acute investigator of the encounter between the physiology and the cultural-technical facets of the artist's vision. "Art and Illusion" (1960) and the papers gathered in "Norm and Form" (1966) are invaluable. All art, all human organization of the visual and tactile field inhabit what Gombrich calls "the kingdom of appearances." Each epoch, civilization, or artistic movement will map and inventory this kingdom in its own manner. (Set an Egyptian wall painting of a royal hunt next to Rubens' account of the same pursuit.) This manner, says Gombrich, will result from

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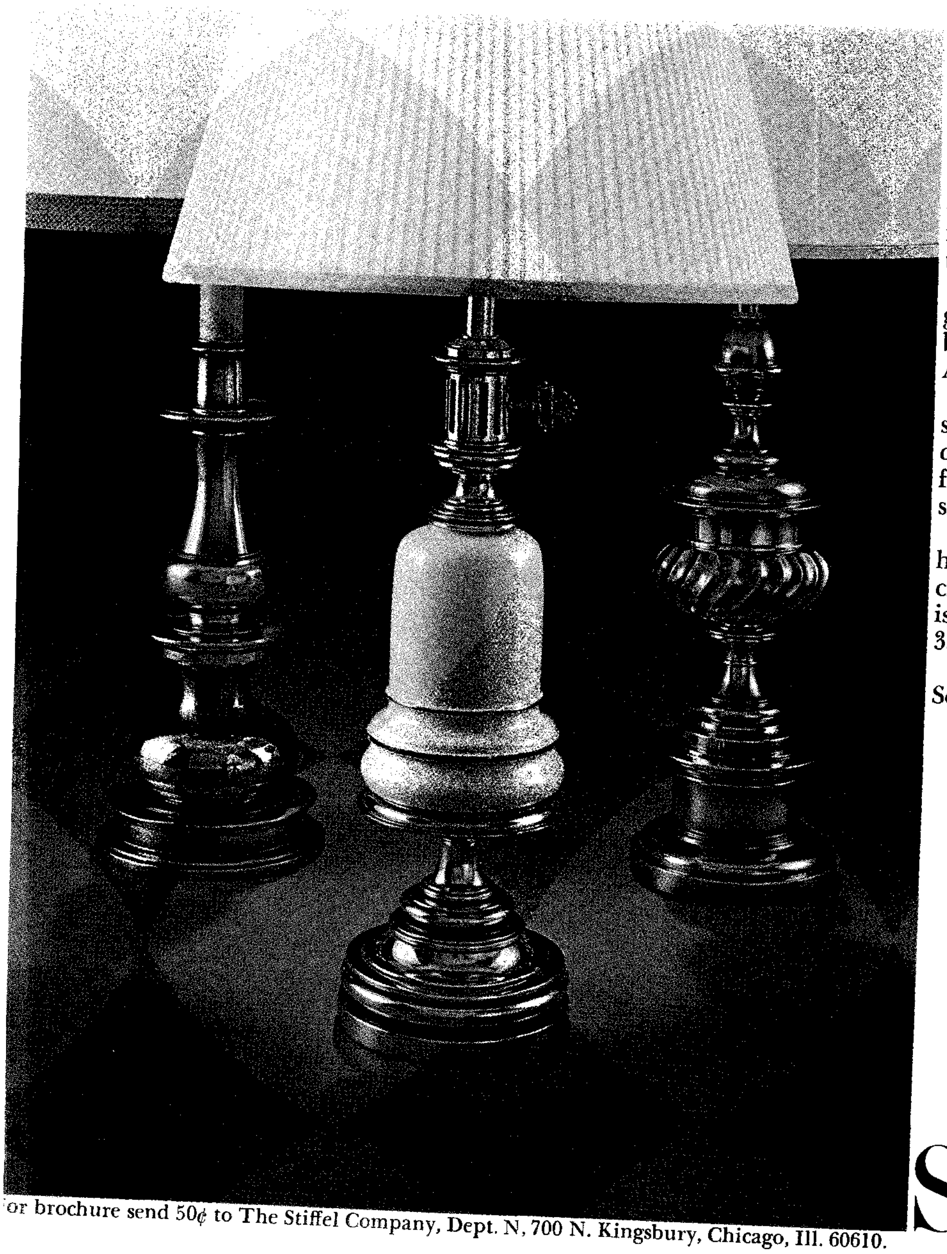

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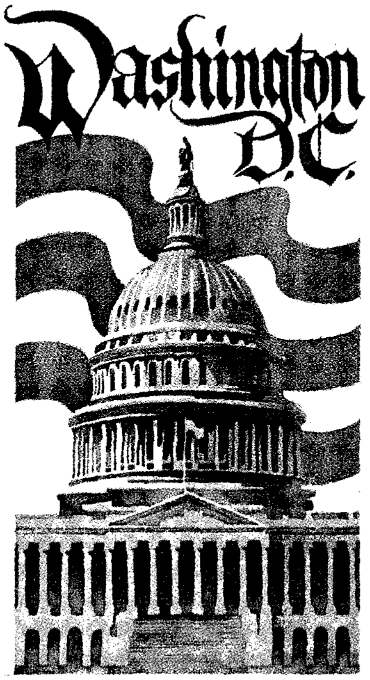

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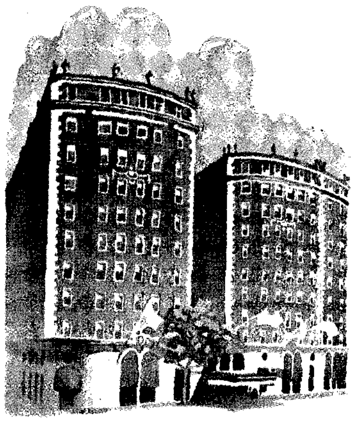

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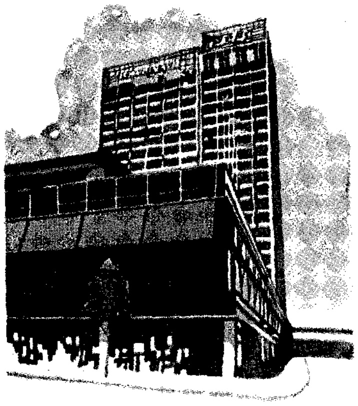

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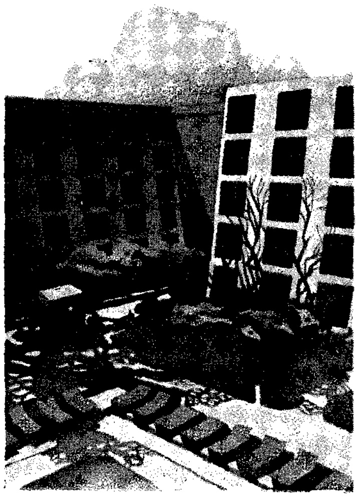

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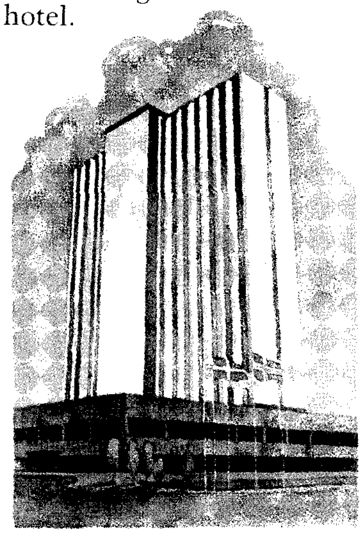

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a subtle interplay of psychological, cultural, and technical elements. Oil painting quite literally envisions and reflects the world otherwise than did tempera. The dialectic between later nineteenth-century painting and the new eye of the camera was one of mutual pressure and wariness. At first, the photographer poses his sitters and landscapes as would the painter; soon the painter stipples and mists his scenes as does the photographer. The mixing of pigments, the perfection of inks and copperplates are the necessary conditions for the development of Flemish painting and etching. "Making comes before matching," writes Gombrich. The new techniques, on the other hand, often spring from an attempt to satisfy the demands of the thinking eye itself. (Art and landscape alter after the introduction of spectacles in northern Italy around 1300.)

In "The Heritage of Apelles" (Cornell), Gombrich is concerned with the contracts made between sight and object, between the artist's conventions and the world "out there" during the Renaissance. Apelles was court painter to Alexander the Great. Legend and tradition ascribe to him a special mastery over the luminosity and the roundedness of things. An anecdote preserved by Pliny tells of Apelles' skill in bisecting, freehand, a very thin line, giving it a lit, effulgent edge and making it stand out wondrously from its background. In their use of highlights to model texture, the artists of the Renaissance thought of themselves as disciples of Apelles and translators of "the real." This particular interplay of eye and object, of convention and observation, is Gombrich's starting point.

His opening essay looks at representations of the reflection and absorption of light by fabrics and textures in fifteenth-century painting. A fascinating contrast emerges between the technique of rendering highlights in Jan van Eyck and Masaccio's depiction of clear, sharp-edged forms modelled in light. Both men "used their eyes" and felt themselves to be in Apelles' tradition of objective verity. But the difference between their modes of seeing is none the less drastic. "What we observe in nature depends on our interests and on our attention. To the Florentine painters the criss-cross of flitting reflections on the surface of things appeared like a random noise, which they disregarded in their search for form. Some artists in the north who also looked at nature became fascinated by the unexpected power of these lights to reveal and suggest texture." In the miraculous delicacy of van Eyck's re-

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alizations of velvet, brocade, and lustrous gems we see conventions, optics, and the new technique of oils joining together. "In grasping a system of notation, be it of a language, of a game or of an art, we become alert to what are called distinctive features—it is their presence or absence that matters. One convincing highlight placed correctly on a pearl or a jewel or on the pupil of an eye will also, by force of contrast, help to impart on to the surrounding surfaces the effect of a mat, absorbent texture."

The myriad genius of Leonardo has long fascinated Professor Gombrich. More, perhaps, than any other individual of whom we have record, Leonardo pondered the inner dynamics of matter and living shape. He saw the play of muscle beneath the skin, the ripple or tension of sinew under drapery, the whorl of flux and rebound in the moving current. In a technique that touches on magic—a word Gombrich is not afraid to use—Leonardo apprehended the very pulse of wind and the sheen of warm air around material contours. But he was not content with graphic reproduction, however uncanny. In a voluminous corpus of notes, Leonardo strove to formulate the anatomy, the hydrodynamics, the algebra of the interactions between force and surface. The result is a matchless finesse and intellectual depth of line.

Gombrich characterizes Leonardo's fragmentary but massive notations on the morphology of water: "Like the elusive phenomena they seek to describe and to capture, the stream of language meanders leisurely around obstacles only to rush headlong into abysses of metaphysical speculations where it turns and remains on the spot, seemingly caught in an impossible position from which there is no escape. Suddenly a fresh thought shoots up from the depths and the ideas flow again in eddies and waves seeking the central ocean of Leonardo's view of the universe and of the role that the elements are destined to play in its life and its death." In turn, Gombrich traces the visual counterpart of these speculations (the word has mirrors in it) from Leonardo's sketch of a waterfall in 1473 to the final, fantastic drawings of deluge which are dated 1512-16.

A second paper concerns Leonardo's many sketches of grotesque heads, a theme that was to exercise lasting influence on the art of caricature. Behind these baleful studies, says Gombrich, lie Leonardo's spasmodic disgust with mankind and its physical functions, and the perennial tensions in him between

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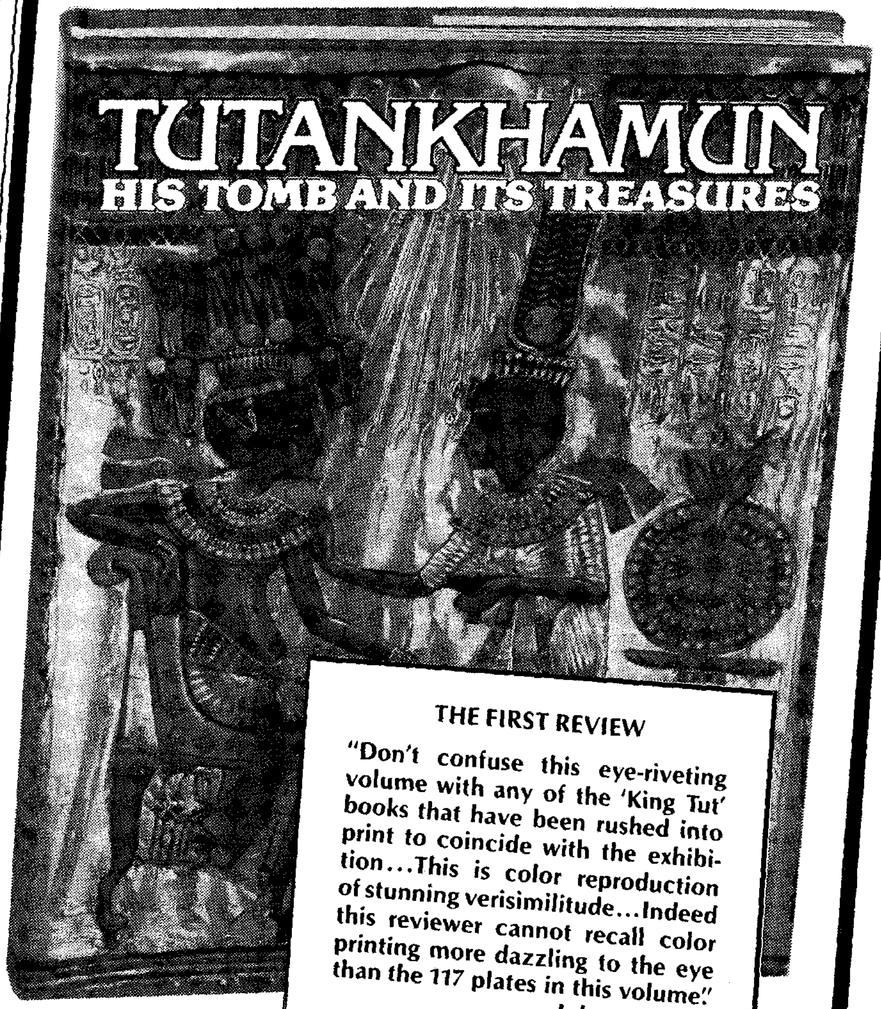
cruelty and extreme gentleness. But the more closely one looks at these features in torment—goitered, splayed, animalized—the more one is made aware of a methodical exploration of fibre and tissue, of mien and its meaning. And at some ultimate level Leonardo, conscious of the notorious beauty of his own face and of the bias in his temper toward classical harmony, may have produced an obsessive self-mockery by demonstrating to himself the potential or underlying ugliness of his own head. (There is what looks like a derisive self-portrayal at the hub of the "Five Heads" in the Windsor drawing of c. 1494.)

The two Leonardo essays are the meat of the collection. They are followed by two brief discussions of Hieronymus Bosch. Bosch's famous triptych of the "Garden of Earthly Delights," now in the Prado, has never ceased to puzzle iconographers and historians. Some have seen in it a private sexual nightmare and an anticipation of Surrealism. Others have tried to decode Bosch's eerie scripture in the light of millenarian, Adamite religious doctrines and rituals prevalent in late-fifteenth-and-early-sixteenth-century Flanders. Professor Gombrich is also persuaded that there is in Bosch's bizarre Eden of linked flesh, unsteady vegetable forms, and prodigal bestiary a "text" to be read. He finds it in Comestor's twelfth-century "Historia Scholastica" and in scriptural tags about the world before the Flood. It is the dalliant unconcern, the unthinking fertility and sensual indiscrimination of plant, animal, and man before the great rains which Bosch is picturing. The rainbow just visible in the storm cloud would tell of Noah and of God's second contract with humanity.

Two concluding papers discuss the reciprocal influence of letters and arts, of classical doctrine and artistic practice in Renaissance Italy. Gombrich argues that the impulse toward philological exactitude in the transcription of Greek and Latin texts was widely seminal. It carried over into the ideal of clear detail which we associate with Brunelleschi's reforms in art and architecture. Gombrich's formula is striking: the triumph of Renaissance humanism in the visual arts "had its origin not so much in the discovery of man as in the rediscovery of diphthongs."

Like his teachers and peers—Aby Warburg, Otto Kurz, Erwin Panofsky, Rudolf Wittkower—Gombrich hardly looks beyond Impressionism. This is his right, of course. But the question whether the nonrepresenta-



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tional genres of the twentieth century constitute a fundamental metaphysical and technical break with the past becomes ever more pointed. What are the relationships, other than tautological, between presentment and meaning in a "White on White"? How are we to "read" a Kandinsky or a Rothko? Have our landscapes become pure "inscapes" (Gerard Manley Hopkins' word), planes of internal energy or repose which refuse translation outward? If this were so, the heritage of Apelles would indeed have been negated.

Or is there in a Mondrian something of Brunelleschi's compulsion toward the taut concord of lines, and in a Jackson Pollock more than a touch of van Eyck's delight in the texture of fabrics? It would be salutary to see Gombrich tackling these problems. They engage far more than the discomforts in the current state of the arts or the notorious uncertainties in the idiom of criticism. Culture is the ordering of perception. —GEORGE STEINER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

HOW TO SAVE YOUR OWN LIFE, by Erica Jong (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). In "Jane Eyre" Charlotte Brontë tells us how Jane, walking on the roof while Mrs. Fairfax made jellies below, used to look out over the fields in the distance and long "for a power of vision which might overpass that limit." Women, mused Jane, "suffer from too rigid a constraint, too absolute a stagnation, precisely as men would suffer; and it is narrow-minded in their more privileged fellow-creatures to say that they ought to confine themselves to making puddings . . . and embroidering bags. It is thoughtless to condemn them, or laugh at them, if they seek to do more or learn more than custom has pronounced necessary for their sex." The thwarted, eager tone of Jane's words, written from the confines of a country parsonage, still echo in almost every confessional novel written by women today, and nowhere more raucously than in the novels of Erica Jong. But whereas Jane longed for more knowledge of the practical world, Isadora Wing, the worldly heroine of Erica Jong's second novel as well as her first, longs only to be free of her "life-denying" husband—a preternaturally dull, Freud-worshipping Chinese-American psychiatrist. Jane wanted to be

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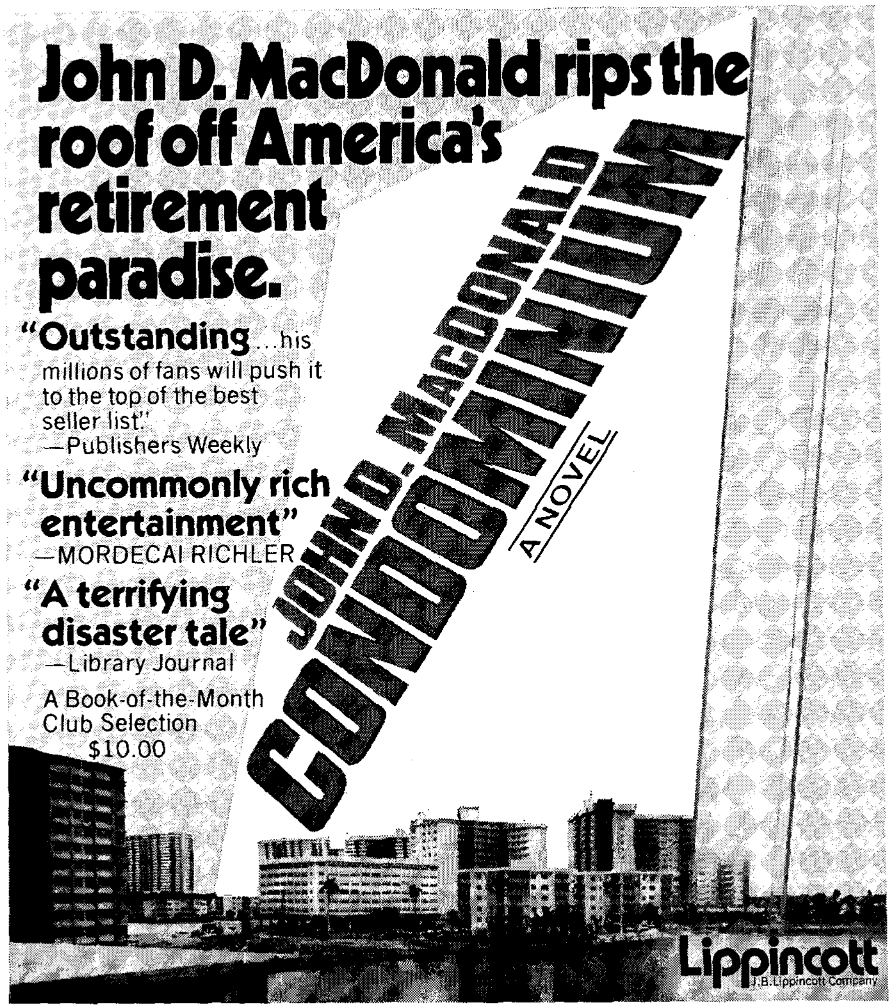
able to see more of life than she knew she ever would; Isadora wants everyone to make the world nicer for her. It is three years after Isadora's affair with an English psychiatrist. She has become a much put-upon best-selling author, is having two (or one and a half) affairs with men named Jeffrey, still lives on the same upper West Side street that she grew up on, and hates her husband more than ever. But neither the two Jeffreys nor the cool, rich student with whom she halfheartedly investigates lesbian sex nor any of the scores of kind friends to whom she spends most of her time complaining about her husband seem to be able to help her find a way to leave him. Then she flies to Hollywood, to a new and refreshingly young lover, and all is sexily, if rather too patly, resolved. The book has many insouciant things to say about love, marriage, sexual experimentation, and middle-class guilt. Its main defect is a cloying tough-sweet winsomeness of the kind one usually associates with child actors.

THE WAY TO THE OLD SAILORS HOME, by Thomas Baird (Harper & Row). Mr. Baird presents us with an odd, triangular situation. A man of thirty-six—a former sailor and now a manual-training teacher in a Chicago high school—and a Chicago girl not quite eighteen are loading a canoe on an upper-Minnesota lake, at the start of a runaway romance. It is August, 1939. A fifty-year-old woman—the man's landlady, close friend, and secret adorer—suddenly appears, determined to break up their plan. A compromise is (not very credibly) reached, and the older woman joins the two others on their trip into the Canadian wilderness. That is where Mr. Baird's novel begins: the determined older woman, the confused, loving girl, the man torn between love and friendship, and all around them dangerous water, endless wastes, the daily problem of physical survival. Mr. Baird takes his time; his characters blur and clarify and blur again. There are flaws here, many calls upon our capacity for suspended disbelief, but also an impressive power, an unusual turn of mind.

THE FRAGMENTED LIFE OF DON JACOBO LERNER, by Isaac Goldemberg, translated from the Spanish by Robert S. Picciotto (Persea). An uneven but moving first novel about a Ukrainian Jew who emigrates to Peru in 1921. The book opens in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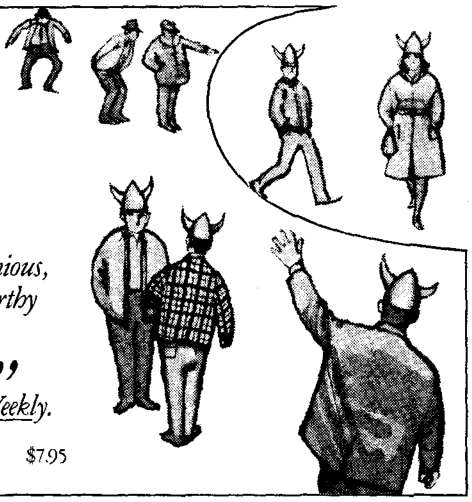
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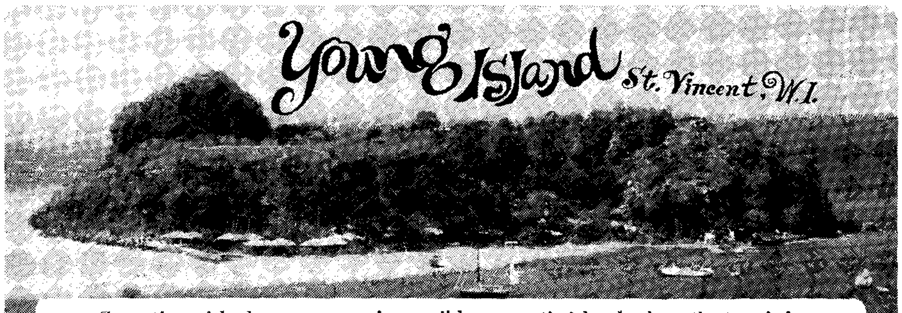
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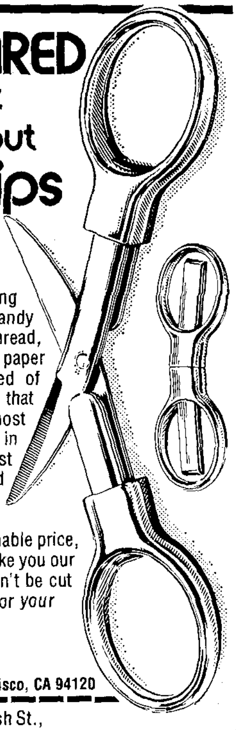

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1935. Don Jacobo Lerner, a prosperous middle-aged brothel owner, is on his deathbed (his illness is never explained) thinking about the important people in his life: a dead childhood friend from Russia who recently possessed his soul as a dybbuk; his brother Moisés, a pillar of the Lima Jewish community, who secretly depends on Jacobo's earnings from the brothel; his sensual, aging mistress; a half-Indian woman he abandoned after learning that she was pregnant; and his ten-year-old son from that union, whom he has never seen. Mr. Goldemberg grew up in Peru, and he tries to evoke the spirit of South American Jewry before the Second World War with intermittent excerpts from Jewish newspaper articles and announcements of cultural events that are clearly modelled on the real thing. He also attempts to piece together a portrait of Lerner's life as a kind of prototypical Wandering Jew by showing him through the eyes of the people who know him. Almost all the characters speak in stream-of-consciousness monologues, and many of the streams are rather muddy, so in the end the picture is still dim. One voice, however—that of Jacobo's small son, Efraín, who is despised by his mother's family and spends most of his time longing for and weaving fantasies about his father—comes across with remarkable force and clarity. This chilling portrait of an abandoned child passing inexorably from extreme loneliness into madness shows Mr. Goldemberg to be a writer whose future work one will be eager to read.

GENERAL

CONVENTION, by Richard Reeves (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). This *cinéma-vérité* account of the 1976 Democratic National Convention, in New York, is mostly about the way the rest of the country, in the persons of the three thousand delegates, confronted this metropolis, and vice versa. The book has some politics in it, but not too much, since Carter had come into town with the votes, and the suspense over the Vice-Presidential nomination affected only the aspirants. To out-of-towners, then, we appear not tough and shrewd but mysteriously passive in the face of high prices (two-fifty for a hamburger), of crime without punishment (a delegate caught a man in the act of robbing his car and pressed charges, but the defendant's lawyer

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said he would keep on delaying the trial until the delegate had to go home), and of the stranglehold of unions (it takes two union electricians and one ladder, at a cost of forty dollars, to change a light bulb in a Madison Square Garden office). Other passages deal with the way television no longer reports but dominates and organizes events, and with the bad manners of celebrities. All in all, the book's mood is cheerful: the delegates' mixture of high purposes and high spirits recalls old-time Chautauqua.

MAJESTY: ELIZABETH II AND THE HOUSE OF WINDSOR, by Robert Lacey (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). A biography of the Queen, and also a history of her family during her lifetime. Elizabeth II's grandfather George V, who was reigning when she was born, fifty-one years ago, set the mode for the twentieth-century British monarchy: a mode that Mr. Lacey sums up with the word "ordinary." George V was an ordinary country gentleman, notably uncultivated, whose piety, dutifulness, and lack of flair were perfectly appropriate to a modern democracy. His granddaughter is likewise an ordinary country lady, most at ease with dogs and horses, but possessing formidable qualities of intelligence, toughness, humor, conscientiousness, and common sense. Between grandfather and granddaughter came examples of irresponsibility (Edward VIII) and heroic modesty (George VI). Mr. Lacey's research has been thorough; his familiarity with the affairs of the Windsors is impressive. Skillfully, and perhaps a bit slyly, he has been able to use the revelations of gossipmongers and unauthorized memoirists while putting these people in their places. Curious readers will find out not only what it is like to have an audience with the Queen and to be her Prime Minister but also what it is like to be her houseguest. They will also be told—what may surprise some observers—that the ancient royal prerogative of summoning or dismissing a Prime Minister has been, under Elizabeth II, a live force in British politics. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

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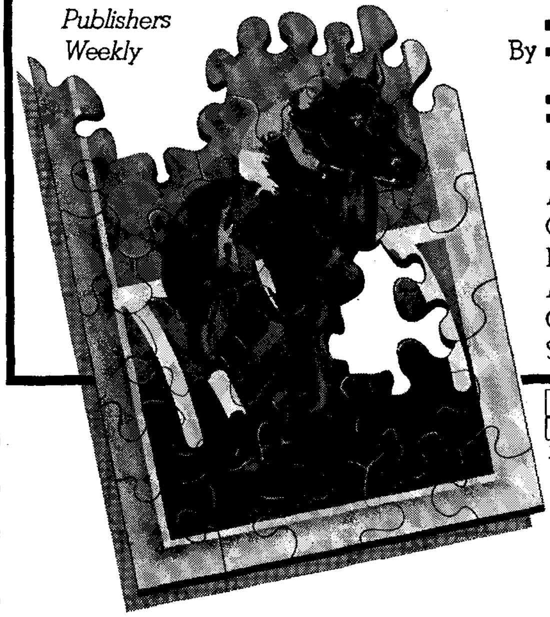

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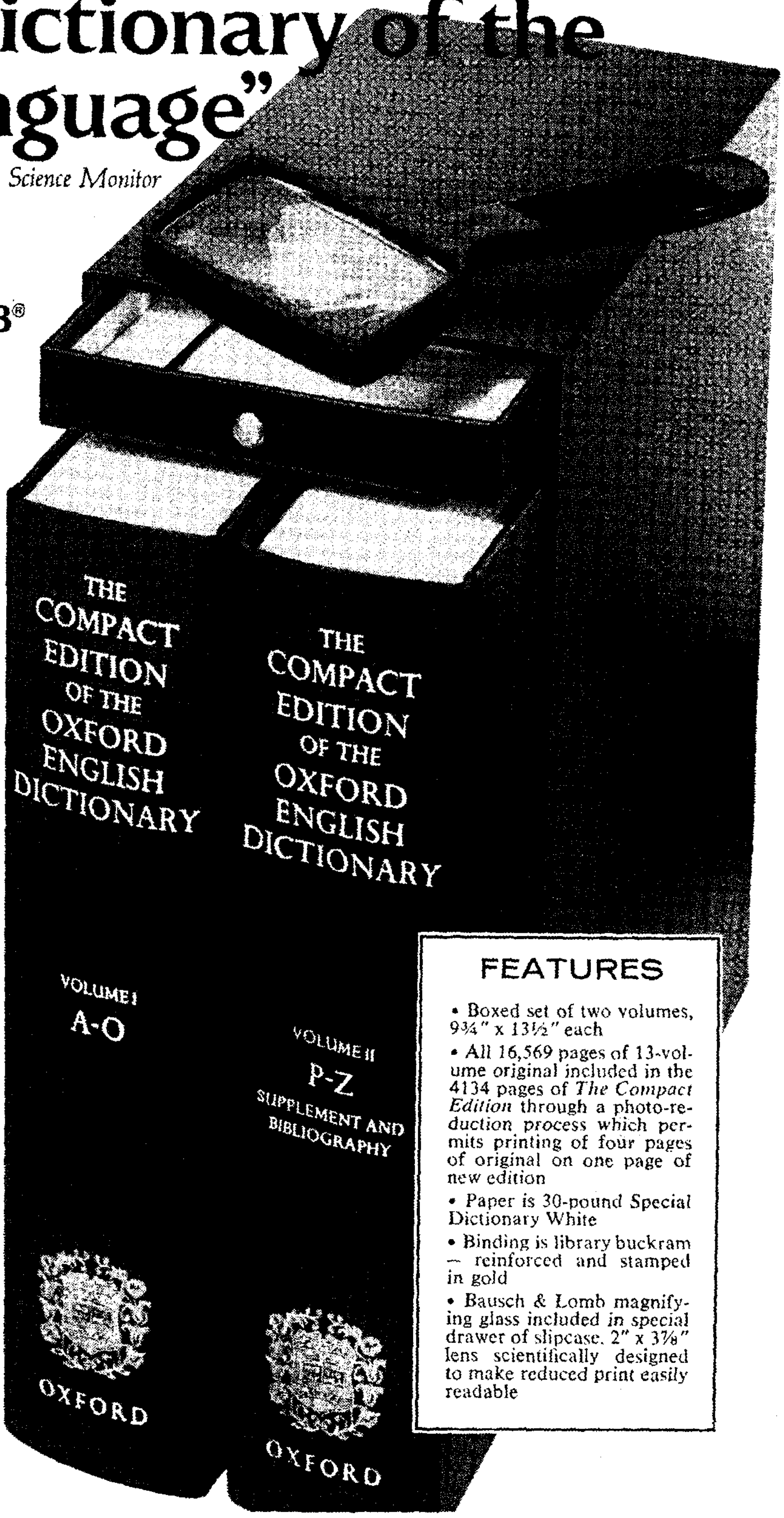
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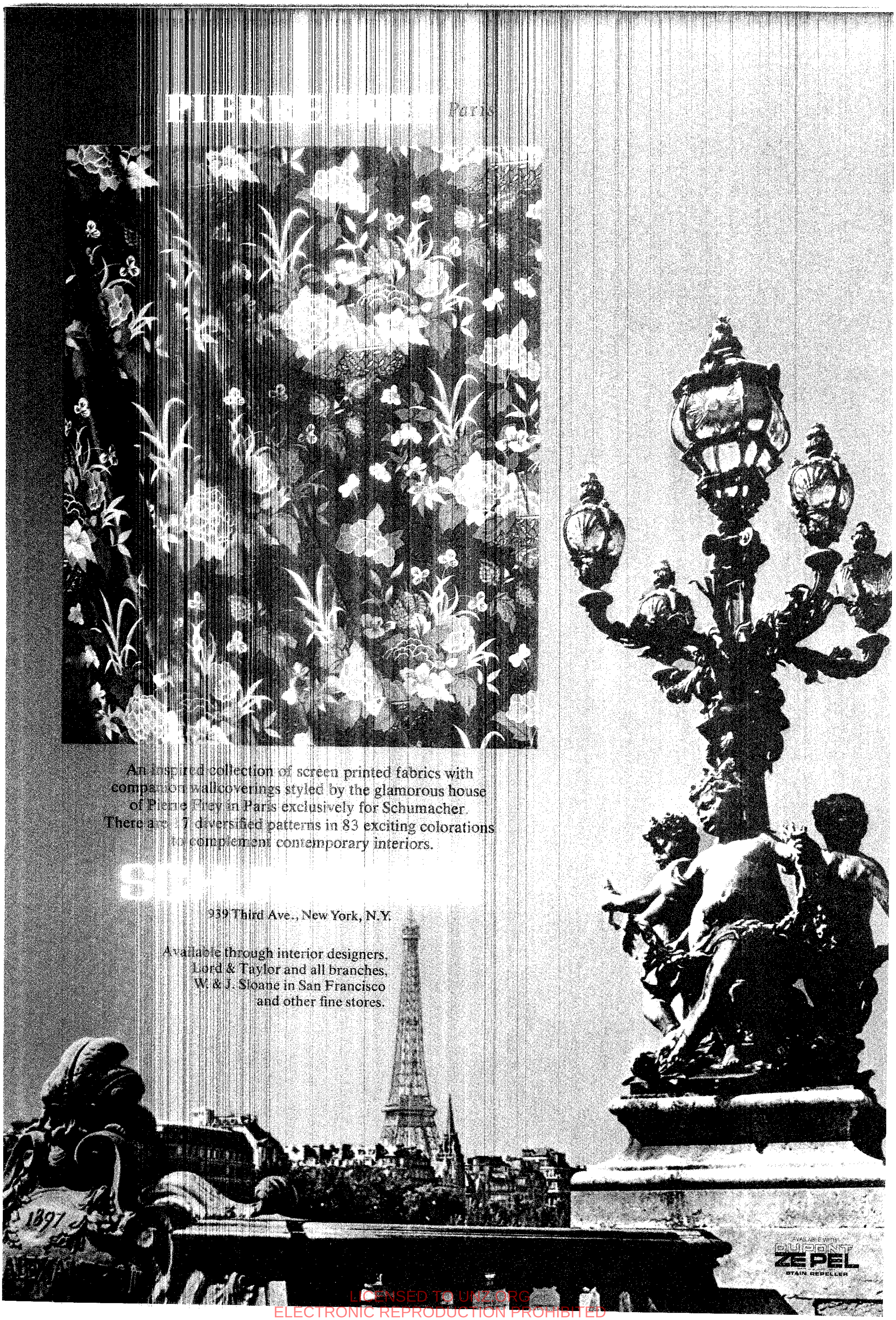

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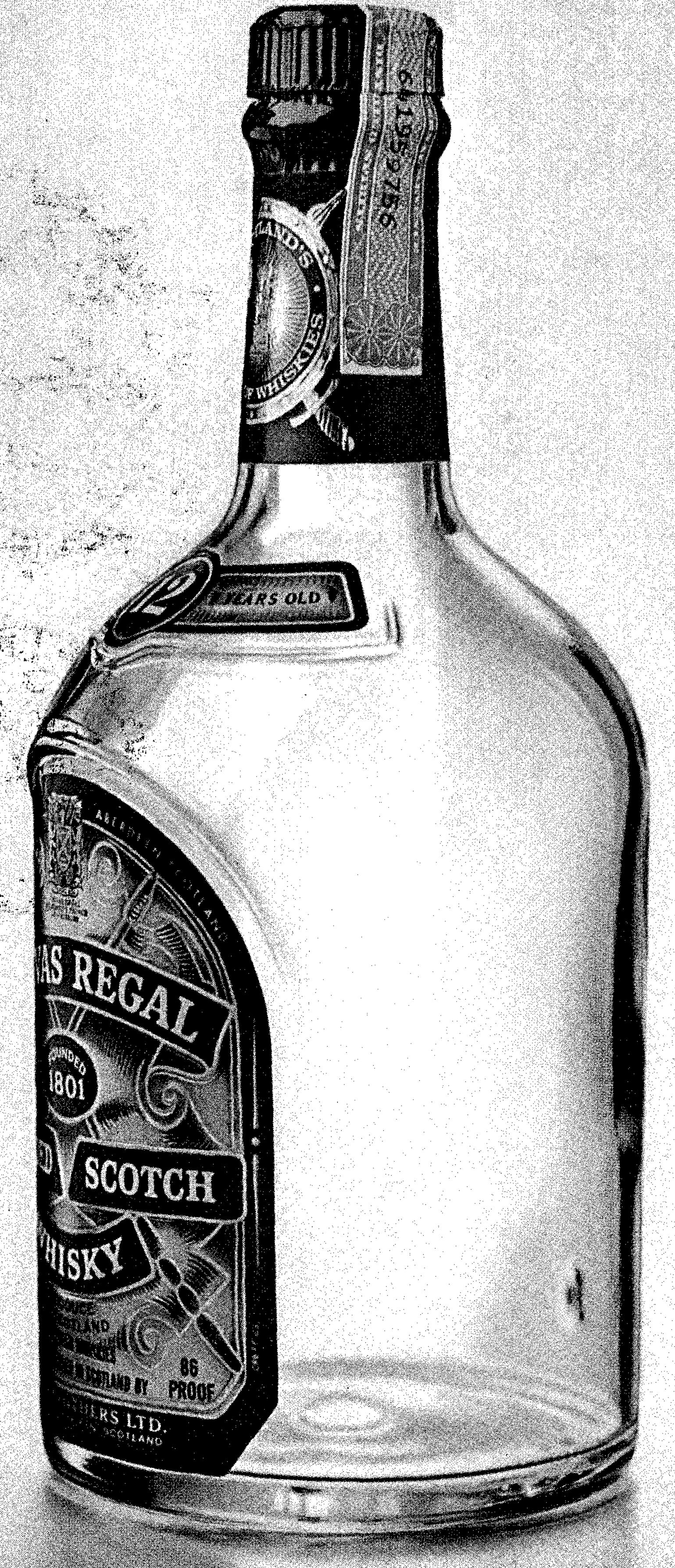

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